This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

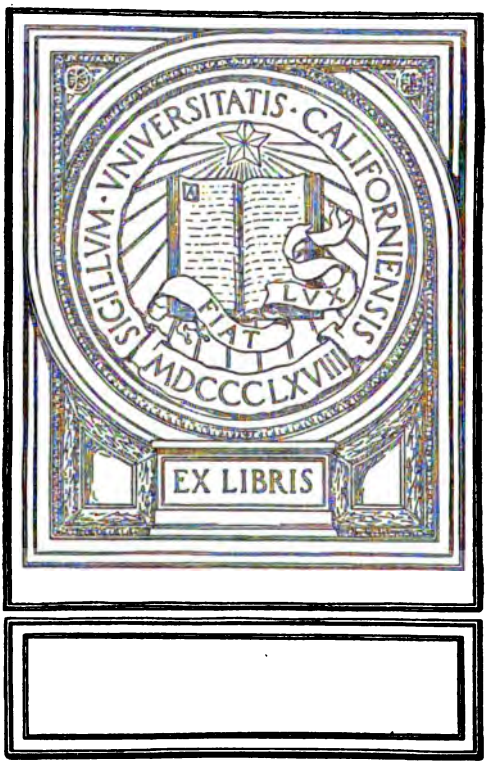
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`


SIGILLVM · VNIVERSITATIS · CALIFORNIENSIS
LVX
FIAT
MDCCCLXVIII
EX LIBRIS

BOOKS BY HUDSON STUCK, D.D., F.R.G.S.

PUBLISHED BY

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

A WINTER CIRCUIT OF OUR ARCTIC COAST

A Narrative of a Journey with Dog-Sleds Around the Entire Arctic Coast of Alaska

An account of a winter's journey around the coast of Alaska enlivened by constant anecdotes, and by observations on Arctic hunting, the effects of cold, the astronomical phenomena, etc., which as a whole presents a notable panorama of Arctic scenery and pictures the lives of the natives in the Eskimo villages, the workings of the government schools and of the missionaries and touches on a hundred other subjects.

VOYAGES ON THE YUKON AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

A Narrative of Summer Travel in the Interior of Alaska

"A record which embraces both descriptive and historical geography enlivened by personal reminiscences and other anecdotes, and given additional interest and importance by incisive comments on present conditions and problems of development."—*The Field, London.*

THE ASCENT OF DENALI (MT. McKINLEY)

"A wonderful record of indomitable pluck and endurance."
—*Bulletin of the American Geographical Society.*

"Its pages make one wish that all mountain climbers might be archdeacons if their accounts might thus gain, in the interest of happenings by the way, emotional vision and intellectual outlook."
—*New York Times.*

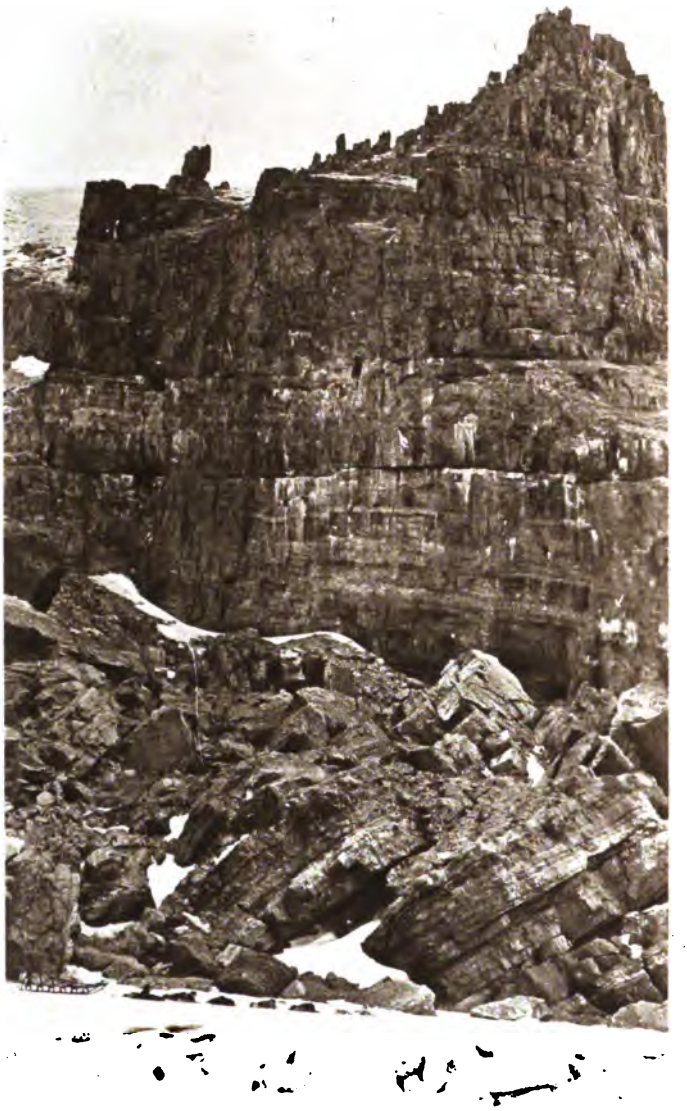
TEN THOUSAND MILES WITH A DOG SLED

A Narrative of Winter Travel in Interior Alaska

"One of the most fascinating and altogether satisfactory books of travel which we have seen this year, or, indeed, any year."
—*New York Tribune.*

"This startlingly brilliant book."—*Literary Digest.*

A WINTER CIRCUIT OF OUR ARCTIC COAST



From a photograph by W. A. Thomas

Rocks of Cape Lisburne

Two Eskimo families with their dogs and sleds are said to have been buried beneath this rock-slide

A WINTER CIRCUIT OF OUR ARCTIC COAST

A NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY WITH DOG-SLEDS AROUND THE ENTIRE ARCTIC COAST OF ALASKA

BY

HUDSON STUCK, D.D., F.R.G.S.

ARCHDEACON OF THE YUKON AND THE ARCTIC

WITH MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
1920

COPYRIGHT, 1920, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Published April 1920

F909
S83
19..0

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

WALTER HARPER

COMPANION OF THIS AND MANY OTHER JOURNEYS
STRONG, GENTLE, BRAVE, AND CLEAN
WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE LYNN CANAL
WHEN THE "PRINCESS SOPHIA" FOUNDERED
WITH HER ENTIRE COMPANY
25th OCTOBER, 1918

M534181

PREFACE

THIS is my fourth, and will, I am sure, be my last, book of Alaskan travel; indeed I had thought the third would be the last. When one has described winter travel at great length, and then summer travel (which means the rivers) at great length, and has described the mountains and the ascent of the chiefest of them, there would seem little need to chronicle further wanderings.

But my journey of the winter of 1917-18 carried me completely around a distinct region of great interest that had been no more than barely touched by my previous narratives—the Arctic coast—and seemed sufficiently full of new impressions and experiences to be worth writing about.

That coast has of course been well known for seventy-five years; I have no discoveries or explorations to record. Yet in one respect the journey was fresh and even singular. Whether anyone ever made the circuit of that coast in the winter-time before I know not, but I am sure it was never made before in the winter-time by one having for his purpose a general enquiry into Eskimo conditions; yet the winter is the time when the normal activities of the villages, with their schools and missions, are in operation. All such visits of bishops and superintendents and inspectors and interested travellers—not to mention wandering archdeacons—have been made hitherto in the summer-time, when the annual trip of the revenue cutter offers suitable opportunity of passage, and when the natives are scattered and their normal activities intermitted. For it is more and more true as one goes further north that the winter life is the normal life, since it comprises a larger and larger part of the year.

These people are "scientifically known"; the heads of

nearly all the living have been measured and the bones of nearly all the dead have been gathered and shipped to institutions of learning in the United States. That great charnel house, the Smithsonian Institution, boasts several thousands of their skulls. Their language, their primitive culture, their myths and legends, their handicrafts, their dress, their manners and customs, have been sufficiently examined and illustrated, and the shelves of museums everywhere groan under the result. I have no contribution to make along these lines. My purpose was an enquiry into their present state, physical, mental, moral and religious, industrial and domestic, into their prospects, into what the government and the religious organizations have done and are doing for them, and what should yet be done.

Moreover, the Arctic coast of Alaska has a history of great interest, with which I have long been making myself familiar, with much of which I have been familiar all my life, for the narrative of the Arctic explorers of the early decades of the last century over which I used to pore as a boy, gave me my first intellectual stimulus. Those modest and simple narratives are, I think, as much superior to recent books of polar travel as their delicately beautiful steel engravings are superior to the smudgy photographic half-tones with which most modern Arctic books are disfigured—including the present one. Unless one can carry along such an artist-photographer as Herbert Ponting or Vittoria Sella, winter photography north of the tree line is likely to be a disappointment to the photographer and anything but an "embellishment" to a book.

As I have retraced my own steps along the coast of Alaska in this narrative, I have sought to introduce the accounts of the first acquaintance of white men with it, have drawn freely upon the great explorers and navigators who determined and described the limits of the North American continent, and opened the shores of "the frozen ocean" to the knowledge of mankind.

In the main the country traversed is as dreary and naked as I suppose can be found on earth, and cursed with as bitter a climate; yet it is not without scenes of great beauty and even sublimity, and its winter aspects have often an almost indescribable charm; a radiance of light, a delicate lustre of azure and pink, that turn jagged ice and windswept snow into marble and alabaster and crystal, until one fancies oneself amidst the courts and towers of Shadukiam and Amberabad where the peris fixed their dwelling.

The scattered inhabitants the reader may call savages if it please him; they are certainly primitive and have some habits and customs that are not attractive. But I think they are the bravest, the cheeriest, the most industrious, the most hospitable, and altogether the most winning native people that I know anything about, the most deserving of the indulgent consideration of mankind.

Whether or not I shall have succeeded in interesting others, so soon as it was begun this narrative assumed for me, at a stroke, the most poignant and tragic interest of anything I have ever written. Readers who have been so complaisant to me in the past will remember without difficulty the figure of my young half-breed companion of many journeys; will recall him at the handle-bars of the sled, at the steering wheel of the *Pelican*, in the lead up the final steeps of the great mountain. He accompanied me on the journey herein described. Going "outside" on one of the last boats of the season some five months after our return, to offer himself for the army if there were yet need, or to enter college and begin his preparation for the career of a medical missionary, he was drowned when the *Princess Sophia* foundered in the Lynn Canal with her entire company of 343 souls, the most terrible disaster in the history of Alaska. His bride of seven weeks, a graduate nurse from our hospital here, going out to undertake Red Cross work, shared his fate. If, incidentally to my narrative, I have succeeded in leaving some memorial in the reader's mind of a very sweet

and clean character, most gentle and most capable, some vindication of the possibilities of the much-decried half-breed, it will be a slight consolation for a very heavy loss, a very deep sorrow.

There is this to add: that I had provided this volume with an elaborate apparatus of notes and references, giving chapter and verse for every citation of voyages and travels, but that, upon its revision, I swept almost the whole away. The reader may take my word for it that I have never quoted without turning up the passage in the original work, unless I have stated the contrary. It seemed unwise to break the continuity of the narrative with frequent footnotes, and there seemed a certain pedantry in bolstering up with authorities a book which does not aspire to the formal dignity of a work of reference. It is too free and discursive, too personal—the reader may even think too opinionated—for such character.

I have to express my grateful thanks to Dr. and Mrs. Grafton Burke for every possible domestic convenience and relief during the composition of another book; and to make my warm acknowledgment to Mrs. Kathleen Hore for her careful, intelligent transcription of another manuscript, and for the patient preparation of what I trust will be a satisfactory index.

Thanks are also due to Mr. Alfred Brooks, the chief of the Alaskan Division of the United States Geological Survey, for permission to reproduce Mr. Ernest De Koven Leffingwell's new map of the North coast of Alaska, the resut of so many years' devoted labour.

FORT YUKON, ALASKA.
April, 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	vii
I	FROM FORT YUKON TO KOTZEBUE SOUND	3
II	KOTZEBUE SOUND TO POINT HOPE	83
III	POINT HOPE	101
IV	POINT HOPE TO POINT BARROW	155
V	POINT BARROW	209
VI	THE NORTHERN EXTREME	239
VII	POINT BARROW TO FLAXMAN ISLAND	263
VIII	FLAXMAN ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO HERSCHEL ISLAND	289
IX	HERSCHEL ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO FORT YUKON	319

ERRATA

The first word in the caption of the illustration opposite page 150 should be Argo, not Lingo.

Page 164—"brought" in the last sentence in the second paragraph should read "bought."

Page 304—The date of Kallet's exploit given as 1890 should be 1850.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Rocks of Cape Lisburne . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Cape Thompson 96

The Igloos at Point Hope 102

Point Hope—The School and the Children 116

Point Hope—Jigging for Tom Cod 120

The Three at the Point Hope Mission 124

Natural Arch at Cape Thompson 134

Lingo—The Superannuated and Pensioned Dog, Playmate of Convalescent Children at the Fort Yukon Hospital 150

The Departure from Point Hope—The Mission House . 156

Point Hope—The Native Council 162

The Point Hope Reindeer Herd at I-Yag'-A-Tak . . . 164

The Gulch of the I-Yag'-A-Tak River Down Which We Came to Cut Out Cape Lisburne 166

Dangerous Travel Around Open Water from Which the Ice Has Been Blown by an Off-shore Gale 174

Point Lay—Arrival 186

Wainwright—Schoolhouse 194

A Point Barrow Mother and Child 218

The Church and Congregation at Point Barrow . . . 222

Flaw Whaling at Point Barrow 232

Flaw Whaling at Point Barrow 234

The Actual Point Barrow—The Northern Extreme of Alaska 240

March Sun at Point Barrow 240

Stop for Lunch—North Coast 268

The Thirteen Dogs—Cape Halkett 272

Tent Within Walls of Snow—Harrison Bay 276

Beacon at Beechey Point 280

Rough Ice Near Return Reef of Franklin 282

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
North Coast—Cooking Dog-Feed	302
Rough Ice off Barter Island	306
The North Coast	308
Demarcation Point—Welcome by the Natives	310
Entering the Firth or Herschel Island River—The First Willows	330
The Firth or Herschel Island River—The First Spruce	334
Rocks on the Firth River	338
Dr. Burke and Mr. Stefánsson and His Attendants, as I Met Them on the Porcupine River	346

MAPS

Map of the North Arctic Coast, Alaska	At end of volume
Map of Northern Alaska to illustrate a journey around the Arctic Coast	" " " "

PART I

FROM FORT YUKON TO KOTZEBUE SOUND

I

FROM FORT YUKON TO KOTZEBUE SOUND

Being minded to spend the winter of 1917-18 amongst the Eskimos of the Arctic coast and having the bishop's consent thereto, I laid my plans, as is necessary in the north, well-nigh a year ahead, had certain supplies that were not procurable, or that I supposed were not procurable on the coast, shipped to Point Hope and to Point Barrow, and wrote letters to these and other stations announcing my intention, and setting approximate dates.

I had carefully worked out the distance from Fort Yukon to the coast, all around the coast and back to Fort Yukon again, and judged it well within the compass of a leisurely winter journey without travelling at all in the month of January. I judged, moreover, that with good fortune in the matter of weather and an early season, I could reach Point Hope, where the Episcopal Church has its only mission on the Arctic coast, for Christmas, and made that appointment with my friend who had just gone to that lonely charge. There I would lie, as I planned, not only over Christmas, but throughout January, not desiring to reach Point Barrow until the 1st of March, or to leave there for the journey along the north coast until the middle of that month. I set from the 5th to the 15th April for my arrival at Herschel Island, being without definite information of the little-travelled country between, and the 1st May as the latest safe day for my return across country to Fort Yukon. Approaching Fort Yukon by the Porcupine river, one can reasonably count upon travelling a week later than if one approach by the Yukon, since the Porcupine ice is usually a week later in breaking up.

Thus I expected to avail myself of the earliest and the

latest travel of the winter, as well that I might have abundant leisure at the important settlements of Point Hope and Point Barrow, as that I might avoid travelling in the storms and darkness of mid-winter.

I had set 5th November as the day for starting on the journey, well knowing that unless the winter season were early I should have to defer it. But everything in the way of weather was favourable. The Porcupine having closed on the 18th October, the Yukon closed on the 23rd, a very early closing indeed, eight days earlier than the previous year, seventeen days earlier than in 1915 and twenty-five days earlier than in 1914. So it was a very early season. There was just enough snow on the ground to permit travelling; the closing of the river was accompanied by a sharp cold spell, which was, of course, the reason for its earliness, and for some days thereafter the thermometer fell so low as to guarantee the sealing of all waters that we should use and the thickening of ice to a state of safety. All natural conditions were propitious.

Yet was the start deferred, and, for awhile, the whole enterprise in jeopardy. On the 14th October my companion, Walter Harper, having been ailing for some time, went to bed in the hospital with a high fever, and when Dr. Burke returned on the 15th he suspected typhoid, which a few days' observation confirmed. On the 23rd, the day the Yukon closed, the doctor told me that at best Walter would be in no condition to travel for a month and it might be much longer. Now a start at the end of November would put Christmas at Point Hope out of the question, would throw out the whole itinerary and arouse anxiety wherever I was expected along the route. Yet to take another companion was not only most distasteful but would overthrow one cherished part of the winter's plans. It is not every chance Indian with whom one is willing to enter upon the unrelieved intimacy of travel on the trail; eating together, sleeping together, living in one another's company all the time. But apart from that

I had an obligation to Walter that unless we spent the winter together I could not fulfil. I had brought him back to Alaska from a school in Massachusetts where two years' more work would have made him ready for college, on the understanding that his preparation should proceed. For three years before he went out he had been my pupil, and the relation was to be resumed. He had jumped at the chance of returning to Alaska and I had been no less glad of his companionship again, but while he had done a good deal of work it had been sadly interrupted during the previous summer, part of which I had spent away from him on a visit to Cook's Inlet and Prince William's Sound. To go off on this six months' journey and leave him behind was to give up all chance of his being ready for college in the contemplated time, and in his twenty-fifth year, with college and medical school before him, he had no time to waste.

Had there been means of communicating with the Arctic coast I would have abandoned the journey for the year, when the doctor pronounced his judgment. But upon weighing all the circumstances I decided that my plans must be carried out. With a heavy heart I set about finding another companion and at last made a tentative arrangement with a reluctant Indian who had little stomach for so long and remote a journey.

But on the 30th October Walter was so much improved that he was allowed to sit up a little. He had lost twenty pounds weight in his sickness, but day by day his strength returned, his appetite became enormous, and I began to entertain hope, which indeed I think I had never completely abandoned, that he might be able to go. On the 4th November Dr. Burke said that if the improvement continued without any setback and I would take special precautions, he thought Walter could travel in a week, and on the 7th the doctor gave his unreserved permission for Walter to go. Never was such a rapid convalescence.

There is something very mysterious about typhoid fever. It has never, I think, been epidemic in Alaska,

since I read a condemnation of these books on the score that they conveyed false views of history, but a false view or a true view of any history depends largely upon the standpoint and I suppose Henty was as much entitled to his as another. Beside, what do a boy's "views" matter? The thing is to get the information into his head, to fire and fan his imagination, to extend his horizon. And whatever may come to him later I would rather he were nurtured in the generous and chivalrous school of Scott and Henty than in the sordid and cynical school prevailing today, however painfully and impossibly impartial it may strive to be. Shakespeare's history may be true or false—one thinks sometimes that the writers of Queen Elizabeth's reign were not so utterly ignorant of the Lancastrian and Yorkist affair as their critics of three centuries later maintain—but true or false Shakespeare's history is likely to remain history for nine-tenths of English-speaking people.

We had fallen into the habit of calling Henty's boy-hero, whose footsteps echo down all the corridors of time, "Cedric," and when a new story was begun, whether of ancient Egypt or of the Crusades or of the American Revolution, Walter would say "Here comes Cedric," when the gallant and fortunate youth made a new reincarnation in the first chapter. There must be fifty or sixty of these books, and there may be an hundred for aught I know, and "Cedric" bobs up in all of them with the same gallantry and the same marvellous luck. Together they form a most valuable and interesting compendium of history for youth, and I have often been glad of the refreshing of my own knowledge while they were reading. I will confess that I had my first clear conception of Peterborough's astonishing campaign in the war of the Spanish Succession and my most vivid picture of his storming of Barcelona, as also my clearest impressions of Wolfe's campaign against Montcalm and the taking of Quebec, from hearing Henty read aloud; to which perhaps the deliberation of the reading contributed. Wal-

ter was years past Henty, but he told me that in his history work at school the recollection of these stories had filled out the skeletons of text-books and had often given him a surprising advantage over his fellows. "Sometimes I knew what the teacher was talking about when none of the others did," he said. Geometry and algebra now took much of his time, in which I was of little use to him, and Latin, in which I was not much more. Nearly thirty years' disuse of subjects leaves one ill-equipped for teaching. I had made other arrangements about them and confined myself to pressing literature and history upon him, and in making him write.

The night passed quickly, even though without sleep, wholly concerned with such reflections as I have indicated, and I was up at five and soon had breakfast ready. Our course was a familiar one as far as the Allakaket; over the frozen lakes and swamps of the Yukon Flats to the Chandelar village, sixty miles or so away, up the Chandelar river for eighty or ninety miles, over another portage of twenty-five miles to the south fork of the Koyukuk, over a low pass and down a stream to Coldfoot on the middle fork of the latter river, and then down that river an hundred and twenty miles to the Allakaket mission. Thence we had some sixty miles up its tributary the Alatna, another portage of forty or fifty miles to the Kobuk, down which some three hundred miles would bring us to its mouth in Kotzebue Sound; then a journey up the Arctic coast of about an hundred and seventy-five miles and we should be at Point Hope, our first objective, and altogether something over nine hundred miles away. At Coldfoot Paul would go back.

It was essential to our programme that we should make good travel in these early stages of the journey, for we knew not what awaited us on the Arctic slope. The lightness of the snow, not more than a few inches deep, which was a drawback on the rough portages, would be a great advantage on the smooth river surfaces, and we might hope to have that advantage not only on the Chan-

delar but on the Koyukuk, if we pressed on. Through scattered brush, and scrub spruce, and burned blackened trunks of a forest fire, over lake after lake, the going very rough and heavy for our loaded sleds except when we were on ice, we reached an inhabited cabin by eleven o'clock and stopped for our lunch; and then on through similar country, crossing the Christian river, tributary to the Chandelar, with great pitches up and down the banks, until we came within five miles of a cabin at which we had discussed spending the night. This place is off the main Chandelar trail and we had hesitated about going to it, but when we reached the point where the trail to it leaves the main trail, we found a great fire burning, a dog-team hitched, and two Indians waiting. To my surprise they were waiting for us; had been engaged all day in straightening and improving the trail and cutting out brush, and had brought the dog-team to help us in with our loads. Word of our approaching departure had been brought from Fort Yukon and they had expected we would come along this evening. I was much touched by this attention; we gladly discharged an hundred pounds or so of our load into the empty toboggan, and in a short time were in Robert John's comfortable two-roomed cabin, one room of which was placed entirely at our service. A couple more families were housed within a stone's throw, so that the place was quite a little settlement. There was a good fishing stream near-by, firewood was handy, potato and turnip patches had been cultivated, and it was in a good region for moose and not far from the threshold of the caribou country; altogether an eligible situation for outlying Indians. That night all the folks gathered and we had native service with many hymns and a brief address, and so to bed.

Luminous-dial watches are a great convenience, and the wrist, I think, is the only place to wear a watch that is intended for use and not as mere appendage of a chain or a fob—unless one be wielding an ax, when the jar is too great and the watch had better be detached and put

in the pocket; I have not found any other occupation interfere with it. And despite all that the watchmakers say I have proved to my own satisfaction that a watch keeps just as good time on a wrist as in a pocket. It is curious what a ferocious prejudice there was in some quarters against the wrist watch, until the war. Then it was generally discovered that no other place in which a watch can be carried compares to the wrist for general convenience. Hereafter, I think, it will be the normal wear, and beyond any question the luminous dial will become the normal dial. I had worn my watch on my wrist ever since I came to Alaska, but I was new to the luminous dial, and the next morning I read the time as 5.10 when it was really 2.20. The boys had been aroused and a fire was going before the mistake was discovered and then we went back to bed for a couple of hours or so. The Chandelar village would be our next stop and there we would spend Sunday.

Where there are three men and but two sleds one man must travel loose and I like to start well ahead of the teams when there is any good sort of trail; so leaving the others hitching the dogs I struck out by myself and was able to do quite as well as the teams over that rough ground, so that by eleven o'clock when I reached another little old cabin they were not yet in sight or sound, and here I awaited them. With the thermos bottles full of hot soup, lunch is a very simple matter, and with the compressed and concentrated Swiss cubes, enriched with a few bouillon capsules, soup-making is very easy. But why, save that salt is cheaper than meat extract, should these cubes be so saline? Their use for the strengthening and enriching of soups and stews is strictly limited because of the excessive content of salt. One would gladly dispense with the sticky and messy jars of beef extract altogether and carry nothing but the cubes, if this were not the case.

Here I had a chance of a lift, for an Indian with an empty toboggan was proceeding to the village, and I

stayed with him until the Chandelar river was reached. Here it grew dark and the descent from the bank to the ice was so sudden and precipitous that I would not leave my teams to come upon it unawares, and I let him proceed alone. The empty toboggan shot down the pitch, the dogs on a dead run, and they were soon out of sight on the smooth ice in the gathering gloom, while I built a fire on the bank and waited. These trails in the Yukon Flats follow the same line through the woods year after year, but there is likely to be a different approach to a river every season. The Chandelar is notorious for "overflows" and open water, and every year there is open water in the neighbourhood where the Fort Yukon trail reaches it. Sometimes the trail runs along the river bank for a mile before it finds a place where it can descend to safe ice. This year the descent was particularly abrupt and there was open water close to the safe ice at the bottom. A toboggan can go over these headlong pitches without much danger; there is little to break about a toboggan; but while the lesser of my vehicles was a toboggan, the more important was a birch sled carefully made with a prime view to other country than the Yukon Flats, and heavily loaded. It was quite dark when the teams arrived, but my blazing brush pile illuminated the bank and the wide river with its patches of swift black water beyond, so that we made the descent in safety, and five miles of good ice-going, following the track of the precedent toboggan, brought us the twinkling lights of the village and the glad sound of distant dogs.

These folks are also, in a special sense, my own people; Fort Yukon is their mart and metropolis; thither they go to be married and take their children to be baptized, sometimes spending weeks there at a stretch. It is very pleasant to receive their welcome and enjoy their hospitality, to stand aside and let them unhitch the dogs, unload the sleds, pack the stuff into the cabin, put the empty vehicles and the harness high up on some cache-platform

where they will be in no danger from the teeth of loose dogs, and start an outdoor fire for cooking dog-feed.

This year dog-feed was exceedingly scarce. The salmon run, upon which dog-food entirely, and man-food largely, depends had been a partial failure in the previous summer. During the early summer, when the king salmon ran, the Yukon had been persistently bank-full, and the driftwood that always accompanies flood had clogged and stopped all fish-wheels. The later runs of silver and dog-salmon scarce came at all—for what mysterious reason no one knows—and the whole fish catch had been the least within recent recollection. Here in November many natives were cooking cornmeal and tallow for their dogs —both imported and bought at war prices. This may not seem the place, nor this even the book, to speak upon the necessity of the salmon to the native life and to denounce the recent iniquity of permitting salmon canneries to be established at the mouth of the Yukon, yet dog-feed is one of the most important winter requisites, and has the most intimate connection with travel. Disguised as a war measure for increasing the world's food supply (it has become almost a public duty *not* to say "camouflaged") it is in reality only one more instance of the way in which the people of Alaska are deprived of their country's resources by commercial greed. A government which permits the natives of the Yukon and its tributaries to be robbed of their natural supply must presently face the alternative of feeding them itself or letting them starve. Such fluctuation of the fishing from year to year as is due to the operations of nature may be expected and must be endured, but the cannery will cause a steady and increasing diminution until at last the natives of the upper and middle Yukon will find their water as void of fish as from like cause the natives of the Copper river already find theirs. The Indians of the plains were largely exterminated because the white settlers needed their lands. Free for ever from any such danger, shall we let the Indians of the interior of Alaska be exter-

minated because a greedy packing company, already grown rich on the coast, needs the fish of the inland rivers also? *

Should it bear proportion of space to the trouble and expense and anxiety which it caused us all the winter through, the matter of dog-feed would indeed occupy no small part of this book. The principal difficulty of such a journey as this lies there; especially was this true in a season of scarcity, exceptional under old conditions but likely to be normal now. For the present we were provided. I had bought of the scant king salmon when no one supposed there would be dearth of the later-running varieties, and had cached it for the first part of this journey. I knew that at the Allakaket mission they would have fish cached for me were any procurable at all, and some sort of intermediate provision could be made at Coldfoot and Bettles.

The Sunday rest at the Chandelar mission was very acceptable, not only because it gave me a chance of ministering to this group of fifteen or sixteen natives, but because I was anxious that Walter be not unduly fatigued. He was standing the journey well, was eating heartily and often, and I was encouraged to believe that danger of relapse was past. But for all the first week I was rather uneasy at the responsibility I had taken (notwithstanding the doctor's permission) in starting with him so soon after his sickness.

The resourcefulness of one of the native women and her intelligent application of the teaching at Fort Yukon, made a strong impression on me. Her boy of six or seven had suffered a terrible, deep cut from the middle of the nose down to and through the upper lip right to the bone a few days before by running within the swing of his father's axe. It was God's mercy that the

* Since writing the above the gloomy forecast it contains has been fully realized. The operation of the cannery in the summer of 1919, caused an almost complete failure in the native fishing and the natives in certain parts have already had to kill their dogs and are facing a winter of privation. November, 1919.

child's skull was not cleft in twain by the blow. The woman had thoroughly washed the wound, had pulled one of the long coarse hairs of her head, had boiled it and a common needle, and had taken fifteen stitches therewith in the wound. I had the bandage removed and found the wound looking perfectly healthy, its edges in good apposition, and apparently healing "by first intention." She had also made an aseptic dressing by boiling some moss and then thoroughly drying and heating it in the oven. The wound will leave its inevitable conspicuous scar, but, I think, will have no other ill result. The same resolute and sensible woman, when in Fort Yukon a few months before, had brought the same boy to the doctor (who is also our dentist) with two decayed milk teeth. Pointing out the teeth that were giving the trouble and wrapping her stalwart arms about the boy, she said, "Me hold-um, you pull-um"—and it was done. Most Indian mothers refuse to constrain a child to a dreaded operation of any kind, for which refusal "He no like" is held sufficient reason. The use of cereals, or perhaps sweets, at any rate the departure from a predominantly if not exclusively carnivorous habit, seems to be introducing decay of the teeth amongst our native children, and our doctor has to resort to rewards, and to the arousing of emulation in fortitude, that he may remove teeth that befoul and infect the children's mouths.

We lay long, and had no more than breakfasted when it was church time, and the afternoon slipped rapidly away while Walter read aloud to me from the Maccabees. Having read the greater part of the Bible aloud to me in previous years, I had chosen the Apocrypha for the winter's Sunday reading, and, since it is strangely omitted from most Bibles, had brought it along in an additional slim India-paper volume. I was again struck by the vigour and restraint of the narrative, equal to any other of the sacred narratives, and superior to many. Of Antiochus Epiphanes the author writes "He spoke very proud words and made a great massacre." Walter

looked up and said "That would do for the Kaiser." I have thought of the verse in that connection many times since, and I know not where else in literature so curt yet adequate a characterization of William II of Germany may be found. I submit it for his epitaph: "He spoke very proud words and made a great massacre." What a record!

I was amused and interested at hearing some instruction and reproof administered by Walter to Paul, the Indian boy I had brought along. Paul was an adopted boy, and like most such amongst the Indians had been worked pretty hard and given little chance for schooling. "Say 'yes, please,'" said Walter, and waited till he said it; "Say 'no, thank you;' now say it again." "Say 'yes, sir,' 'no, sir,' and remember to say those things all the time." The boy was already beginning to exhibit an almost dog-like fidelity and docility to Walter, who never failed to win a native attendant.

Another Indian service by candlelight, when the brief day had closed down, brought supper time and bed. Because there was no trail at all above this place and much overflow water to be expected on the river and we were pressed for time, I made an arrangement with one of the Chandelar men to accompany us for a couple of marches. So we set out early on Monday morning (I cannot say "bright and early," for it was pitch dark) three teams and four men strong, and made that day an excellent run on the Chandelar ice. Most of the overflowed water we were able to avoid, but one slough that we had taken for a short-cut was completely covered with an inch or two of running water. The dogs could have been forced to go through it, though at 20 degrees below zero one does not wet their feet unnecessarily, but the loads in the toboggans would probably be wetted and the toboggans themselves encrusted with ice. Here came the utility of the large sled, its bottom raised four inches or so above the runners. My large toboggan was lifted up and set bodily on top of the sled, and Jim's little toboggan set

bodily on top of that; the dogs were turned loose to clamber up the steep bank and make their way around the water in company with the two Indians, and Walter and I, who were dry-shod with Eskimo water-boots, seized the tow-line of the sled and drew the whole top-heavy load easily enough through the hundred yards or so of water that was running over the smooth ice. It was done in a few minutes; it would have taken an hour or more to break out a practicable trail for the sleds through the thick brush of the bank; and to have driven through it would have risked wetting our toboggan loads. The beginning of a fight amongst the dogs, loose from one another but still in their individual harness, was quickly suppressed with a heavy whip (there is no use in standing on ceremony when dogs are fighting), the animals quickly hitched up again, and we passed on through the Chandelar Gap in perfectly still weather to the cabin at the mouth of the East Fork. I am not sure if it be nine or ten times that I have passed through that gap in the winter coming or going, but this is only the second time that I have passed through it without a gale of wind blowing. Commonly, although it be dead calm a few miles above and a few miles below, the wind sweeps cruelly between its narrow jaws and the ice is bare and polished however deep the snow may lie elsewhere.

I remember that Walter wanted to go on to the long-abandoned Chandelar store ten miles or so further, and had I yielded to his wish it would have saved us from a notable vexation and delay later, but I was still solicitous that he be not over-fatigued. Seven and a half hours' good ice travel the next day brought us to Caro, the abandoned mining town of the days of the Chandelar stampede, though several cabins are still kept up by men who have claims of some value on distant creeks, in one of which we were comfortably lodged. A few miles before reaching Caro we passed the recent tracks of a herd of caribou and the dogs were wildly excited. Jim said he had never known the caribou to come so far down the

Chandelar river before, and this is one of many indications that big game is increasing in this part of Alaska. A little further on Jim got a useless far-away shot at one, but there is no restraining an Indian with a gun in his hand and game in sight.

So far our travel upon the Chandelar had justified my expectation of good early going on the ice. Our course lay yet on the river for a day's march, but now we had a trail made by two young men who had been working on one of the creeks referred to. It was an unexpected piece of good fortune to find a trail in these parts so early in the season. They were Eskimos, and we had heard that they were intending to go across country to Point Barrow by one of the branches of the Colville river, in quest of wives. Not many natives will apply themselves steadily to a white man's occupation as these two youths had applied themselves to gold mining, but one was mission-bred at the Allakaket, and, I am afraid, to some extent spoiled for native vocations. At any rate, he and his partner had worked a claim on shares for two years and were sufficiently well ahead to permit them to spend the winter in a journey to the coast. Having their trail as far as Coldfoot, and finding such good travel on the Chandelar, I dismissed Jim, who had been of much service to us, and who was anxious to go after the caribou on his way home.

The trail which had left the ice only to reach the cabins at Caro, returned immediately to it, and the tracks of the Eskimo boys' sleds were plain. But there was another trail leading out of Caro over a twenty-mile portage to another fork of the Chandelar, on its way to the distant creeks referred to, by which the boys had come. Early in the morning, having paid Jim and bidden him good-bye, I started ahead of the teams as usual. For two and a half hours I kept a steady pace and must have gone ten miles, but to my surprise the teams did not catch me up although the going was excellent. The weather was mild when I started, about at zero and overcast, and as

the morning advanced it grew milder and a light snow began to fall. I stopped and sat down and waited for my party a full half hour. Listening intently one can always hear distant sled-bells; I know no more persistent illusion of the trail; but unless they gradually grow louder until there remains no doubt, it is a mere trick of the ear. Puzzled and anxious I turned back, casting in my mind what could have kept the boys. I thought of the portage trail, but dismissed it at once, for I knew that Walter knew that the trail was on the river. What seemed the most likely hypothesis was that after my departure the herd of caribou, upon the skirts of which we had pressed yesterday, had come streaming through Caro in their usual foolish way and that Walter had been unable to resist the temptation. Yet I had heard no shots. Then I thought that Paul, who had shown signs of wishing to return with Jim, had deserted Walter and left him with no one to handle the toboggan—but again that would have been no cause for detention; Walter would have thrown both teams together and trailed the toboggan behind the sled. As I approached Caro I looked eagerly for smoke from the cabin we had stayed in, but saw none, and when I reached the place it was deserted. What had happened to my companions and my teams? About an inch of snow had fallen since I left, but careful examination in the dusk (for it was heavily overcast) showed me that for some inscrutable reason the teams had passed up the portage trail and had not taken the river at all. Then I did as stupid a thing as I ever did in my life. I should have stayed at Caro. There was a cabin and a stove and plenty of wood, and I might have known that whatever the cause of the mistake Walter would have returned to Caro for me as soon as he found it out. Instead of which I started up the portage trail following my teams. This trail was most horribly rough. There had been but one previous passage this season; there was not snow enough to cover the niggerheads, and as it grew dark I was stumbling and slipping at every step. For full three

hours I pushed on, intent upon catching up with my teams, until it was utterly dark and I could go no further. I stopped in the midst of some small burned-over timber —mere poles—and managed to pull down enough with my hands to start a fire. I had a cake of milk chocolate in my pocket, a bunch of sulphur matches, and a few pipefuls of tobacco, and I commenced a vigil that I thought would last till morning—fully aware now of my mistake and resolved to return to Caro at break of day. Half my time was occupied in breaking down poles to supply the fire, and the elasticity of these half-burned slender sticks is remarkable; they could be pulled almost to the ground without breaking. I had walked, I suppose, twenty-five or thirty miles, had had no lunch and would have no supper, but fortunately it was mild weather. I had now ample leisure for chagrin that after all my many years' experience on the trail I should have had such poor judgment in a quandary. I dozed a little, squatting by the fire, until it was time to get more sticks, and I thought of an old Tanana Indian, Alexander of Tolovana, who had been suddenly paralyzed while out hunting in the previous January and had fallen across his camp fire and severely burned himself. It was during an unusually mild spell of weather and he lay for six days unable to do more than crawl around and painfully pick up little sticks to keep his fire going. He told me "all the time I prayed God, don't let it get cold," and it did not get cold again until a search party had discovered him and brought him home; then it went to fifty below zero the next day.

About 8.30 I thought I heard the sound of bells, but I had been hearing them all day. Presently, however, they were unmistakable, and I knew that Walter was at hand. He had brought some grub and a thermos bottle of soup and a robe in the empty sled, and I was never gladder to see anyone in my life. Strange as it seemed to me then, and seems to me now, he had blundered as badly as I had. Starting in the pitch dark, with heavily overcast

sky, he had not noticed particularly the route his leader took, but supposed that the trail would strike the river when it had wound around the cabins sufficiently, and when it had quite left the town, supposed it was but avoiding bad ice or open water and expected every minute that it would strike to the river. When at length fully awake to his blunder, he did not turn round to retrace his course, and that was his second blunder; the trail was so narrow that he would have had to clear a space to turn in with the axe, and he thought he could reach the river quicker by striking across country to it. But this involved him in unexpected difficulties of dense brush and steep gullies. He had to make wide detours, and it was a long time ere he reached a slough, hidden by an island from view of the main river, and the bank so high and steep that the sleds had to be lowered by ropes. Running round the island to the main river he saw my tracks, both going and returning, and made quick camp. Then, leaving Paul in camp, he took the dogs and empty sled and returned to Caro, only to find that I had gone up the portage trail. Even though it was nearly dark and snow had fallen I should have noticed the place where the sleds left the portage trail and cut across country—and that was another blunder to my discredit.

It was eleven at night when we were safely at camp, and one in the morning when we had eaten supper and turned in (though this was one of the few nights of the whole winter when we did not read at all), and since we did not arise till eight and were not started again till eleven, here was a day and a half of our precious early season wasted, and snow heavily threatening. I had no reproaches for Walter and he none for me; each knew himself also vulnerable—and beside, what was the use? My chief feeling was of gratitude to him for hunting me up and saving me from a hungry, cheerless night. Had we passed by the East Fork cabins and pushed on to the old store, as Walter wanted to, we should have passed Caro by daylight, and this series of blunders would have

been impossible. But you never can tell. One thing I was really resolved upon—not to get out of sight of my teams any more!

Three hours brought us to the mouth of the West Fork, to a cabin occupied by the parents and grandparents of one of the Eskimo boys referred to, where also were two other Eskimo men just returned from hunting, and they had fifteen or twenty caribou carcases piled high on a cache. They gave us fresh meat for our dogs, a welcome and highly appreciated change, and we pushed on up the tortuous West Fork until dusk and then camped on its bank. The next day for some twenty miles we still pursued this stream, grown so crooked that I doubt if two miles travel gave one mile advance, and troubled, as usual here, with frequent and extensive overflow water. But the thermometer stood well above zero and Walter and I, in our waterboots, went right through it, Paul, who was in moccasins, perching upon the sled. Thus dry-shod, and in moderate weather when ice does not rapidly collect, overflow water, if it be not too deep, offers no impediment to travel, for the ice is always smooth underneath. Although the water obliterated the tracks we were following, whenever we came to ice that had not been inundated we found them again.

At last we reached the place where the trail "takes up" the bank to cross from Chandelar to Koyukuk water, and the chief advantage of having a trail to follow was that it led us directly to this spot, with no necessity of casting hither and thither to find it. A grinding ascent of a very steep ridge brought us to the open country and to twenty or thirty miles of very rough travel. The lightness of the early snowfall which had given us such quick passage of the rivers was now no small disadvantage. Heavy snow fills up and smooths out the inequalities of the surface, but a few inches has little effect. Our sled suffered considerably and our progress was slow. Here, as well as in deep, loose snow, the toboggan fares better; with its flat bottom it slips

and slides amongst the hillocks of the niggerheads, suffers an overturn with no jar or damage, and is easily righted, while the sled, high on the benches of its runners, falls with a crash and is righted with labour. By dark we were at a rest cabin and camped, and after another day of banging and slamming over the niggerheads of the South Fork Flats, had crossed that branch of the Koyukuk, disdaining the cabin at the crossing, and had pushed on up Boulder Creek towards Coldfoot on the Middle Fork, making a camp in complete darkness, with the weather grown decidedly cold again. Few more beautiful winter scenes could be imagined than that which had gladdened my eyes all the evening. The mountains at the head of the South Fork are finely sculptured sharp peaks, forming a crescent. Their tops gave us the sun long after his brief visit to the valley, and when the alpine glow faded and died there came out one brilliant star right over the point of the middle peak and there hung and glittered.

Paul, who had overcome his desire to return, which was prompted merely by Jim's return, and had grown marvellously and anxiously polite, now expressed his determination to "go all the way" with us. "I see Husky country too; I go all the way—please, Sir?" he said repeatedly of late. Both Walter and I had taken to the boy, who was willing and good-natured and very teachable, and I should have liked to keep him, but it was out of the question. From time to time I expected to add a third to our party, but it would be one with local knowledge and speech; Paul would be but an additional expense, he would be out of his language range when he reached Coldfoot.

The next day was Sunday, but we had wasted this week's day of rest and it was no more than half a journey into Coldfoot, so we broke up another camp where we had been snug and comfortable at forty below zero and passed up to the lakes of the low "summit" and down Slate Creek to Coldfoot. My old friend who had been

working on an "hydraulic proposition" at the head of Slate Creek ever since I knew this country, was gone somewhere else, "working for wages," which means earning a little more money with which to pursue his special project. Some day he will finish his ditch and bring the water down from the lakes and I trust that then he will wash out gold enough to make his fortune. But however large a stake he may make I doubt he will never be as happy as in his cabin at the head of Slate Creek.

The first winter mail had not yet come and the camp was without news of the war since the last steamboat, so that we were eagerly questioned as soon as we arrived. Our news was bad news—the overwhelming of the Italians by the Austrians and Germans and the increased destructiveness of submarines.

After many camps, however comfortable, a roadhouse is welcome, but there was much to do if we were to start down the Koyukuk in the morning. My customary visits to the men on the creeks were given up this year, or Christmas at Point Hope would have been out of the question, but there was service to hold and, as I learned, a baptism to perform. Our supplies had to be replenished and Paul to be equipped for his return. A little, rude, discarded toboggan we had picked up at one of our stopping places and had brought along on top of our sled. This would hold his blankets, his grub and dog-feed, and two stout dogs that we had brought for this purpose would haul it without difficulty. With this rig he could almost certainly make a cabin every night whatever the weather and should be back at the Chandelar village in five or six days.

I was rejoiced to realize that Walter was entirely himself again. Upon the scales at the store he weighed as much as he did before his sickness and I dismissed all anxiety about his condition.

When I stepped out that night before going to bed I thought again that Coldfoot is one of the most picturesquely situated places I know. The little squat snow-

covered cabins were mostly dark and uninhabited, but the sharp white peaks around it glistened in the clear starlit night, a splendid aurora wreathed and twisted itself about them, gleaming with soft opalescent greens and yellows, and a keen wind was blowing. Just so had I seen the place thirteen years before, on my first visit, and the occasion came vividly back to me. The glistening peaks are outlying spurs of the mountains of the Arctic divide, the Endicotts, beyond which I had never hitherto penetrated. On this journey we hoped to flank them at their termination on the sea coast and afterwards to pass eastward along their northern aspect as now we should pass for awhile westward along their southern.

So far our progress on the whole had been good; the Koyukuk river stretched before us with no more snow upon it than the Chandelar had; two days of such ice-travel should take us to Bettles and two more to the Allakaket, and I should be ahead of my schedule.

A day's rest I had thought would not hurt Paul and I had settled with the roadhouse keeper before going to bed with such day included, but upon arising Paul decided to return at once. He was too shy, I think, to relish remaining with strangers in our absence, and was packed up and gone, with his modest equipage, before we left; a willing useful boy with a broad happy grin and one that I wish might have had more chance.

So Walter with six dogs and the sled, I with four and the toboggan—we launched upon the smooth ice of the river and made fine time for ten or twelve miles, a wind almost behind us, charged with drifting snow, urging us onward. Then we began to be troubled with overflow water and had much to do passing the Twelve-mile creek mouth where the river ice suffers successive inundations all the winter long. Should one reach these stretches just at the time when the cold has re-consolidated the surface, there is swift going with a wind behind; the dogs have no work to do at all. But at any of the intermediate stages, either of running water or of half-formed or thin

ice, one is detained and bothered. Sometimes by keeping along the edge of the overflow and making wide detours one may stay upon solid footing, but at others there is nothing for it but to plunge right through. In such aqueous passages in cold weather a toboggan is a nuisance; the water freezes on the bottom and along the edges until presently so much ice has accumulated that its progress is retarded. Then it must be upturned and the ice beaten off with the flat of the axe. It is not easy to remove it all, yet a little adherent ice doubles the labour of hauling when snow is reached again; and when the process must be repeated every mile or so much time and effort are consumed. The Koyukuk river in the region of the "cañon" consists of a bend of wind-cleared or overflowed ice followed by a bend of snow-covered ice, and this alternation keeps up for many miles. At last, as it grew dusk, we emerged from the narrow windings of the cañon region and were out upon the broad river again, and by dark were at the roadhouse halfway to Bettles.

Our host, who passed by the name of "the Dynamite Dutchman," was not the owner of the house and had few claims to be considered a professional victualler. I do not think his nickname hinted at plots against munition works or shipyards, but rather at some ludicrous incident connected with quartz mining. Wherever his sympathies lay, he, like most Teutons in Alaska, I think, had heeded the warning—possibly the more effective for its crudeness—set up at every post-office in the land, to "keep his mouth shut" about the war, though loquacious enough in his broken and sometimes puzzling English on every other subject.

Crowded into this roadhouse were two horse-freighters, bringing miners' supplies from Bettles, the head of navigation, and two dog-mushers, so that paucity of accommodation was added to indifference of table and the usual dirt and neglect. Some few years ago a land trail was cut from Bettles to Coldfoot which avoids this part of

the river altogether, and so soon as there is depth of snow enough for overland travel the river trail is abandoned. So there is really no incentive to anyone to take much pains with this house.

We awoke next morning to changed conditions; two or three inches of new snow lay on the earth. And all day long it snowed and a drifting wind filled up the trail and sledding grew heavier and heavier. The toboggan became such a drag in the wet snow from the remains of yesterday's ice, lingering notwithstanding repeated beatings, that by and by we set it bodily on top of the sled and hitched the ten dogs to the double load with advantage. It took us five hours to make the eighteen miles to the next roadhouse, and here we stayed for lunch and took the toboggan into the house and thawed off the ice in front of the stove.

Here we foregathered with an old-timer from the pre-Klondike days—there remain such yet in Alaska, but they grow very few—who knew Walter's father, the first white man who ever came to the Yukon seeking gold, and who spoke highly and interestingly of him. It always gave me pleasure that the boy should hear his father spoken well of—and indeed I have heard no one speak ill of him. Ogilvie in his *Early Days on the Yukon* has much to say of Arthur Harper and his partners, McQueston and Mayo. He died in 1897 when Walter was only five years old.

It had been wiser, I suppose, to have spent the night here, but we were resolved to reach Bettles if possible, another eighteen or twenty miles away, and had already lingered longer than we should have done. Then began a dismal grind of seven hours. The day passed and it grew dark and the wind arose again. Soon it became exceedingly difficult to detect the trail at all, yet, with the increasing snow, increasingly important. With a candle in a tin can—the best trail light all things considered—Walter was ahead peering and feeling for it for hours while I brought both loads along; starting one and then

going back and starting the other when he gave the word to advance. Thus we plodded until we were encouraged by catching the loom of the cliffs below the John river mouth and knew that we were within a few miles of Bettles. In another hour dogs and men alike revived at the distant twinkling lights, and shortly thereafter we were at the roadhouse, the heaviest day's travel, so far, of the journey behind us. It was too heavy; dogs and men were weary; and I resolved to lie here a day. With the late start that so late arrival would permit we should not reach the Allakaket over the trails that lay before us in two days travel; with a day's rest and an early start we might do it.

So we spent a quiet day of refreshment at Bettles. Some supplies to be procured, some repairs to make to the sled, service for the few whites, and for the Kobuk Eskimos (attracted to this undesirable place of residence by the employment in freighting with dog-teams which it affords), occupied the day, which had its chief interest in the presence in the town of two families of northern Eskimo newly come across from a tributary of the Colville river to purchase ammunition and grub, who were never here before, or at any other post of white men in their lives, save once, a long time ago, at Point Barrow; and who were all unbaptized. It was not until the evening that I discovered them and I did my best to persuade them to accompany us to the Allakaket, where they could be instructed, offering them the hospitality of the mission. But I did not succeed; there were those who awaited their return; and I had to content myself with such primary instruction as I could give them, with unpracticed interpretation (for their speech differs a little from the Kobuk vernacular of my interpreter) on this one occasion. Their presence whetted my appetite for our northern journey.

Walter and I had an hour also, in the afternoon, wherein we finished the first reading of *Hamlet*. It was characteristic of his delicacy of mind that he should have

revolted at the occasional grossness which Shakespeare admits. "They say the Indian stories are vulgar, but there's nothing in any Indian story I ever heard more vulgar than that," said he with reference to Hamlet's coarse remarks to Ophelia in the play scene. "Well, for boys' and girls' schools they have editions of Shakespeare and all the classic writers with the grossness left out; we call them 'Bowdlerized' editions; but there comes a time when one prefers to have what an author wrote rather than what someone else thinks he should have written. So soon as a man is prepared to make first-hand acquaintance with literature he must be prepared to read things that offend him." "But," continued Walter, "if Hamlet were in love with Ophelia why should he insult her by saying things like that?" "There are a great many puzzling things in *Hamlet*," I said, "that scholars and critics have been disputing about these two hundred years. Was Hamlet in love with Ophelia or only pretending? Was he really mad or only feigning madness? Then you must remember that three centuries ago gentlemen jested with ladies about things that would never be referred to in their presence nowadays by decent men." I did not trouble him with the theory that Shakespeare had carelessly transcribed the passage from an earlier play in which Ophelia was a courtesan, which raises more difficulties than it solves. The subject came up again and again as we ranged through the plays. *Othello* was read once only; I could not bring Walter to a re-reading because Iago's continual ribaldry and obscenity were so offensive to him. "But don't you see that Shakespeare is making Iago paint his own picture by what he puts in his mouth? Therein lies the art of the dramatist; we are nowhere told that Iago is a low-minded beast who believes in no man's honour and no woman's virtue; who cares for no one but himself and will use any base weapon for his own advancement and gratification—he is permitted to unfold his own character solely by what he says, and that makes the picture a

thousand times more life-like and convincing." "It's so life-like," said Walter, "that I don't want to see or hear any more of him." Yet he could appreciate Othello's fine comparison of his changeless passion for revenge to "the Pontick sea, whose icy current and compulsive course ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on to the Propontick and the Hellespont." "And that is why," I said, "the British failed to force the Dardanelles and take Constantinople. Had there been ebb and flow in its waters the mines set afloat by the Turks would not have streamed down incessantly upon the war-ships." We went thence to a discussion of the many great rivers received by the Black Sea and the constant outflowing current they gave rise to, and were presently comparing the Black Sea with Bering's Sea, and the Danube with the Yukon. Thence we went back to Constantinople itself, its incomparably strong and important situation and the long, long series of momentous events that have sprung and may yet spring therefrom. Thus our literature lesson would become a geography lesson and that would develope into a history lesson, illustrating my favourite theme of the unity of all knowledge. " Except mathematics," said Walter, slyly. "Except mathematics and a great many other things so far as I am concerned," I answered, "but that only shows my limitations and does not at all detract from the truth that all knowledge is connected and is essentially one." "Well," laughed Walter, " if all knowledge is connected, what is the connection, for instance, between Constantinople and chemistry?" "Questions like that are not always easy to answer," I said, "for the connection is not always on the surface, but that particular question is dead easy; Constantinople was preserved from the Turks for centuries by the Greek fire and fell at last into their hands by gunpowder." And that recalled to him the Henty book that dealt with the fall of Constantinople and he allowed the cogency of the connection. I do not in the least remember its name and it does not in the least

matter; there are scores of them and they are not literature in any high sense, though not without literary merit; but they served an excellent good purpose for Walter and will do as well by any bright boy. What pleased me most was that he remembered A.D. 1453.

I do not flatter myself that the ordinary reader will take any deep interest in this Sandford-and-Merton business and I will not trouble him with it more, though my diary of this journey contains many notes of Walter's studies and progress, but it illustrates the necessarily desultory way in which his education had been prosecuted so far as I was responsible for it, snatching an hour here and there, now and then, but resolved to let *no* day pass without doing a little work. He wrote a diary as regularly as I did, and in a little red book he kept account of our expenses; for I had turned over to him before we started all the money I had provided for the journey and he made all purchases and payments. The practice and the responsibility I thought alike desirable for him.

The next day was simply a long heavy grind of twelve hours through the snow, and we made the thirty miles to the Indian village at the mouth of the South Fork, quite exhausted, long after dark, having started long before daylight. The trail was drifted and out of easy sight and we had to seek for it all day long. But that we followed a fresh track from a fish cache for the last ten miles we should not have reached the village at all. An old nervous trouble in my shoulder that for years has accompanied excessive fatigue was so alarmingly acute that I began to doubt if I could stand a long continuance of such travel. Walter rubbed it with menthol balm for half an hour and the pain subsided under his strong, gentle hand and I slept, but I knew that it would return under similar circumstances, and since this attack had been worse than any before, there was no telling to what exacerbation it might rise.

There come times in the life of any man who turns

middle age when he realizes with surprise, but if he be in any way a wise man, with resignation, that he can no longer safely do the things he used to do; that he has no longer the reserves of strength and endurance—no longer the quick resilience of recuperation. The first of such occasions came to me when I was climbing Alaska's great mountain five years before, and I put away thenceforward the excessive strain of great altitudes; this night was the second sharp reminder and I realized that long winter journeys with stress of weather and labour would soon also be things of the past. Meanwhile, did I hope to accomplish the project immediately before me, it was clearly my business to relieve myself of all unnecessary fatigue and I resolved that night to spare no assistance that it was within my means to obtain. Accordingly next morning I procured a native and his team to take part of our load and accompany us the remaining thirty miles to the Allakaket. With this help we made the day's run, tired but not exhausted, and came to the glad welcome and care and refreshment of the mission at dark.

I have availed myself of several opportunities in previous books of speaking of this remote, isolated mission station just north of the Arctic Circle, in the wilderness of the Koyukuk country; in this book I am hastening to the Arctic coast and am perhaps already overlong getting there; so I shall say no more than that the Saturday and Sunday at the Allakaket were very happy days, spent ministering to a kindly, docile people and to the two gentlewomen, a teacher and a nurse—the only white women, I suppose, in a circuit of an hundred miles—who serve them with such devotion and success.

Yet while four or five hundred miles from the coast, we were already among the Eskimos, and henceforth should encounter few if any other natives. The mission here serves both Indians and Eskimos, now living in perfect peace and friendship together after ages of hostility and distrust; an Indian village standing on one side of the river and an Eskimo village on the other, and the

rivers by which we should pass from this place, out of Koyukuk waters into Arctic Ocean waters and down to the sea, are occupied almost entirely by scattered inland Eskimos.

An enthusiastic amateur versifier, who does me the honour to say that his productions are inspired by what I have written, but who is not aware of the syllables that carry the accent in Alaskan names, sent me these lines:

"Far up the lone Koyúkuk,
Oft mantled in deep snow,
There docile folk learn daily
The things they ought to know."

His lines reminded me of the gentleman at a public dinner in New York who said to me, "Haven't you a place up there called Nóm-e?", to whom I was not quick enough to reply, " Yes, that's near my homy."

We were fortunate in finding that two of our mission-bred Eskimo boys were intending a journey to the Kobuk on a visit to relatives, and I made arrangement to meet their travelling expenses (which means, where we are now come, to provide the food) in return for their assistance on the trail; but however carefully a good start may be planned it is next to impossible to secure it when natives are included, especially should Sunday intervene. I was not sorry that the delay on Monday, 26th November, when we left the Allakaket, allowed me an hour or two in the schoolroom, for however hurried a visit, it is incomplete and unsatisfactory unless it include the work of the school, but I was annoyed that our start at eleven in the morning proved a false start. My sled and toboggan had been taken safely down the steep bank to the ice of the river, making the awkward sharp turn of the trail just as soon as the ice was reached, but Oola, with a new large sled, well loaded, essaying the same, his dogs having reached the bottom and made the turn, the sled caught on a piece of rough ice and the jerk of the chang-

ing direction was strong enough to break all the benches on one side of the sled and wreck it completely.

Not only had another sled to be procured but I was called upon to settle a dispute between Oola and the man from whom he had just purchased the broken sled, who was also its maker, as to whether some part of the purchase money should be refunded. The construction of the sled was too slight for its size, there was no doubt about that, but the only safe way to get a heavily-loaded sled down a steep bank with a bend in the trail at the bottom is to turn the dogs loose, let them go first (they will always follow the trail), and then shoot the free sled down the bank, allowing its momentum to carry it as far as it will in a straight course. Then the dogs can be brought back and attached. Walter, with his strength and his skill, prided himself on making such steep descents, dogs and all, trusting to his weight at the handlebars to swing the sled clear at the right moment; but Oola, not as skilled, should not have attempted it. I divided the loss between the maker and the breaker of the sled and, another sled procured and lunch eaten at the mission, we started again.

This incident gave further point to a reproof I had delivered on Sunday; to a danger that accompanies mission work among natives, wherever it be carried on. Here was a youth of twenty, mission-bred for ten years, well-grown, well-appearing, polite-spoken, with a fair English education and a good deal of general information, who had been used for a long time as Eskimo interpreter. But he had never made a sled, or a pair of snowshoes, or a canoe, in his life, and was unpractised in the wilderness arts by which he must make a living unless he were to be dependent upon mission employment. What was true of him was true in lesser degree of other bright boys at the place, and I found the same tendency admitted—and deplored—not only at mission stations but at places where there was only a governmental school, along the coast. I make no doubt that it might be found

at missions in Africa or the Philippines or wherever else education in the common sense of the term has been taken to a primitive people. It is not unnatural that to a school-teacher school-learning should assume an unreal and disproportionate importance; it is not unnatural that ladies of gentle rearing should fail for a time to see that the essential part of an Indian's education is training to make an Indian living. We are all of us drilled in a horror of illiteracy; the populations of our various states, of the various nations of the world, are graded, off-hand, not upon conduct, not upon comparative industry and thrift, not upon the percentage of criminals, but upon the percentage of illiterates, and in our lofty way we regard the people of Mexico and Russia as hopelessly brutalized and degraded because in the main they cannot read and write. The Prussian wars of 1866 and 1870 were said to have been won by the Prussian schoolmaster. Since then he had had an entirely free hand, had redoubled his efforts for a generation and a half, and when in 1914 he launched the world war, Prussia was the most thoroughly schoolmastered country ever known. The complete defeat and downfall of the Prussian system, the astonishing collapse of swollen pride and ambition with which the war has ended, may bring to the nations of the world a juster valuation of mere intellectual training, and the spelling book and the "reader" may not loom so large. But almost all educated people of today are still saturated with the delusion that in reading, writing and arithmetic lies the salvation of mankind.

It is not easy to check the evil effect of this prejudice even when its results are evident amongst primitive people who must follow the exacting pursuits of the wilderness for a livelihood. A bright boy to whom the first antechambers of knowledge are opened would fain press further, and duller ones are continually urged by his example; fathers who would take their sons hunting and trapping are reluctant to break the continuity of the

schooling which they have been told is so important, though they themselves had it not. I declare that one sometimes sympathizes with Jack Cade's arraignment of Lord Say: "Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm in erecting a grammar school; it will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that commonly talk about a noun and a verb and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear." The wise teacher, the wise missionary, will not seek to keep boys at school who should be out in the woods serving their apprenticeship, but pride in a school is often too strong for the self-denying ordinance that would bereave it of its most creditable and promising pupils.

I have felt the freer to make these animadversions in connection with one of our own missions in which I am especially interested, where the school moreover is our own and not a government school, and in connection with an Eskimo boy of whom I am personally fond, because I found the same situation at many other places where criticism might seem invidious. The danger is recognized, and that is the first requisite towards averting it. I had told the assembled people on Sunday that I was much more ashamed of an Indian or an Eskimo youth who could not build a boat or a sled or make a pair of snowshoes or kill a moose or tend a trap-line, than of one who could not read or write. "Reading and writing are good things, and the other things the school teaches are good things, and that is why we put the school here to teach them, but knowing how to make a living on the river or in the woods, winter and summer, is a very much better thing, a very much more important thing, and something that the school cannot teach and the fathers must. Let us have both if we can, but whatever happens don't let your boys grow up without learning to take care of themselves and of their wives and children by and by." The elders were much impressed and pleased, the younger not a little surprised,

and the old chief, Moses, came and thanked me and said he was always trying to tell his people the same thing.

We made one, or is it two?, false starts from the Allakaket, (I always linger at the Allakaket), but we got away at last about one in the afternoon and ran up the Alatna river by a portage or two and on the ice, for three and a half hours to "Black Jack's Place," where were several Eskimo families wintering and fishing through the ice, with one of whom we took our lodging for the night. It proved to be for three nights. When we left the mission with the thermometer at —36, already the coldest spell of our whole winter had begun, though we knew it not. The thermometer stood at —49 when we went to bed, the next morning it stood at —56, the next at —63, and the next at —60, much too cold for travelling if a man have any choice. Throughout the whole interior of Alaska this winter of 1917-18 was one of the coldest on record. The mean temperatures for the months of December and January at the meteorological stations on the Yukon were lower than any previous means of those months in the twenty years during which records have been kept. These low temperatures did not extend to the coast, which has a distinct climate of its own, but we were still within the continental climate of the interior.

The dwelling we shared was not a typical Eskimo dwelling; the country being well timbered it was built of logs; but it had distinctive Eskimo features, notably the window of seal-gut, the dim translucence of which did but sufficiently light the cabin around noon. That same window was just about as good a thermometer as my own registered instrument with its certificate from the Bureau of Standards at Washington, and it indicated the degree of cold by the thickness of the layer of hoar-frost which accumulated upon it. The old woman of the house would take a goose-wing and a piece of board and gather the frost from it periodically with much advantage to the illumination of the cabin, and without stepping outdoors it

was possible to keep track of the intensity of the cold at any time by observing this window. Nothing that these people could do for our convenience and comfort was omitted. They kept plenty of wood and water on hand, they brought forth frozen fish and frozen ducks and geese; the old woman insisted on washing our dishes after every meal, and was scrupulous to do it in my way rather than her own; the men would have made the outdoors fire and cooked our dog-feed had we allowed them. Morning and evening men, women and children gathered and sat, awaiting the arrival of my interpreter, who was lodged in another cabin, for the instruction I was glad of the opportunity to give.

Although I began to be anxious at the delay, and was ever counting up the days that remained till Christmas and dividing their diminishing number into the approximate distance to be travelled, I did not find the detention tedious. I should, of course, at any rate, have supported it with the philosophy of the Arctic, and there is no better region to teach a man patience, but the days passed so cosily and so busily occupied that I look back upon the stay at Black Jack's with pleasure. Outside, in the utter stillness of the "strong cold," lay the snow-sprinkled spruce forest right up to the river bank, save for the little clearing around the cabin, and from the bank stretched open expanse of frozen river, the jagged ice of the middle only partially smoothed over by snow. The slow coming and going of daylight, accompanied as it always is in low temperatures by zones of brilliant pure colour on the horizon fading far up into the sky, was reflected most delicately yet faithfully upon the river surface in all its changing tints. Yellow sunlight without heat suddenly struck that dead, opaque surface with a fairy's wand, and for an hour or so every snow-crystal sprang to life, gleaming and glancing like a diamond. At night a white splendour of waning moon and such a sparkling multiplicity of stars as is known, I think, only in these latitudes and this weather, were attended by a

notable exuberance and vivacity of many-tinted aurora. Never did these strange radiances give me stronger impression of conscious exultation in the silence and the cold. Had the writer of the *Benedicite* been familiar with the northern lights, I am sure he would have addressed to them a special invitation to join his chorus of praise. We are told that the Arabs owed their remarkable proficiency in astronomy to the clearness of the desert skies; I think that the natives of the north would have surpassed them were not clear arctic skies always accompanied by a cold that forbids star-gazing. Our mild winter weather goes with leaden skies, and in summer there are no stars at all.

But it is on our indoor occupations that I linger with chief pleasure of recollection. A dirty little hovel enough, no doubt, our lodging would be counted by my readers, yet with our robes and bedding thrown down in a corner on a pile of skins, a stool and a box to sit on, and a pocket acetylene lamp, it was comfortable and even commodious for study, and Walter displayed an eagerness to learn and a new-sharpened quickness of apprehension that made teaching him a delight. We were starting *Macbeth;* first I gave him a general sketch of the play and read an act aloud to him; then he read the same act aloud to me, and this, with its correction of mispronunciations, its assimilation of new words and thoughts, was always the most valuable part of our work. I marvel that reading aloud has fallen into educational disuse; there is simply no other exercise that can take its place. The dark and bloody tragedy made strong appeal to Walter, and its supernatural machinery of witches and apparitions called up remembrance of the old Indian stories with which his juvenile mind had been familiar, and thus there needed not the half-contemptuous, apologetic explanations which the average high-school teacher of English appends nowadays to his edition of the play. Our half-educated youths grow too wise to appreciate the classics of literature, and turn eagerly to *Popular Mechanics* and *The*

Scientific American, while the deep emotions of their dwindling souls remained untouched. From the weird sisters on the blasted heath was an easy transition when the reading was done to the tales of his childhood referred to, and he told me how the children would gather in the firelight round some old woman and beg her for a story, and sit still for hours while she wound the interminable course of some piece of Indian folk-lore, so replete with delicious terrors that sometimes they were afraid to go home to bed. The dissimilarities which a new strange people present make first appeal to the observer; afterwards it is the underlying resemblances, and at last the fundamental identity, that most prominently stand out, and, in particular, the more I see of Indian and Eskimo children the more I am struck with the oneness of childhood the world over.

Once grown reminiscent, Walter told me much more of his early recollections, and in the two or three nights at Black Jack's Place I gained a clearer and more intimate view of his very interesting early years than I had ever had before. When we had said our prayers and gone to bed, instead of reading myself to sleep with Gibbon as was my wont, I sat up again and wrote in some of the blank leaves of my diary what he had told me of himself. One prank amused me specially, as a pleasant variant of the "freshman" toe-pulling that used to prevail at the lesser colleges. In the warmth of summer when the tent-flaps were raised for air, he and his companions would find a particularly tough piece of dried fish and tie it firmly to one end of a stout string of caribou hide, the other being attached to the great toe of a sleeping Indian. Presently some prowling dog would come along and bolt the piece of fish. On one occasion, lingering too long or laughing too loudly, Walter got a sound thrashing from his exasperated victim.

On the morning of Thursday, 29th November, being Thanksgiving Day, the thermometer stood at —58, when we arose, but by noon had risen to —53, and as a coinci-

dent fall of the aneroid barometer gave me reason to hope that the cold spell was breaking, I decided to move, though but to another cabin some ten miles further on. The run was very chilly and I had great trouble in keeping my feet warm and was rejoiced to see smoke issuing from the cabin when it came in sight. We found an old Eskimo friend Sónóko Billy, who was making it his trapping headquarters this winter, a bright good-natured chap whom I was glad to see again, and the five of us made what cheer we could for Thanksgiving dinner with a stew of moose meat, dried vegetables, soup powder and beef extract, and then said the service for the day.

The next day, St. Andrew's Day, the last day of November, was the 25th anniversary of my ordination to the priesthood. Making an altar of the grub box, lit by two candles in the darkness of early morning, I celebrated the Holy Communion before breakfast, and was happy to have two communicants, Walter and Oola, to kneel and receive the sacrament with me.

With my reflections upon the occasion, even such as are jotted down in my diary, I shall not trouble the reader; suffice it that the grimy cabin, one window of gut and another of a slab of ice, the burnt-out, broken-down stove with its rusty, crooked stove pipe, the candles guttering in tin cans, and the natives of two different races beside me, made not unfitting scene for the anniversary of a ministry, more than half of which had been spent in the Arctic wilderness.

We had travelled, I suppose, some twenty-five miles since we left the Allakaket; that day we made almost as much more. The temperature was slowly and gradually rising, as I had expected, but it was still cold weather and there was a light air moving downstream that cut the face and rendered travelling unpleasant. All day the themometer stood around —35 to —38, the former being the reading at noon when we made a rousing fire on the bank and ate lunch, and the latter the reading when at 3.20 we found an old convenient camping place of Sónóko

Billy's, with spruce brush already in place, and stopped for the night. Four pairs of hands made quick camping, the tent was soon up, the dogs tied at sufficient intervals to prevent fighting, a dry tree felled and split, a supply of ice chipped out of the river; and I was shortly cooking for the boys over the camp stove while they were cooking for the dogs at a great fire outdoors.

There are two incidents noted in my diary for that day that are of interest, one pleasant and one painful. As we turned the bends of the river after leaving our lunch camp, we opened one that had a due north and south direction, and the sun's direct rays, growing more and more unaccustomed as the winter advanced and therefore more and more welcome and delightful, fell full upon the little party. Walter was at the handlebars of our main sled, just ahead of me, and was wearing a caribou skin coat with a broad band of beadwork across the shoulders in the gay Indian fashion that he loved and that his graceful figure carried so well. As we turned into the sunshine and the light fell full upon his back, the greens and golds of the beadwork gleamed like the iridescent wings of a beetle, and for half an hour or so I had a continual pleasure in watching its sheen. The sharp diamond sparkle of the snow crystals all around returning the sun's light, did but emphasize the softer lustre of the emerald and malachite, the turquoise and lapis lazuli and gold upon his shoulders. So devoid of colour is this country in winter (save for the tinting of the sky), so black and white is everything that the eye normally falls upon, that there is a keen pleasure in any bright colours, hard for outsiders to understand. The tiny opaque beads massed together in rich harmonious shades relieved and divided by gold and spread out in graceful flowing patterns, give beautiful bodies of colour. Beadwork I used to regard as barbarous, but in its best productions (and only its best is worth anything at all) it can be highly artistic and attractive and is akin to fine Venetian mosaic work in its effect. The art, of course,

is not indigenous. It is continually strange to find people who imagine it to be:—where did the beads come from until the white man brought them? Probably the only indigenous Indian decorative art was embroidery with porcupine quills stained with vegetable juices, and the best of that is skilful and beautiful also; but while bead-work began only with the importation of beads, for fifty or seventy-five years or more in the interior of Alaska it has been a distinctive native art. Those who judge it by some chance piece of cheap work offered to visitors at an Indian store on the Yukon may form very poor and very wrong opinion of its possibilities, but those who have seen its best productions will acknowledge that it has a beauty of its own. When upon a solid background of white beads a simple, symmetrical, conventional design is worked in well-selected shades of a colour, the resemblance to mosaic work is striking, and I am convinced that only in such measure as the limitations of mosaic work are observed, may artistic result in bead-work be obtained. Although the Eskimos had beads before the Indians, nowhere has any art of bead embroidery sprung up amongst them, and such Eskimo work as I have seen is merely a very poor imitation of Indian work.

A book that might teem with interest and romance is waiting for someone to write on the subject of beads. Not only is their antiquity enormous, going back to Egyptian and Phenician times and stretching through all subsequent history, but they have ever been in the fore-front of man's progress in knowledge of the world. They have accompanied every adventurer who opened intercourse with new, primitive people, as his chief medium of exchange. Gold and ivory, apes and peacocks, the rarest and costliest furs, even human flesh itself, cargoes of slaves, robust men, beautiful women and children, have been purchased with them. They have travelled from hand to hand over whole continents far ahead of any explorer, and form no inconsiderable factor in the

long romance of trade. Their very name is redolent of anchorites in the desert, of monks in cloistered cells, of wandering Buddhist priests and lamas in the mountains of Thibet, for the word "bead" means simply a prayer.

Here is a bead that I take from a drawer in my desk and set before me as I write; a large, cylindrical piece of blue glass, pierced through the centre and dulled with constant wear. It was the labret, or lip ornament, of an aged Eskimo from the Colville river, who died at the Allakaket some years ago, and it had been the chief personal treasure, not only of himself but of his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather, as he told us. No price whatever would induce him to part with it, though while living at the mission he never wore it, and it is interesting that Beechey in 1826 found the same impossibility of purchasing just such large blue beads used as labrets, and conjectured therefrom that they were insignia of rank. (Vol. I, p. 458.) I counted up that its known history must extend well over a century and probably half as much again, and thus go back to a time long before any white man had touched the north of Alaska. It probably reached the coast by barter with the natives of Siberia, had been procured by them from Cossack traders, and ultimately came from some Venetian glass blower, perhaps of the sixteenth or seventeenth century. Nay, for aught I know it may have been brought from Venice by Marco Polo himself, who was the first to tell the world of the Asiatic hyperboreans, their dog-sleds and reindeer-sleds, for a skip of four hundred years is a little thing in the history of indestructible glass. Could lifeless objects acquire taint or tincture of human personality by long, intimate association, surely this bead, afflated by every breath of four generations of Eskimos, should carry something of the spirit of that brave and sturdy race.

See how far Walter's beads glistening in the sunlight have carried me! The imagination is prone to vagrancy as one trots along, hour after hour, at the handlebars

of the sled, for the mind must occupy itself in one way or another. Presently the brief sunlight fades, the long, slow twilight begins, the dead black and white reassert themselves, and shortly before we come to our evening halt there is a disturbance amidst the smooth snow ahead, a little off the trail, a jumping and scuffling that excite the dogs to redouble their pace. When the sleds are stopped and the dogs controlled with the whips, two of us approach and find a lynx alive in a steel trap and notice that the leg caught within the jaws of the trap has been gnawed almost in two. The leg was, of course, frozen; the pressure of the steel had stopped all circulation of the blood in it, and in our winter temperatures an inert limb does not long retain vitality, so there was no pain in the gnawing. But the lynx would have endeavoured to free himself in the same way had its leg not been frozen; trappers all tell me that. Often it is successful; a trapper will find no more than the leg of a lynx in his trap, and may even catch the same lynx again in the same trap by another leg. The gnawed stump seems to heal up perfectly and I am assured that sometimes a three-legged lynx will live a long time and thrive. It is a ghastly business at best, this trapping, and I had rather make my living chopping steamboat wood than follow it. Most of the animals caught in the cold weather freeze to death after exhausting themselves in ineffectual efforts to escape; some are attacked in their defenceless state by other animals and killed and eaten; or have their eyes picked out by the ravens and are then torn to pieces and devoured. A large percentage of all trapped animals bring no profit to the trapper, especially if he have a long trap line and his visits therefore be not very frequent. I am not denying the legitimacy of the occupation—I wear a marten-skin cap myself—but am only expressing my own distaste for it. It brings up the whole subject of the right to inflict pain upon the animals, and I hold that man *has* that right, but I am glad that it does not fall to me to do it for a livelihood. Athlanuk took his .22

rifle and shot the lynx through the head and presently hung him up on a driftwood pole where Sónóko Billy would find him and add a fifteen-dollar pelt to his winter's catch.

Here, if rest and supper were not so close at hand, and we newly returned from a long excursus, the imagination might again take flight. Furs are as potent a wand as beads to open the chambers of thought, and besides their power of association they constitute no insignificant part in value of the actual trade of the world. What is the early history of Canada and the United States but a history of the fur trade? From emperors and kings who wore them as robes of state, from the heralds who set them in armorial bearings as emblems of dignity, down to the war-millionaires who have made the price of them soar today so that fox and lynx and marten bring ten times what they did a few years ago, they have always been an object of desire to luxury and pride. But I have wondered whether the fashionable women who flaunt the animal's skin after it has been made "soft and smooth and sleek, and meet For Broadway or for Regent Street," as Oliver Herford writes,—not with the legitimate purpose of warmth and protection, or the preposterous fashion of summer furs would never have been introduced—but merely for purpose of ostentation, ever think upon the tortures that the procuring of it involves. I am of opinion that there would be something to be said in favour of sumptuary laws if there were any possibility of executing them.

Having travelled some forty-five miles up the Alatna river, we knew that the spot was now not far distant where we must leave the river to strike across country. Oola and Athlanuk had made the journey within a year or two; my own single excursion into these parts was twelve years before, so that I depended upon them to recognize the landmarks that indicated the beginning of the portage. Within a couple of hours' run the next morning they found the place and we left the ice for the

forty miles or so of rough, broken country that lay between us and the Kobuk river, making immediately a steady gradual rise of several hundred feet. Only a few inches of snow covered the inequalities of the surface, the recent Koyukuk snows not having extended hither; there had been no previous passage of the winter; the trail we must discover by such ancient blazes on trees, such slight and partial clearing of brush here and there, as travellers of other winters had left behind them. The main direction, however, was plain; a wide gap between the mountains to the right hand and to the left, between those forming the watershed between the upper Alatna and the Kobuk, and those forming the watershed between the Hogatzatna and the Kobuk, was our open highway, and striking almost due west we would be sure to reach the Kobuk. The trail, however, could we keep it, would advantage us by avoiding dense brush and impossibly steep gullies; by leading us to such lakes and stream-beds as would afford easiest progress.

We covered, I think, no more than ten miles of that portage, winding about through the scrub timber, essaying first one opening and then another, until it was grown too dark to detect the old, discoloured blazes, and we made camp. That day was the 1st December, and by my programme of itinerary I should already be on the Kobuk river. The rapidly shortening days were rendered yet shorter for us on this portage in that we needed a good light to travel at all; we could not start until day was well come nor continue after it began to be spent. With a plain trail one may travel early and late, but our present search for signs of the road denied us both.

My chief recollection of this portage journey of forty or fifty miles is of pleasant noon rests, with great roaring bonfires and piles of spruce boughs to sit upon, of bacon eaten sizzling just off the frying-pan—the only way I can eat it at all,—of beans (previously boiled and then frozen) heated with butter and sprinkled with grated cheese and eaten piping hot. My boys had tre-

mendous appetites and scorned the thermos bottle lunch to which Walter and I were accustomed. They would top off a meal like this with crackers spread thick with butter and jam, and a can of the latter would serve for no more than one occasion. We found ourselves indeed joining them with zest; the winter trail makes one always keen set. Four pairs of hands made all the work light and both men and dogs lost nothing, I think, by rest and substantial food in the middle of the day, but I was careful that no more than an hour be thus spent, the brief daylight was too precious. Natives generally have no notion of the use of one kind of food as a relish or condiment to another. I well remember the native boy of my first winter journey falling upon our one can of preserves with a spoon and remarking "Strawb'y jam is de onlies jam dey is!" When it is gone it is gone "and there's an end on't"; so long as it lasts it is just a can of food, no more to be spread thin than if it were a can of pork and beans. This is why it is difficult to stock a grub box for natives and whites at the same time.

My two Eskimo boys, brothers, were helpful and willing on the trail and gentle and polite in camp, and it was a pleasure to have them with us. Under ordinary circumstances I should have taken pleasure in attempting some slight addition to their education as we journeyed, but the exigencies of Walter's college preparation left no leisure. I was gratified, however, that at our evening service one of them was able to read aloud with intelligence the first lesson for the day, and the other, the second, and to find, in both of them, some understanding and appreciation of what they read. The Bible was their chief, almost their only, literature, and, after all, where will a nobler, a wider or more varied body of literature be found within one volume? They had grown up at the mission, the family having come to the place when it was established and remained there ever since, and while the elder had neglected his wood-craft and snow-craft for his studies, as I have intimated, for which the mission

was as much to blame as he, the younger had broken away in greater degree and was fairly well accomplished. The teaching at this mission has always been earnest and painstaking; an unusual series of cultivated and devoted women has had charge of it, and, such slight criticism as I have felt free to make notwithstanding, it has been a centre of sweetness and light for a remote neglected region, and the whole condition of native life therein has been modified and meliorated by it, let who will be the judge. With Walter beside me, however, past-master as he was of all the skill of the woods and the trail, I could never admit that the neglect of native arts was necessary to advancement in book-education; the two can go on and must go on side by side, and if either be neglected no one with the good of the natives at heart will maintain that it should be the former.

We reached the Kobuk at midday of the 4th December, three days behind my schedule; the latter half of the portage journey having been mainly on lakes and streams draining into that river; and crossing its broad surface immediately to the north bank we found there a fine old camping place, evidently, from rude inscriptions, the site of a considerable hunting camp of the previous September. Two lop-sticks spoke to me of the presence in that party of someone from the Mackenzie country, for the practice of stripping a tall tree of all but its topmost crown of branches to mark a site or commemorate an event, is common on the Canadian side but almost unknown on the Alaskan side of the boundary; and so, on enquiry later, appeared. A glorious fire and a good lunch, the raising of our spirits by the completion of one more stretch of our journey; the prospect of quick travel on the smooth surface of the river—for the small quantity of snow that, so far, had fallen this winter was now become a great advantage to us again—all helped to make this noon camp notable and enjoyable, to which, also, mild and still weather contributed in no small degree.

Across the whole portage there was no riding at all; we were all on foot all the way. Now there was opportunity to jump on the sled from time to time without stopping the teams, and because our dress had been accommodated to the more active travel and one does not while riding immediately realize how cold the extremities are growing, we all became miserably chilled towards evening. Stopping to add a sweater to my clothing, beating my hands against my breast and stamping my feet, I looked back some distance to see Oola and Athlanuk similarly employed, and we all ran or trotted for several miles before warmth was restored. Moreover, the higher ground of a portage is always warmer than the low level of a river bed, besides being more sheltered from moving air.

We had an habitation as goal that night, and so ran on well after dark, making twenty miles, I judge, after noon, and at last reached the old igloo, not then occupied but evidently a native trapper's headquarters, which is called "*Ok-ko-thé-a-ra-wik,*" "the beaver hunting-place."

This day's run carried us past the mouth of the small stream which drains Lake Selby, one of the considerable lakes of this region, and this lake, while not in sight from the river, is but a few miles off and calls to mind Stoney's explorations of the Kobuk in the years 1883 and 1886.

While the exploration of most of the interior of Alaska, the tracing of the course of the Tanana, the Koyukuk, the Copper river, the Sushitna, and, in part, the Kuskokwim, was performed by officers of the United States Army, it happened that the early reconnaissances of this region, and the first mapping of the Kobuk, the Noatak and the Selawik rivers, all falling into Kotzebue Sound, were done by naval detachments, and it is interesting to note that it so happened by accident.

Merely noticing the early reconnaissance of Captain Bedford Pim of the Franklin search parties, whose well-known journey was southward from Kotzebue Sound to the Yukon, it is the name of Lieut. Stoney that must

always head the story of the exploration to the northward and westward of this region;—and it happened thus.

In 1881 the *Rodgers* was despatched to seek for the *Jeannette,* the ill-fated vessel which Mr. Gordon Bennett sent under De Long in an attempt to reach the North Pole by way of Bering Sea. The *Rodgers,* after vainly searching Wrangell and Herald Islands and the Siberian coast, was accidentally burned in St. Lawrence Bay and the ship's company was saved from starvation by the kindness of Eskimos. Two years later Lieut. Stoney, one of the officers of the *Rodgers,* was sent with presents from the United States government to these natives, and, his mission accomplished in the revenue cutter *Corwin,* he left that vessel to make her further cruise to the north, and while he awaited her return gratified his desire to search for a large river reported by Captain Beechey more than fifty years before as falling into Hotham's Inlet.

Stoney had no more than time to verify the report on this occasion, but induced the secretary of the navy to send him back next year with a small schooner and a steam launch to prosecute his discoveries, and upon his return from a successful journey up the Kobuk as far as this lake, which he named, induced the navy department to send him once more, this time with a wintering party, upon which occasion—the winter of 1885-86—the various members of his party made extensive journeys and the country between the Yukon and Kotzebue Sound and the northern ocean was pretty well explored. So little real interest was there in the matter in government circles, however, that Stoney's report, after being ordered printed by Congress, was lost for ten years and, so far as I know, never has been found. In 1900, through the Naval Institute at Annapolis, Stoney published an account himself.

Stoney's name is as closely associated with this region as Allen is with the Tanana and the Koyukuk. The

names of most of the tributaries are his: the Reed is named for one of his companions, the Ambler for the surgeon of the *Jeannette,* who died in the Lena delta. Lakes Selby and Walker, and the large Lake Chandler at the head of one of the branches of the Colville, are his names; the Chipp river which flows into the Arctic Ocean a little east of Point Barrow was named by him for one of the officers who perished on the *Jeannette* expedition. Perhaps his most important geographical discovery is that of Lake Chandler, for in the region just south of it the Kobuk, the Alatna, the Noatak, the John, and one branch of the Colville, all head together. The map of this whole region of interlocking drainages came into existence from his labours.

But his two most conspicuous names on the ordinary map, by an odd chance, are of no importance whatever: the existence of one of them, "Zane Pass," I have heard denied more than once in the position in which he places it, and, at any rate, there are many easy passes from the Kobuk to the Koyukuk, and the other, "Fort Cosmos," has certainly today no existence at all. It was simply Stoney's headquarters camp, named for a club in San Francisco.

Lieut. Stoney doubtless did excellent work, and his surveys are notable as the first instrumental surveys made in interior Alaska, but I do not think he belongs in the front rank of our explorers, with W. H. Dall and Lieut. Allen. His narrative is very bald; though perhaps the original draft that was lost in Washington was more interesting; and some of his observations are as ill-founded as they are positive. Here is his deliverance upon the malamute dog: "they obey tolerably well through fear and not affection, for there is no affection in any Eskimo dog's nature." As my mind runs back over the names of my pet malamutes, as I go to the door and whistle the reigning favourite—a dog, as it happens, from that very region—and he bounds up and muzzles against my face and nibbles at my ear, I smile at our

naval lieutenant's pronouncement. Let us be thankful that his determined attempt to change the name of the Kobuk river to the "Putnam" was a failure. Yet am I glad that the name of Charles Flint Putnam has found place in Alaska without removing an important native name. It has been put upon a peak of an island of the Alexander archipelago, and there commemorates an officer of the *Rodgers* who was carried out to sea on an ice-floe and perished, in 1880, even if there it does not commemorate Stoney's loyal devotion to an unfortunate brother officer's memory.

The travelling was now rapid, though cold river-bottom winds rendered it none too pleasant. We made up for lost time on the smooth ice of the Kobuk with its light sprinkling of snow. Here is another trapping note in my diary that belongs to the region of the river; we came across a fine fox frantically struggling in a trap. As Walter approached with his .22 to shoot it through the head, it seized the trap in its teeth, and when it was dead the poor little beast's tongue was frozen to the steel of the trap. There is something very pitiful to me about the whole business. The skin of the fox is a beautiful pelt, and this was a handsome fellow. The vagaries of fashion have set fox as the favourite fur just now and, as I write, I hear of a cross-fox pelt that would have brought ten or twelve dollars five years ago bringing upwards of an hundred, and I wonder to what greater height folly and extravagance will go. With such prices as stimulus, fur trapping will be pushed so intensively that in a little while the whole north will be utterly stripped and the animals will be exterminated. Even the musk-rats that used to sell for ten cents apiece are now bringing $1.50. Easily as they are caught, every lake in Alaska will be cleared of them.

When we left our night quarters of Wednesday the 5th December, a little group of two or three Eskimo dwellings where we were made very comfortable and welcome, Walter's team, instead of being in advance,

got away last, and instead of catching up and passing us, lagged further and further behind. At last we stopped and waited to discover what was the matter, and when he approached we found that one of his dogs, instead of working in his harness, was being hauled on top of the sled. There had been much barking and disturbance of dogs during the night, but since all our teams were stoutly chained I had not worried about it. Now it appeared that one of our dogs had broken loose and had been attacked and badly torn by the native dogs of the place. At the noon stop it was evident that the dog would not live, and Walter made ready to shoot him, but even as the dog was taken off the sled to lead away, he died and the merciful shot was rendered unnecessary. It is difficult these dark and cold evenings and mornings to make sufficiently sure that the dogs are safely chained. The snow clogs the snaps, the metal itself becomes brittle in low temperatures and it had been 36 deg. below zero that night, one's fingers fumble in gloves, and yet the naked hand must be but very sparingly in contact with metal or there will be frostbite. Do what one will, accidents like this are likely to happen. I was sorry we lost "Moose," who was a good, hard-working dog, but I looked forward to supplying his place with a fine malamute when we reached the coast.

That night we stayed at another Eskimo hut, and the occupant thereof, finding himself sleepless during the small hours of the morning, relieved the tedium of his vigil by breaking into a doleful wailing Eskimo song. When my remonstrance induced him to cease, some grave domestic mishap in a family of small pups provoked another prolonged disturbance. Children and pups are the most privileged members of an Eskimo household; if they do not cease howling or whining of their own free will, they simply keep on; no one tries to make them stop or even tells them to stop; they howl or whine themselves to sleep ultimately.

A couple of hours next morning brought us to Shung-

nak, the considerable village that one thinks of as a half-way station in a journey down the Kobuk, though in distance it is much less than that, intending to spend but the rest of the day there. The urging of the schoolmaster and many of the natives of the place, however, overrode my intent and we lay there during Saturday and Sunday as well, the more willingly that the good travelling had brought us up to our itinerary again and the prospect of reaching Point Hope for Christmas seemed reasonably secure.

Here was a man, school-teacher, postmaster, agriculturist, general superintendent of native affairs, who with his wife and children had lived here for several years and at other Eskimo points several more. Of more education along some lines than others, he seemed specially proficient in mathematics and astronomy, and he had taken advantage of a favourable situation to produce what I had never seen in my life before, a set of genuine photographs of the aurora borealis. Postcard pictures of the aurora may indeed be bought at Dawson and Whitehorse, but they are produced to supply a tourist demand and are admittedly "faked." I had read that the thing had actually been done and had seen a series reproduced in one of the scientific magazines, but I think I had lingering doubts. The latest books of Polar exploration, opulent beyond example with the results of the most expert photography, both in black and white and in natural colours,—I refer to Scott's and Shackleton's and Mawson's sumptuous volumes,—although replete with observations of the aurora, have no attempt at photographic representation thereof. I remembered that Mr. Frederick Jackson during his three years in Franz Josef Land attempted again and again to secure negatives of the most brilliant displays without result, and I had myself made many fruitless attempts. But I had not made enough, nor had Mr. Jackson. Here was an enthusiastic amateur who would not be denied; who tried a new combination of diaphragm and length of ex-

posure after every failure, and kept at it until he succeeded. He had a dozen or more really good negatives, besides several score of poor ones, all in their natural state, quite untouched, as I determined with a magnifying glass, and he showed me with pride a letter from the director of the Smithsonian Institute warmly commending his work, asking for more specimens and offering assistance in the matter of apparatus should it be desired.

The fascinating problem of auroral photography, he told me, when once a proper exposure had been arrived at, is "Will the arch or the streamers hold steady long enough to make an impression on the plate?" The light is very faint. In the darkness of the midnight sky it may seem brilliant, but almost always any stars that are visible at all are visible *through* it. There must therefore be "a continuance in one stay" of sufficient duration for the light to affect the silver salts of the plate, or, however brilliant the appearance, there will be no photograph. Now, next to luminosity itself, the special characteristic of the aurora is its whimsical eccentricity of movement. It darts and flashes. While you are regarding it in one quarter of the heavens, suddenly it makes its appearance in another; while you are adjusting your camera to an exhibition near the horizon, behold it has climbed to the zenith. Yet now and then one holds steady long enough to be photographed if a man will but have the patience to be continually disappointed and yet not despair.

Consider, too, that photographing the aurora is, unavoidably, an outdoor business. I suppose that it could be done through large windows of glass that should be optically perfect planes, but our windows in the north are small and the glass of the cheap, distorting kind, to say nothing of the frost that commonly accumulates upon them. And the clear skies that afford the only opportunity are almost always accompanied by extreme cold. Once at a dinner following an address, I was asked by a

college professor if I would not carry back to the north with me a bulky instrument for spectroscopic analysis, haul it around all the winter in my sled and endeavour to discover whether the lines of a certain element were present in the auroral light or not. He was so naïvely unaware of the conditions under which such an investigation must be pursued, and of the utter impracticability of the whole proposal, that I was not even flattered at my supposed capacity for it, and said no more than that I was sorry that I must decline. I remember that he had produced or embraced a theory of the cause of the aurora which depended in some way upon the fact that the most brilliant displays almost always precede midnight, just as Sir John Franklin thought that his observations indictated a greater frequency during the waning moon, neither of which beliefs has any foundation as far as my own observation goes. It is dangerous to generalise upon insufficient particulars.

It has been mentioned that the situation at Shungnak was specially favourable for observation of the aurora. Due south from the place the mountains break down entirely into a broad level gap, through which, doubtless, at one time a glacier flowed, for the banks of the river in the neighbourhood are of solid ice only lightly covered with humus and moss. With the smooth river surface for an immediate foreground and this gap giving free scope down to the distant horizon, the photographer commanded the skies as few spots that I know would have enabled him to do.

The reader may imagine this man, his day's work done, taking advantage of any night in which the northern lights were active, setting up his camera, turning it to right and left, upwards and downwards, "lo here" and "lo there" as the dancing radiances mock him, waiting and watching hour after hour in the cold, night after night, eagerly developing his rare exposures, accumulating failure upon failure, and at length succeeding; and then prosecuting his success with renewed zeal and in-

terest until he had secured his collection of photographs. There is to my mind something very admirable about this patient and resolute devotion.

Naturally I put to him the query about the sound that some have maintained accompanies certain sweeping movements of the aurora, because his lonely, silent vigils must have given excellent opportunities for hearing it, if such sound there ever be, and I was not surprised at his decided negative. For years I have had an interest in this matter, born of a heated controversy I was present at soon after coming to Alaska. I have tried to keep an open mind, listening intently many and many a time, winter after winter, on the bank of the Yukon, in still, cold weather, when the heavens were alive with the charging squadrons of the northern lights, sometimes so swift and so enormous in their sweep across the whole firmament that it seemed as though in all reason there *must* be some resultant sound—but there was not the slightest. Then in the course of the re-reading of some scores of Arctic books, I began to note down the testimony of their authors, pro and con. I traced the beginning of what I am bold enough to call this auricular delusion to Samuel Hearne, who in his famous journey to the Coppermine river in 1771 says, "I can positively affirm that in still nights I have frequently heard them (i. e. the northern lights) make a rustling and cracking noise like the waving of a large flag in a fresh gale of wind." *

Now although Hearne's *bona fides* has been questioned and his astronomical observations cannot be defended, I am very loath to cast any further discredit upon a gentle and unassuming character who has produced one of the best narratives of the northern wilds. Indeed I would rather venture the suggestion, in defence of what has been called the deliberate untruth of his

* Hearne's *Journey to the Northern Ocean:* Champlain Society edition, p. 235, admirably edited by J. B. Tyrrell, the only man who has ever crossed the country described by Hearne from that day to this.

statement, that he saw the sun at midnight at the Bloody Falls on the 15th July, that by an unusual high refraction it may have been a fact. At Fort Yukon, which is in 66° 34′, I have seen the midnight sun on the 5th July by standing on a fence post, and as the Bloody Falls are more than a degree further to the north, I think he may possibly have seen the midnight sun ten days later. De Long records an extraordinary refraction by which the *Jeannette's* people saw the sun on the 9th November, although it had altogether disappeared from their latitude on 6th November.

Thomas Simpson, whose narrative ranks little below Hearne's in my esteem, quotes one of his companions (Retch) as having distinctly heard the aurora, and adds "I can therefore no longer entertain any doubt of a fact uniformly asserted by the natives, insisted on by Hearne, by my friend Mr. Dease, and by many of the oldest residents in the fur countries, though I have not had the good fortune to hear it myself." This is all the first-hand evidence I have been able to procure on the affirmative.

The records of the polar voyages lean much to the other side, from the earliest to the latest. I have a long list of extracts, but it is not worth adducing them, for the matter seemed to be definitely settled by what I read in David Thompson's *Narrative of His Explorations in Western America.** When wintering at Reindeer Lake in what is now Northern Saskatchewan, in 1795, he tried an experiment which seems to me quite conclusive. His companions declared that they heard a sound accompanying the rapid movements of a very brilliant auroral display,

* Champlain Society, Toronto, 1916, p. 15. If the Society had done nothing beyond recovering and publishing this long and most valuable manuscript narrative of journeys and surveys from 1784 to 1812 it would have justified its existence. It is said that Washington Irving tried to secure the manuscript for use in writing his *Astoria* but would not pay enough to warrant its sale. The accomplished editor of this volume, J. B. Tyrrell, who also edited Hearne, himself a noted surveyor and explorer, calls Thompson "one of the world's greatest geographers," and, I think, after a careful reading of it, with justice.

so he blindfolded them by turns and they became sensible that they did not hear the motion when they could no longer see it, though when the bandages were removed they thought they heard it again. It is an experiment that anyone who thinks he hears sound accompanying this phenomenon (and many people so think) may try for himself, and I believe that the result will in every case be the same. At all events this experiment has seemed so decisive to me ever since I had the good fortune to secure a copy of Thompson that I have dismissed the thing from my mind as any longer a moot question, and, as I said, am emboldened to set down the sound as a delusion of the ear.

Let me describe, in concluding this digression, how very nearly I once came to hearing the sound of the aurora. I was standing one cold, still night on the river bank, with the wide stretch of the frozen Yukon before me, gazing at a majestic draped aurora which was rapidly unfolding its fringed curtains across the skies and gathering them up again, advancing towards me and receding, dropping towards the earth and rising again. And just as one of its sweeps approached nearer to me than ever before, I heard a soft distinct sound, not like the rustling of silk but like a deep suspiration. I was startled and surprised. Had I then been wrong all these years? Was there after all a sound accompanying the aurora? Again and again the curtain approached without sound, though it did not approach again so closely as when I had heard the sound. Still standing, intently listening, again I heard the prolonged sigh-like sound, but this time not coinciding with a movement of the aurora at all. I looked eagerly about me for a source from which it could have arisen, and presently, hidden by a bush, I saw a sleeping dog, who, whether or not he "urged in dreams the forest race" like the stag-hounds in Branksome Hall, was from time to time emitting deep breathings, once of which had happened to coincide with a specially near approach of the auroral curtain.

Mr. Sickler had been intelligently active in other ways; he had made a star-map of the northern heavens, showing those constellations that appear above the Arctic Circle; he had gathered some valuable data regarding the migrations of the inland Eskimos who occupy the Kobuk, and had satisfied himself that the Kobuk used to be occupied by Indians whom the Eskimos drove out. Walter and I, knowing pretty well the distance we had covered by the route we had followed, had discussed how far we had come in a straight line. Shungnak being almost in the same latitude as Fort Yukon, the distance depended upon the value of a degree of longitude in the neighbourhood of the Arctic Circle, and I found myself unable to determine that value. This school-teacher, however, quickly worked it out with a pencil and paper at about twenty-eight miles, as I recall his figures, and when, later, I had an opportunity of consulting Trautwein's tables, I found his result correct. It is not quite as easy a problem as perhaps it looks.

His Eskimo-migration enquiries had brought him into communication with another section of the Smithsonian Institution, and the insatiable Custodian of the Charnel House, boasting of his grisly treasures, had urgently pleaded for more skulls. There was a picture in my juvenile *Pilgrim's Progress* (which must have been admirably illustrated from the impressions it left) of Giant Despair, lurking at the gate of Doubting Castle, with a great pile of human skulls beside him, picked clean. So do I picture this sexton-scientist of the Smithsonian, adding to his piles as a miser to his bags of money, gloating over them and counting them again and again. Or if my reader resent the extravagance of this comparison he must allow me the lines of the *Ingoldsby Legends:*

"And thus of their owner to speak began
As he ordered you home in haste,
No doubt he's a highly respectable man
But I can't say much for his taste!"

I wish that a law might be made that the skulls of all persons who had engaged in this ghoulish body-snatching together with the skulls of their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, should, upon their decease, be "carefully boiled to remove all the flesh" (as the circular of instructions ran) and then added to the museum collections! So might "the punishment fit the crime," and professors of the "dismal science" of anthropology be reminded that even Eskimos have natural feelings.

While we were at Shungnak the monthly mail came, and it brought Mr. Sickler a letter, which he handed to me to read. It was from one of his official superiors, in reply to an enquiry made several months before, as to whether he would be retained at Shungnak for another year; a not unnatural enquiry for a man with a wife and family. The letter said, curtly and harshly enough, that the writer could not answer that question at present, but that if Mr. Sickler were retained it would not be because he had made photographs of the aurora. "What I am interested in," the letter continued, "is the development of agriculture in the Kobuk valley." I knew the official who wrote the letter (he is not always so harsh and curt) and I asked Mr. Sickler, who was dejected by it, if he would mind my answering it. Having received permission I wrote that I had been feasting upon Mr. Sickler's vegetables, his carrots and turnips, his potatoes and cabbages; that so little snow was on the ground that I was able to see for myself with surprise how extensively gardening operations had been carried on in the village during the previous summer, and that I was sure that a moment's reflection would convince him that preoccupation with the aurora borealis could hardly interfere very seriously with the cultivation of the soil. He had laid himself open by that vicious thrust and, presuming to take the encounter upon myself, it gave me much satisfaction to get in so clean a riposte. Seriously, one would think that such work, outside his duties though it

were, as Sickler had been doing at Shungnak, would be matter of pride to the Bureau of Education.

There was other more contentious matter in real question, but we will leave that till we get down to its seat near the mouth of the river.

The mail brought also a bulletin from the mining town of Candle on the Seward peninsula and Mr. Sickler announced the war news to the congregation after evening service on Sunday, with explanations excellently well adapted to native capacity. The news was gloomy, as all the news of the winter was, but the village was fervently loyal and sang its patriotic songs with enthusiasm. Northern Italy was overrun; Venice was threatened; Cambrai had been retaken from Byng; but Shungnak was confident and undismayed.

On Monday morning the Sicklers were up I know not how early; they had a fine breakfast for us at five, and at seven we were loaded and lashed and gone, bound for a cabin at the mouth of the Ambler full forty miles away. Athlanuk stayed here, but Oola and his team were to keep us company nearly to the mouth of the river. I gathered that the girl he had expected to find at Shungnak was gone with her parents to Noorvik, although he would not admit that her presence or absence determined his movements. The first twelve miles was on the river and went well enough; there followed a portage of twenty-four or twenty-five miles, and once more the light snow that speeded our river travel hindered us across country. When we reached the wind-swept river again it was pitch dark, and since the cabin we sought was not on the main river but on a slough, it was essential we keep the trail, and the trail was difficult to follow, so that it took us two hours to make the remaining four or five miles to Happy Jack's Place, where we were received, very weary after thirteen hours' travel, with all native hospitality and kindness. There was no man at home, but the woman came out with a lantern and helped our teams up a very steep bank and helped to unload.

The next day we hoped to pass the mouth of the Hunt river and reach a cabin some distance beyond, a run of nearly fifty miles, nearly all on the river; but when we had travelled perhaps thirty-five miles and had reached that confluence, there sprang up a strong head wind, and since all snow was swept away we found it increasingly difficult, and at last impossible, to make any way on the glare ice. The wind carried dogs and sled where it would, so we went to the bank and made camp in a clump of trees, a very pleasant camp with plenty of time for study after supper. I felt a little sorry for Oola; our Shakespeare left him out altogether, and I should have liked exceedingly well to have been of some service to him, but the demands of Walter's preparation were peremptory. I knew not what plays of Shakespeare would be required at entrance to college and I was resolved to read all the important ones with him, and read them thoroughly.

The wind that continued all night fell in the morning and we passed rapidly over several miles of glare ice that we should never have been able to pass with a high wind against us. We learned that this stretch of the Kobuk is noted for its windiness, like many a stretch of the Yukon and the Tanana. Coming in from the north through a gap in the mountains, the valley of the Hunt river forms a natural channel for air-movements, and snow, we were assured, is rarely allowed to lie on the ice in the vicinity of its junction with the valley of the Kobuk. River confluences are always likely to be windy.

Another day of quick travel brought us to the mouth of the Salmon river, and on the next day by ten o'clock we were at the coal mine twenty miles below the Salmon, where, twelve years previously, I had found a man picking away at a coal seam in the bluffs, gloomily confident that it would very shortly play out. It did not play out; it developed into a coal mine; and a gold mining camp springing unexpectedly up another twenty-five miles or so down the river, gave a sufficient market for coal during

the last nine or ten years to provide him with a reasonable competency, I judge. Such are the vicissitudes of prospecting. I well remember, and I have recorded elsewhere, this man's determination to abandon the place in the spring, and his petulant references to the obstinacy of his partner who wished to remain. "I told him it would pinch out and now it's a-pinchin' and I hope when he comes back he'll be satisfied and quit." It was pleasant to recall to this man, as we drank the steaming coffee he had ready when we arrived (for he had seen our teams on the river and had set the pot on the stove and a dish of meat in the oven immediately), his despondency on my previous visit, and we laughed over it together. Yet had not gold been found on the Squirrel river (of which there was then no sign) I do not think his coal mine, however productive, could have been profitable.

Kyana, which in the Eskimo tongue means "Thank you," is the town at the mouth of the Squirrel river which supplies this camp; new in years but already old and decadent though not yet quite derelict. A couple of stores, a saloon or two feverishly trembling on the verge of extinction as the 1st January and the prohibition law approached together, a commissioner and a marshal, and a large assortment of half-breed children, were its prominent features. Here, for the first time since leaving Bettles, and for the last time in our journey, we stayed at a roadhouse. It was comfortable and clean, but there was neither leisure nor privacy for our studies, and that night they defaulted entirely. The whole population dropped in upon us from time to time during the evening and I found myself not without acquaintances and friends; some from Candle who remembered my one visit to that place, some from the Koyukuk.

Here by all right and reason I should have stayed and gathered the people and done what little was in my power for them, and so, were this one of my ordinary journeys, I should have done; but my prime object this time was to reach Point Hope for Christmas, and Christmas was but

twelve days off. Could we cover the ninety or one hundred miles to Kotzebue in the next two days, we could lie over Sunday at that place, have a clear week for the journey up the coast, and still arrive a day or so ahead of time. But that left little margin for the vicissitudes of Arctic travel, and we could certainly not reduce it any further. Contrary wind, which often hinders travel in the interior, often forbids it altogether on the coast.

There was another new place, twenty-five miles beyond Kyana, which called even louder for a stop, and called in vain. Before we left the Koyukuk we had heard strange wild rumours of Noorvik, the government-Quaker establishment near the mouth of the Kobuk, which was even reported to have a wireless telegraph of its own and electric lights, and all down the river we had heard fresh accounts, growing more definite as we came the nearer.

Noorvik is a new and somewhat daring experiment of the Bureau of Education, an experiment in Eskimo concentration. Now to anyone familiar, even by reading, with Arctic conditions, it would seem that for self-preservation and subsistence it is necessary that the Eskimos should scatter. The officers of the bureau, quite as well aware of this as any others can be, are trying by the extension and stressing of the reindeer industry, by the encouragement of the cultivation of the soil, by the introduction of new industries, to overset the disadvantages of concentration. Situated near the head of the delta of the Kobuk, the place seems an eligible one for fresh-water fishing; it is within the timber country, though not far enough within it, one thinks, for good trees, and it is still near enough to salt water "to satisfy the hunger of generations for the sea and the seal" as the teacher's report runs. Most of the people of the village of Deering on Kotzebue Sound were removed hither at the government expense two or three years ago, I will not say forcibly, but certainly with great pressure,

the legitimacy of which has been hotly questioned, and every effort is made to induce the inhabitants of the Kobuk river itself to gather and settle here.

A large schoolhouse, boasting a tower with an illuminated clock (much the finest I have seen in Alaska), a sawmill, an electric light plant, a wireless telegraph station, have all been established. The report from which I have quoted insists, rather pathetically, as I think, upon the value of the electric light in the "uplift" of the natives. "In the semi-darkness of the candle or the seal-oil lamp the weird fancies and ghostly superstitions of the by-gone days flourished," it says. One is reminded of Henry Labouchere's saying of many years ago, that the English House of Lords had somehow managed to survive the electric light but he did not see how it could survive the telephone. I suppose there exist more ignorance and superstition and general degradation under the glare of the electric lights of New York or Chicago or London than rush light or tallow candle ever glimmered upon since the world began; such things have nothing to do with "uplift" or Germany would be the most uplifted country on earth. They are simply other matters, and only a confusion of thought connects them.

The real issue of the whole experiment is, of course, the school. A school at Noorvik with an hundred children in attendance can do better work at much less cost than half a dozen little schools scattered up and down the river and the coast. That is the real reason for it. Here also, in part, was the real issue with Mr. Sickler at Shungnak. His people make a reasonably good living, are attached to their village and are making good progress along the desired lines. He does not see why they should be persuaded, or cajoled as he would probably put it, into going somewhere else. That was part of it; now I must deal with the other part.

The other part is connected with religious matters and it is not at all necessary to make apology for introducing them even in a book not specifically religious, because to

ignore them would be to ignore an essential factor of all native problems. It is generally known that when the Alaskan Bureau of Education began seriously to attack the task of the education of the natives, it accepted the parcelling out of the country amongst the various Christian bodies which had already more or less fortuitously taken place. The Presbyterians were at work along the southeastern coast and at Point Barrow, the Episcopalians occupied the Yukon river and Point Hope, the Methodists had some work on the Aleutian Islands, the Moravians on the Kuskokwin, the Swedish Lutherans on Norton Sound, and the California Society of Friends on Kotzebue Sound. Because the Kobuk river flows into Kotzebue Sound the Friends claimed the Kobuk river and its inhabitants, and the bureau has recognized that claim. Accordingly its Noorvik experiment is under the auspices of this sect, which, in the main, evades the expense of maintaining missionaries of its own by securing their appointment as government school-teachers. Now the attitude of the Quakers towards war is well known, and it was reported to me again and again, by white men and by natives, that the Eskimos on the Kobuk were being induced to settle at Noorvik on the plea that if they did not they would soon be taken away to fight for the government, while if they came to Noorvik and joined the Quaker community they would never be required to fight but would be protected against all enemies by that same government. I cannot vouch for this, but it was told me so repeatedly that I am compelled to believe there was some foundation for it; one Eskimo family with whom we stayed up the river, gave it as the reason for their intention of removing thither.

It is easy to be seen that this attitude was calculated to rouse indignation in any patriotic breast. Not all the white men on the Kobuk were patriotic; there was the usual sprinkling of rabid and bitter Bolsheviks who talked about a "capitalistic war." Alaska sends out more insane men every year in proportion to her popula-

tion than any other country on earth—and sometimes it takes one form and sometimes another. But the greater part were intensely patriotic and very resentful of this attitude of the agents of the Society of Friends, conspicuous amongst them being Sickler. The feeling was aggravated by the circumstance that the missionary-teacher at Noorvik was a German.

I have tried to deal with this thing as gently and impartially as possible. The usual complaints against missionaries that one hears from white men do not, it is hardly necessary to say, make much impression upon me. I know that very often the measure of the unpopularity of missionaries with certain classes is the measure of their usefulness. The memory of many a conflict of my own is still vivid, and I have often thought that the main matter was well summed up by an indignant deck hand on a steamboat during our fight at Fort Yukon some years ago: "Why, it's got so at that place that a man can't give a squaw a drink of whiskey and take her out in the brush without getting into trouble!" Moreover in earlier writings I have set forth an appreciation of the efforts of the Society of Friends in this very region.

Other complaints there were of intolerance that sound strange to the ears of one acquainted with the history of this singular sect, perhaps in the past the most generally despised and persecuted of all Christian bodies. Tobacco smoking is anathema to them, and abstinence from it is, as nearly as they can make it, a condition of residence at Noorvik. They will not permit the marriage of one of their girls to an Eskimo not of their professed company, and a man who has been baptized must publicly renounce his baptism before he will be accepted as a suitor. While again I do not state this of my own knowledge I think it is true: again and again in the mournful history of Christian divisions a persecuted and intolerated sect has in its turn become persecuting and intolerant. "Setting a beggar on horseback" has application to spiritual

as well as social pride. But it is the alliance with the government and the opportunity which that alliance gives for the enforcement of strange and peculiar tenets which is the chief cause of irritation, and it affords another illustration, were another illustration needed, of the mistake and unwisdom of such alliances under our system. When a government at war maintains such an alliance with a professed pacifist sect, it becomes so inconsistent as to be grotesque.

The policy of the concentration of the Eskimos will come again under our notice. I am very conscious that in a book dealing with travel on the Arctic coast I am a great while in reaching salt water; and that, despite the glare ice and the quick, easy passage which it gives, I linger overlong on the Kobuk. But, after all, we are not mainly concerned with snow and ice, with rocks and sandspits, but with people, and we have been amongst the Eskimos and confronted with Eskimo problems ever since we reached this interesting river.

Our stay at Noorvik was no more than two or three hours around noon, and I saw for myself only what a man may see in that time. We were kindly received at the teacher's residence, where father and mother, son and daughter, all engaged in teaching, were met, and a meal was hospitably provided, and I was pleased with a general air of intelligence and refinement which seemed proper to the commodiousness and comfort of the house.

The wireless telegraph plant, in touch with the stations at Nome and Nulato, was, it appeared, the voluntary work of the teacher's son, by him constructed and operated; and we were furnished with a sheaf of recent bulletins to carry with us to the north—gloomy with ominous tales of submarine activity. While it was against the regulations to send any private message from this station, the young gentleman was obliging enough to include in the news he sent out a mention of our passing by, that our friends might possibly receive word of our movements.

Most of the cabins at the place were of frame construction from lumber produced at the sawmill; many were unfinished; sawdust seemed the chief road-making material and there were patches of plank sidewalk here and there. The general effect was of the outskirts of a raw mining town, familiar and unhandsome enough; to which the rectangularity of the streets contributed. Why is the picturesque irregularity of the ordinary native village regarded as so pernicious and depraved? Things that grow naturally, like a tree or a language, are always irregular; cities like Paris and London and Boston grew crooked while they grew naturally and only when they became self-conscious and sophisticated did they begin to "lay themselves out." Up here—and, I suppose, elsewhere, nowadays—regular rows of cabins seem essential to native "uplift," and if they be of lumber rather than of logs, by so much the more are they uplifting. Naturally material that requires a mill, and an engine to run it, must be superior in its civilizing and uplifting tendencies to material that anyone who goes into the woods with an axe can procure for himself. As a friend of log building where logs may be obtained, and as one who is perverse enough deliberately to prefer irregularity to chequer-board uniformity, I find myself sadly out of accord with many of the good people of the north; while there are certain uses of certain words, repeated till they seem to have no real meaning left, that almost annoy me.

Here we left Oola to pursue whatever he was pursuing with what success he might achieve; a clean, willing, courteous young man, whom I remembered in his tenth year as one of the sturdiest, handsomest children I had seen in the country; now in his twenty-first year he was personable and pleasant, but he had scarcely fulfilled the high promise of his boyhood. I gave him my tent and stove, deeming them henceforth superfluous baggage, and saw to it that his sled was well provisioned for his return. Having procured a young man and team, and set our

watches back an hour to make up for the fifteen degrees of longitude we had travelled to the west since we left Fort Yukon, we started late in the afternoon for the one stopping place between Noorvik and Kotzebue, a cabin belonging to a native who enjoyed the sobriquet of "Whiskey Jack," in the delta of the Kobuk.

This delta of the Kobuk is a maze of waterways, no less than thirteen mouths of the river being counted, connected and reticulated by vast numbers of intermediary channels. The trail left the river again and again to cut off a bend, and we should never have found our way in the gloom, and, presently, in the darkness, had not someone with familiar local knowledge guided us. Whiskey Jack's cabin is in the midst of the delta, beyond the tree line, out on the tundra. We found it carefully padlocked, and our guide had forgotten that he had been bidden to bring the key. When with some trouble an entrance was effected we looked in vain for the possessions the padlock guarded, for the place was bare. The old broken rusty stove of a coal oil can that stood in a corner made me already regret that I had parted with my own, and the sodden driftwood which was our only fuel gave equally futile regret that the pair of primus stoves with which we were provided had not been charged. Altogether it was a thoroughly uncomfortable camp. I rose at four next morning and started a fire, and was very glad to crawl into bed again and snuggle up against Walter while the stove slowly heated the cabin, for it was as cold indoors as out and the thermometer on the sled stood at —30. It was six ere the wretched incompetent little stove had cooked breakfast and 7.15 ere we were hitched up and gone, the boy returning to Noorvik. He was of the "smart-Alec" or "wised-up" type of native youth, with no training of manners at all and much voluble criticism of Noorvik, tinctured with profanity, until I sharply pulled him up. It was impossible not to compare him mentally with the polite

and gracious youth from whom we had just parted company, and once more I was proud of the gentlewomen we have had at the Allakaket.

The reader who is at all interested in this narrative, and is not familiar with the region, is urged to refer to the map for this day's journey. The mouths of the Kobuk open not directly into Kotzebue Sound but into Hotham Inlet, a shallow body of water formed by a narrow peninsula that stretches about sixty miles due northwest from the mainland, roughly parallel with its general trend, and encloses not only this inlet, for which the local name is the Kobuk Lake, but the extensive Selawik Lake also, into which empties the Selawik river. Just before the inlet opens at its northern end by its very narrow mouth into Kotzebue Sound, it receives a third considerable river, the Noatak, the "Inland River" of the early navigators, by which and the Colville from time immemorial native traffic has been had with the people of the northern coast. Receiving so much river water, Hotham Inlet is naturally nearly fresh, and is much silted up. I think that anyone studying the map will be surprised to find that this extensive peninsula has no name, although a small peninsula projecting from it bears the name of Choris, and I often wondered why Otto von Kotzebue, who discovered Kotzebue Sound in 1816 and named so many of its physical features, set no name upon this peninsula, until I read his own narrative and learned that he knew nothing of the inlet and supposed the peninsula to be the mainland. It was Beechey in the *Blossom,* ten years later, who detected and named the inlet and delineated the peninsula, and he did not discover the rivers that the inlet receives because neither the ship nor her barge found water enough to enter it, though he heard of them and spoke confidently of their existence. Unless a river discharged into easily navigable water it was likely to be missed in those days, as Cook, and later Vancouver, missed the Columbia, the Fraser and the Yukon. But it is perhaps just as well

that "the first who ever burst" into seas and sounds, left something undiscovered for their successors.

Beechey's voyage always had great interest for me because it was part, and an entirely successful part, of what came near being the most successful project of Arctic exploration ever thought out and set on foot. Franklin was to advance from the Mackenzie river in boats to the most western part of the north coast, and Beechey, having come around the Horn, was to go up or send up to the most northern point on the west coast to meet him. Franklin fell short by about 150 miles of his goal, and that was all that prevented the complete determination of the northern limits of the continent in 1826. Moreover, Beechey's narrative is a model of what such writings should be, carefully accurate, full yet concise, vivacious yet restrained, with nothing highly-wrought and exclamatory, none of that weary striving after word-painting which began to come in, I think, with Osborne's account of McClure's voyage a quarter of a century later, when the daily newspapers were interested owing to the excitement of the Franklin search. Beechey's chapter on the Eskimos is annotated in manuscript in my copy by the man who, whatever one may think of some of his views, undoubtedly knows more about the western Eskimos at first hand than any other living man—V. Stefánsson—and it is surprising how little he finds to correct. Again and again the voyages of the earlier navigators—and Vancouver is a conspicuous example—show how little technical literary training has to do with the production of good literature; the style is the man.

No guide was necessary, we had been assured, from Whiskey Jack's cabin to Kotzebue, since the trail all along the inlet had been staked on the ice by the mail carrier and there was no danger of losing the way. But in the darkness of the early morning, soon after we started, and before we were extricated from the delta, we took by mistake an Eskimo trapping trail instead of the

trail to Kotzebue, and were led for miles right back into that very maze of waterways from which we were seeking to escape. At last when we had for some time been conscious that we were wrong and yet had no taste for returning upon our tracks, the summit of a little hillock gave us the broad expanse of the inlet only a few hundred yards away, and we drove across the rough tundra straight for the ice, clearing the stunted brush with the axe. Following the edge of the tundra we came presently upon the mail-carrier's stakes, and there lay before us only a steady grind on the ice with a cold wind in our faces all day long to "Pipe Spit" at the narrow mouth of the inlet, and then nine miles around the point to the village of Kotzebue, mostly on ice covered with wind-blown sand that made gritty going for the steel-shod sled.

Hotham Inlet was named by Beechey for Admiral Sir Henry Hotham, who was concerned with the interception of Napoleon after the battle of Waterloo; of a family of distinguished sailors who have served their country for generations and are still serving.

Our way across the inlet gave interesting yet irritating illustration of the difficulty of keeping dogs to a course. Insensibly the leader (to whom stakes had no significance) edged away continually from the wind. The travelling was good as far as surface was concerned and the dogs needed no urging, but the command "Haw!" proceeded incessantly from Walter's lips all those long hours. It was immediately obeyed and the course immediately rectified, only to be gradually departed from again. "Fox" was not one of those wonderful leaders endowed with almost superhuman intelligence of which the traveller may hear tales wherever he goes in the north; he had a will of his own that, however often and however unceremoniously it might be subdued, reasserted itself all the winter long, and he was limited with every canine limitation; an ungenial brute who growls not only whenever his harness is put on but also whenever it

is taken off, though his growling means nothing. Again and again eager Eskimo hands, unhitching the team for us, would leave Fox in his harness, and several times we were asked "What the matter? That dog want fight?" Yet he is really quite harmless and has it to his credit that he led our teams all round the Arctic coast and stood the winter as well as the best. He is one of the few dogs that I have never been able to make a pet of and my sense of obligation to him makes me sorry that our relations are not more affectionate. There may be something in his early history to account for his moroseness, or he may simply be "built that way" as some dogs and some people seem to be.

It fell entirely dark soon after we left Pipe Spit, where an Eskimo family resided, fishing very successfully through the ice, and we were already in difficulty about the way when the kindly native, on his customary week-end visit to Kotzebue, overtook us with his wife and children in his sled and naught else, and hitching a rope to our tow-line gave our jaded dogs such assistance that we went flying over the last few miles; a great red planet twinkling on the horizon directly ahead so that we thought it was a light burning in the distant village until it sank out of sight just before the actual lights of the place appeared.

So we came to the Arctic Ocean on the 15th December, thirty-eight days out of Fort Yukon, of which twenty-seven had been actually spent in travel; having come nearly 800 miles at an average of close to thirty miles a travelling day. Counting delays and days of rest and all, I had figured beforehand that twenty miles a day was all we could reasonably expect to make, and it worked out at just about that. Even so, I had "gambled on the season" as it would be expressed here, taking chances that the early snow would be light and the river travel correspondingly good, and it was so.

Since I had once before described a journey from Fort Yukon to Kotzebue Sound, I was at first minded to start

the present narrative at salt water, and what has been written must be regarded as preliminary to the main design of the book. If I must confess with Wordsworth in "Peter Bell":

> "I've played and danced with my narration,
> I lingered long 'ere I began,"

I would also make his plea that my readers should

> "Pour out indulgence still in measure
> As liberal as ye can."

II

KOTZEBUE SOUND TO POINT HOPE

II

KOTZEBUE SOUND TO POINT HOPE

SUNDAY was a glad day of rest after a week's uninterrupted travel in which we had made close to 250 miles, and the village of Kotzebue was all too full of interest for so brief a stay. A visit on Saturday night to the postmaster, who is also the missionary, brought me word from Point Barrow and Point Hope that at both places we were expected, and brought me also to an interesting gathering in which I was very glad to see that translation of devotional exercises into the Eskimo language was in progress. Whenever an earnest man labours amongst these people, whether it be a Jesuit priest at St. Michael, a "Friend" at Kotzebue Sound, a Presbyterian at Point Barrow or a Church-of-England missionary at Herschel Island, he finds himself presently not content with the parrot-like singing or saying of devotions in a strange language, Latin or English, and goes to work as best he may to turn them into the mother tongue. My observation the next morning at the public service confirmed me in the impression that any translation into the native tongue, however faulty it may be, is preferable to English hymns got by rote and sung, it was impossible to believe otherwise, with little or no sense of the meaning of most of the words. Two or three, here and there, of the better taught amongst the large congregation had doubtless more understanding, but for the majority I am sure that my old schoolboy rounds, "Glorious Apollo," or "Pray, Sir, be so good," would have been as effective mediums of praise and edification—besides being better English and better music; for the hymns most used by these congregations are distinctly of the baser sort. Every lover of English hymnody must deplore the vogue

of the modern trash and its penetration to the ends of the earth, but the trash, I have reason to think, loses much of its trashiness while undergoing the vicissitudes of translation; indeed in most cases nothing more than the metre and the main thought can be retained.

We were lodged by the trader of the place with whom we outfitted for our journey to Point Hope. There is no roadhouse at Kotzebue (its native name "Kikitáruk" seems to have disappeared since I was here last) and the two or three stores are in the habit of putting up their infrequent out-of-town customers. Walter and I slept upon the floor, managing to find some reindeer hides and gunny sacks to put underneath us, and we ate with the trader. There was much to do and not much time to do it in. The first thing was to secure a guide. It sounds perfectly simple to follow the coast all the way, and it would seem that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein," but, on the contrary, the wayfaring man would be a fool indeed if he attempted it in the dead of winter without some knowledge of the country, or the company of one who had it. There is no trail; we were come to the land of ice and wind-hardened snow, and the nights' stopping places sometimes not easy to find unless one knew just up what creek mouth they lay. Moreover, the weather is the all-important thing as regards coast travel, and only the coast residents know the coast weather. I daresay we might have muddled through by ourselves, but we were anxious to reach Point Hope and we were taking no unnecessary chances. Some said it was 160 and some said 170 miles away, but all were agreed that upon the fortune of the weather we encountered at Cape Thomson would depend the success or failure of our attempt to get there before Christmas. So we engaged "Little Pete" and his team to lead the way—an Eskimo whose chief characteristic seemed his perpetual good humour. Then we bought furs: a heavy parkee or *artígi* of what I think is a species of marmot, called *ik-sik-puk* by the natives and much esteemed by them,

for myself, two pairs of heavy fur mitts with gauntlets and two pairs of heavy fur boots. Walter, wedded to his beaded caribou coat, which never failed to arouse admiration and was indeed a handsome garment, setting off his broad shoulders with its epaulette-like adornments, would have no parkee bought for him and demurred a little at first at the boots. But we were come to the country and the travel in which furs are indispensable. The provisioning I had always left to Walter of late journeys; he knew my tastes as well as his own and had *carte blanche* to provide for both, though indeed little besides staple food supplies was procurable.

When we awoke at five on Monday morning a high wind was blowing from the northeast and our host thought there was little chance of our leaving for two or three days. But presently the wind veered, and at eight Little Pete arrived and said it was turning into a fair quarter for travelling and that he was ready to start; but it was 9.30 before the elaborate business of getting our stuff together from the warehouse and the store and loading and hitching was done, and we were started upon our long journey around the Arctic coast of Alaska.

Our course lay straight across the salt-water ice of the bay for Cape Krusenstern (Kil-li-a-núk), named by Kotzebue after the first Russian circumnavigator (himself being the second), whose voyage of 1803-04 was, in its day, of considerable note. Behind us stretched the long line of the peninsula coast from Pipe Spit to Cape Blossom; ahead the cape loomed dimly. I took out my camera, opened its lens wide, and attempted a snapshot of the village and its setting, but although I made the exposure I realized then, as I did on many subsequent occasions, that there was not much likelihood of a picture resulting; there was nothing clean-cut and sparkling about the scene, it was grey and hazy and ill-defined.

I wish I could convey to the reader some suggestion of the elation of spirit with which I found myself actually started upon this Arctic adventure. So far the route we

had traversed was more or less familiar. Twelve years before, I had reached Kotezebue Sound in an attempt to visit Point Hope, but the delays of weather and accident which had attended the journey made my arrival at salt water so late that it became necessary to turn south instead of north and get back as fast as possible to the interior by way of Nome and the Yukon. Ever since that time the desire of completing the journey had lingered, and now there was fair prospect not only of Point Hope but of the more ambitious and most interesting circuit of the entire coast.

There is always something fascinating about the unknown; surely only a dog approaches new country without new emotion. And it was new country which had been of special interest to me all my life. My father had a cousin in the merchant marine, dead before my recollection, who had sailed into both the arctic and tropic waters, until, sailing out of Sydney in New South Wales, he and his ship were never seen or heard of again. There remained at home a cross-grained green parrot as a memento of his southern voyages, and a collection of books of Arctic exploration as memento of the northern. Those fine old quartos, with their delicate and spirited engravings of ships beset by fantastic icebergs, their coloured plates of auroras and parhelia, of Eskimos and their igloos and dog-teams, are amongst the most vivid recollections of my childhood. The first and second of Sir John Ross, the first and second of Sir Edward Parry, the first and second of Sir John Franklin, a number of the Franklin Search books (in which enterprise I think their owner had seen his Arctic service in some capacity or other), Sir John Richardson's books—these were my companions and delights as a boy; and an illustrated volume that I know not the name of but that I should rejoice to discover again, describing the work of the Moravian missionaries in Greenland with much interesting detail, was, in particular, a sort of oasis in a desert of forgotten religious books to which, in the main, it was

sought to confine my reading with notable unsuccess. Adding Sir Robert McClure, Sir Leopold McClintock, and remembering that George III had intended to knight James Cook had he returned from his third voyage, but by all that is modest and capable and kindly in the others leaving out Sir Edward Belcher, I think these Arctic knights constitute as fine a body of real chivalry as Christendom has ever known, and their humility of mind, even their frank ignorance, their deep reverence and religious feeling, seem to bring them as much closer to us as the cold self-sufficiency and egotism of some of our modern agnostic explorers seem to detach them. It may be wisest and best to abolish all titles and distinctions of rank and every outward sign that can set one man above another; I do not know. There are some matters like the best ultimate basis of human society, and the question of the gold standard of money, that simply bewilder me. When I am told that the chief cause of the present ruinous high prices is the over-production of gold, and in the same breath it is proposed to put a premium upon the further production of gold, I am simply bewildered; and it is much the same when I see that the abolition of titular distinctions for achievement only emphasizes the distinction of wealth, which is the least honourable of all. At any rate, if knighthood will soon be obsolete, I am a glad that these Arctic champions, in their day, earned a place beside Sir William Wallace and Sir Philip Sidney, and that their names will go down with the same honorific prefix. Not even the Bolsheviki can abolish the past.

With not more, I think, than two or three exceptions, the names of the natural features along this entire west coast from Kotzebue Sound to Point Barrow were given by Beechey upon the service referred to in the years 1826-27. What parts the *Blossom* did not reach, her "barge" did, and together they made as thorough an examination as Vancouver made of the much more extensive coast from Puget Sound to the Lynn Canal, forty years before. His lieutenants and other officers, Belcher,

Peard, Wainwright, Elson, Collie, Smyth and Marsh, are all commemorated, and I know of no names that can more justly be placed on unnamed coasts than those of the men who first examined them and laid them down. But the native names, when there are such, and they can be discovered and pronounced, should have precedence even of these.

Belcher, to whom I referred disparagingly, opened his naval career by losing the *Blossom's* barge, and the lives of two men and a boy, off the Choris peninsula in these waters; fortunately in the second year of the expedition when the work of the barge was done; and closed it twenty-eight years later, in the seas north of the continent, by abandoning a squadron of four well-found vessels of the British navy, one of which floated out into Baffin's Bay and was recovered unharmed by American whalers. Sometimes names describe their possessors with an appropriateness the more striking because accidental. So the apoplectic irascibility, the overbearance, the strut, of that most impertinently-named book, *The Last of the Arctic Voyages,* especially when one reads between the lines with other knowledge of the persons and events, seem not inappropriate to its author's patronymic. At the close of the court-martial he demanded, his sword was returned to him—in silence. Yet I find that he has half a column in the latest *Britannica,* while Collinson is entirely omitted; a circumstance that weighs more with me than all W. H. Wright's shrill, far-fetched criticism in that ill-tempered book *Misinforming a Nation.* But I daresay Wright knows no more of my Arctic knights than I do of his minor Russian or German novelists. It needs omniscience adequately to construct, or criticize, an encyclopedia of all the arts and sciences and literatures.

The salt efflorescence that overspreads the ice from water oozing up through the tide cracks, made our vehicles drag, especially the toboggan, which grew increasingly unsuitable to our travel. The toboggan is a

soft-snow and rough-country vehicle, and its usefulness was past, but we had decided not to attempt a substitution until we had leisure at Point Hope. Already the main difference between winter travel in the interior and on the coast began to appear. Much of the way down the Kobuk and all the way across Hotham Inlet we had indeed been able to ride, owing to the light snow of the exceptional season, but henceforth until we reached the interior again riding would be the normal thing with us. This, together with the incomparably fiercer winds of the coast, involves the difference in the customary dress between the two regions. When I began my journeys in the interior of Alaska I carried a fur parkee, and though I found little use for it, I kept it with me for several years. Occasionally, when making camp in cold weather, for instance, it is a comfortable thing to have, but in sled-travel, after awhile one rejects all but the indispensables, and the fur parkee was definitely abandoned in favour of the cotton parkee. When one sits on a sled, however, instead of walking or trotting beside it, much warmer clothing is required, and on this our first day of coast travel I was clothed in the heavy *artigi* and the thick fur boots all day though the temperature was not low nor the wind immoderately high.

The hills that rose behind us and had been vaguely in view all day were the Mulgrave Hills of Capt. Cook, named in 1778, and it was only after much digging that I discovered the interesting fact that the Lord Mulgrave for whom they were undoubtedly named (though I cannot find that Cook says so) was none other than the Capt. Constantine Phipps who made a noted voyage towards the north pole in 1772 and reached a latitude of 80° 48′ off the coast of Spitzbergen—the "farthest north" record for thirty years or so—on which voyage Horatio Nelson went as midshipman and had the adventure with a polar bear that Southey tells of.

All next day our course lay over the bare ice of the lagoons that skirt the coast line, a dull grey expanse

stretching widely and mistily on the left hand, the bare rocks and hills rising on the right. Against a wind charged sometimes with flurries of driving snow we struggled for seven hours, and then found our night refuge in a little native cabin at a place called Kil-ick-mack. All night the wind blew and I was sorry for the poor dogs exposed to its blast, for it was keen. They were beginning their experience of the complete exposure to the weather which is the unavoidable fortune of Eskimo dogs; there was nothing to make a windbreak of; there was nothing but the hardened snow to lie upon. Sleeping out at all temperatures, almost all Alaskan dogs are used to, but the trees of the interior that give some shelter and afford a few handfuls of brush for a bed, were gone, and with them even these slight mitigations.

The hut at Kil-ick-mack was our first experience of what was to be a chief discomfort on this west coast, the overcrowding of our night quarters. The scarcity of driftwood for building material and fuel compels the construction of as small a dwelling as will serve the needs of the family; when into its narrow limits three strangers with their bedding, their grub box and cooking vessels and other baggage are introduced, there is no room for turning around; cooking and eating must be done in relays, and the arrangements for sleeping tax the ingenuity of the entire company. Although we arose at six, the operations of breakfast were so impeded by this cause that it was half-past eight before we started, and the longest day of our coast travel, so far, lay before us.

The wind had lulled and a little snow fell at intervals, and the day was so dull that there was no clear vision even at noon. Most of our way lay just on the shore side of ice, heaped in jagged masses about the tide crack; indeed most of the smooth travelling all along this coast is found in the narrow stretch between this wall of ice blocks and the beach. Sometimes it is wet from over-

flow and passage must be sought inshore upon the poorly-covered gravel and sand, or else the ice-wall must be crossed to smoother expanses beyond. The same low-lying coast fringed with lakes and lagoons, with high ground rising to hills beyond, was visible when anything was visible at all. Capes marked on the map did not appear as capes at all, and this is true of many such promontories along the whole coast, for the charting was done from decks of vessels at safe sailing distance, the low coast foreshortening itself against the hills until the hills seemed at the water's edge instead of several miles inland. Beechey sailed closer than Cook and changed the chart in places, but the observation holds good.

For nine hours we pursued our monotonous way, the wind rising as the darkness came, until when the faint welcome lights of the village of Kivalina appeared, it had been blowing with much force for some time and was become piercingly cold. The schoolhouse and teacher's residence combined was at the southern point of the village, looming large over all the little dwellings, and here we were expected and awaited, but we did not know it and pushed on to the extreme north end of the village where the trader with whom we had proposed to stay lived, having much difficulty in forcing our jaded dogs past habitation after habitation. We were received by Jim Allen with the thoroughgoing hospitality of the Arctic, nothing loath to eat the meal speedily prepared for us by his native wife, and to seek early repose.

Kivalina was our first thoroughly Eskimo settlement; Kotzebue with its prominent church and stores and warehouses, and its large use of lumber, seemed only partly so, though I have no doubt that those familiar with the untouched Eskimos of Coronation Gulf would consider Kivalina highly sophisticated. It takes one some time to become accustomed to the utter nakedness of such a village site, to what seems its preposterous ineligibility. It takes, I think, some acquaintance to realize that there

are choice and degree amidst the nakedness and ineligibility of the whole coast and that the site of every settlement is determined by some natural advantage.

When the next morning Little Pete said "No go," because the wind was foul for the passage of Cape Thomson and it were better to await a change here than in the hut near the foot of the cape, which would be our night's stop, I walked the length of the village to pay my respects to the schoolmaster and ask permission to attend his school, with this strong feeling: a feeling of wonder that any people should have built their homes in such bleak, forbidding place. It is not easy to describe emptiness and nakedness, and I suppose such terms of vacancy as the language contains will be hard-worked in the pages that follow, for this is the deep and abiding impression which the country makes upon the mind, and though modified as one learns more and more of its resources and of the occupations of its inhabitants, it remains predominant. The irregular, hillock-shaped igloos amidst which I walked through the driving snow seemed like natural irregularities and protuberances of the ground rather than constructions of human art—doubtless every stranger's first impression of igloos, not worth recording for those read in Arctic travels.

I was glad of the daylight of noon for a look at Kivalina; when one reaches a place after dark and leaves it before daylight one does not really see it at all. But I shall not detain the reader at this village because we shall visit it again. Let me say only that the name of the place, which sounds strangely musical for an Eskimo name—more Mediterranean than Arctic—has had a final "k" elided by the white men and map-makers—a process which is in operation elsewhere on the coast.

We learned during the day that the ice was out around Cape Thomson, driven off the coast by late prevailing winds, and that it would be necessary to pass the cape by a rough inland circumvention used under these conditions. Little Pete professed himself unacquainted with

this route, and, nothing loath, I thought, to return to Kotzebue for Christmas, relinquished his commission and the half of his recompense to a youth of the place named Chester, who had many times travelled the coast, sometimes around, and sometimes over, the cape.

On the next morning, Friday 21st December, the wind was fair from the south, dead behind us, and we were off and away by seven o'clock. For fifteen miles our way lay over the smooth ice of lagoons, and with the aid of the wind we travelled rapidly. Ten miles of beach travel followed with diminished speed, and we stopped at a trapping cabin, occupied by a mulatto married to an Eskimo woman, for lunch. Thenceforward the beach ice was more and more encrusted with pebbles and shale, and our progress still more retarded; the iron runners of the sled are very refractory in passing over gravel and the toboggan had rather the better of it; but by three o'clock we were at the cabin we had intended to occupy, only to find it already occupied by a party of reindeer folk come in from their herd, including a woman and child. We decided, therefore, to push on to another cabin, about eight miles further, and were no more than unpacked and settled to the business of supper than the folk we had left behind, because we would not disturb or incommode them, arrived to spend the night also, and we were miserably and unwholesomely overcrowded after all. Yet I was struck by the magnanimous hospitality of one of the men, who left us and went cheerfully to spend the night in an empty, cold, tumble-down hovel an hundred yards away, when I learned at Point Hope that the cabin we were occupying actually belonged to him.

Not only were we wretchedly overcrowded, but we were unhappy that night. The wind suddenly changed to the northeast again, barring any passage of the cape, over or around, and we knew that such a wind frequently persists for a week at a time and commonly for three days. It looked as if the whole company would be detained in this grimy little hovel, for our reindeer-herding compan-

ions were also bound for Point Hope, and the prospect of such detention, with the likelihood of not reaching the mission for Christmas after all which it involved, cast our spirits down. But Walter and I were soon deep in *Romeo and Juliet* and the strife of Montague and Capulet and the plight of the luckless lovers, "The consuming love of the children arising from out of the very midst of the deadly enmity of the parents," drew our minds away from our own troubles; the scented gardens of Verona vocal with the nightingale slipped into the place of the Arctic waste and its icy winds.

We had heard much about Cape Thomson even before we reached the coast. A trader at Kyana had given us a graphic description of the wind blowing stones from its summit a mile out on the ice, and I knew a man, a perfectly sober missionary, whose loaded sled was blown over and over and himself literally swept away from it by the force of the hurricane-like "woollies" that rush down the steep gullies. I think we had met half a dozen people who had thrilling experiences to relate about this dreaded promontory. It is one of Beechey's capes, named for a Mr. Deas Thomson, one of the commissioners of the British navy, but while Beechey wrote it thus in his narrative, on his accompanying map it appears as "Thompson," and since an hundred navigators use his map to one who reads his narrative, the intrusive "p" has become permanent. I was interested to learn at Point Hope that the revenue cutter *Bear* still employs Beechey's chart in its navigation of these waters.

I wish someone would write a history of the British Hydrographical Office, which for more than a century has been the chief source and supply of information for the whole maritime world; it would abound in the romance of the sea and be full of fascinating detail of operations in the remotest corners of the earth. What gulf or bay is there into which its surveyors have not penetrated? what coast line they have not laid down? what straits and channels they have not sounded?

"Never was isle so little,
Never was sea so lone,
But over the sand and the palm trees
An English flag has flown."

Great Britain has many claims to greatness, many boasts of beneficent protection and service to mankind, but I know not if there be anything finer in her history than the work of her public and private hydrographers. Spain in her heyday kept the secrets of her discoveries so closely that some of them were forgotten by herself until the British re-discovered them, but anyone who has had a sixpence to spend could always obtain a copy of any chart in the British hydrographical archives, though it may have cost thousands of pounds to procure, and it is not possible to plan a course in any waters of the wide world where British charts would not give guidance. The coast of Alaska was wholly delineated by British hydrographers (though of course there had been some previous Russian work)—Cook and Vancouver and Beechey and Franklin and Dease and Simpson—the latest of them upwards of eighty and the earliest of them nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. Vancouver is said to have added ten thousand miles of coast line to the world's maps, a title to greatness, to my mind, more valid than that of Alexander or Napoleon. But I must not get on the subject of Vancouver.

It is always the unexpected that happens. When we arose next morning there was a dead calm and we hurried away to take advantage of it, a moon at the end of her first quarter giving us good light. We were soon upon the rough sea-ice, which had only the past day or two been driven back upon the coast; plainly it was possible to double the cape, and we rejoiced that we were not compelled to the laborious alternative. I should not have minded climbing the cliff could I have hoped for the view from the top that Beechey had, the "low land jetting out from the coast to the w.n.w. as far as the eye could reach"

which "as the point had never been placed on our charts" he set down on his map and named Point Hope for Sir William Johnston Hope, of a well-known house long connected with the sea. But at this time of the year that was out of the question and I understand that the only practicable sled route over the cape lies back so far as to yield no comprehensive view.

Cape Thomson is a succession of bold, ragged, rocky bluffs, 700 or 800 feet high, rising one beyond the other for seven miles, with steep gullies between, and descending sheer into deep water with no beach at all. The rock is weathered into fantastic shapes, and there are several natural arches at the water level, through one of which the teams passed. The going was exceedingly rough and the sleds were knocked about a good deal. At one point where the ice was especially lumpy and jagged we went quite a distance out to sea to reach a tempting level stretch, and I thought a little nervously of the advice we had received not on any account to go far from the coast lest a wind should suddenly spring up and take ice and all out, but Chester knew his business and we came safely round the cape, which drops as abruptly to a level at its northern point as it rises from it at its southern. Near the beginning of this picturesque promontory there are several groups of rocks, the profiles of which bear some grotesque human resemblance. Pointing to one of them Chester laughed and said "Old Man Thomson," and that is as near the commissioner of the navy as I could find that anyone on the coast came to any of the Arctic eponyms—a word that I have wished more than once had an English equivalent; and I do not know why we should not reverse "namesake" into "sake-name."

How exceedingly fortunate we had been in the weather, and how very local the weather is in the neighbourhood of the cape, we realized an hour later when, on looking back, we could see the wind driving a cloud of snow right over the cape far out to sea, although it was calm where we were. It is such winds, coming with hurricane force from

CAPE THOMPSON.

the interior plateau and dropping suddenly down the steep gullies, that cause the "woollies" so much dreaded both in winter and summer. Only the previous summer a whale boat with a white man and several natives had been lost in this neighbourhood. I have read that the rugged eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea is subject to just such sudden violent winds.

There followed a succession of the long lagoons that had already become familiar to us and that were to become much more so; they are the chief characteristic of the whole Arctic coast of Alaska. We passed over them quickly and coldly, for an air began to move against us, and were presently at the deserted whaling station of Jabbertown, with its deserted schoolhouse, five miles from Point Hope. Just as it grew really dark a tiny light sprang up dead ahead, and we kept a straight course for it over the bare level tundra until we came to the mission house and the glad welcome that awaited us, Saturday the 22nd December. Our first objective point was reached, the first grand stage of our journey was accomplished, within the allotted time.

III

POINT HOPE

III

POINT HOPE

From the point of view of cold-blooded, scientific philanthropy, though of course not from any Christian point of view, it is possible to contend that the little, remote, heathen peoples of the world were better left entirely to themselves, if such continual isolation were any way practicable. But it is not, and those who plead for it know perfectly well that it is not. The trader, the beach-comber and the squaw-man have always been hard upon the heels of the explorer. No sooner had Vitus Bering discovered the Aleutian Islands than the Kamchatka "promyshleniks" began their devastating intercourse with the natives which ended in the destruction of the greater part of them and would probably have depopulated the islands but for the vigorous efforts of the great missionary Veniamínoff, whose impassiond intervention on behalf of the Aleuts recalls the memory of the heroic Las Casas and the ceaseless battle which he waged against the oppression of the Indian three centuries before.

Fourteen years after Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, Vancouver found them the resort of "a banditti of renegadoes that had quitted different trading vessels in consequence of disputes with their respective commanders,"* and had "forgotten the rules which humanity, justice and common honesty prescribe"—Portuguese, Genoese, Chinese, English and Americans. The same commander, a magnanimous and kindly spirit, grows so indignant over "the very unjustifiable conduct of the traders"† on the shores of the Alexander archi-

* *Vancouver's Voyages*, Vol. 5, p. 112.
† *Ibid.*, Vol. 6, p. 37.

pelago that nowadays the local newspapers would certainly denounce such a writer as "slandering the white men of Alaska."

The remotest and last discovered people of the earth, the "Blonde" or Copper Eskimos, about whom the newspapers grew so sensational a few years ago, have already suffered an invasion of the same sort, and when I was at Herschel Island I saw a degenerate Russian Jew serving a sentence at the Northwest Mounted Police Post—not because he had outraged these simple, sturdy folk, but because he had impudently violated the Canadian customs laws in doings so.

But one need not go out of these western waters for overwhelming testimony to the havoc wrought by white men. When John Muir made the cruise of the *Corwin* in 1881 he found that the inhabitants of St. Matthew's Island, to the number of several hundreds, had "died of starvation caused by abundance of rum which rendered them careless about the laying up of ordinary supplies of food for the winter," * and on St. Lawrence Island nearly a thousand people had died, we know from other sources, of the same cause. "The scene was indescribably ghastly and desolate. The shrunken bodies with rotting furs on them, or white, bleaching skeletons, picked bare by the crows, were lying mixed with kitchen-midden rubbish where they had been cast out by surviving relatives while they had yet strength to carry them." †

Shall the primitive peoples of the earth know nothing of the white man save of the "banditti of renegadoes" which quickly infests newly-discovered shores? Shall such reckless and unprincipled wastrels work their will unhindered? Shall drunkenness and lust and fraud and trickery and violence be the only teaching received from the white man's "civilization"? I am content to rest the cause of missions upon the inevasible answer to that

* *Cruise of the 'Corwin,'* p. 25.
† *Ibid.*, p. 109.

THE IGLOOS AT POINT HOPE.

question,—content, that is, for the present writing; for anyone who is read ever so little in the history of exploration knows that word of newly-found tribes brings a flock of predatory bipeds just as surely as the scent of new carrion brings a flock of vultures.

It was a letter written in the year 1889 by Lieutenant Commander Stockton, U. S. N., now rear-admiral on the retired list and President of George Washington University, who had just returned from an Arctic cruise, which started missionary work amongst these western Eskimos. He was touched by the degraded condition in which he found them, and he wrote to Dr. Sheldon Jackson, then Special Agent for Alaskan Education, pleading that something might be done for them.

I cannot put my hand upon a History of Whaling full of graphic pictures and interesting details, that I picked up at an old book store in Boston—and am so situated that if I cannot put my hand upon a book it is not within three hundred miles of me and probably not within a thousand. Sydney Smith's complaint about his Yorkshire residence that it was "actually twelve miles from a lemon" loses its point up here. Some passer-by, I think, must have been attracted by that book's graphic pictures and interesting details also. Whaling, however, began north of Bering's Straits well before the middle of the last century, and, I think, very shortly after the publication of Beechey's narrative in 1831, in which he mentions the whales of these waters; and just as the fur of the sea-otter was the object of desire that brought about the ruin of the Aleutian islanders, so whalebone was the curse of the Arctic Eskimos. Collinson in the *Enterprise,* returning from the Franklin search in 1854, finds whaling in full swing, and writes that "rum and brandy were the articles most coveted by the natives in exchange for their furs and walrus-teeth."

The first cruise of a revenue cutter above Bering's Straits was that of the *Corwin* in 1880, and it may be

gathered that the early cruises of revenue cutters did not bring much protection to the natives. There are stories still to pick up along the west coast of liquor carried by such craft and of eager profitable trading by both officers and men. At any rate, for thirty or forty years the whalers with crews of the sweepings of San Francisco had unchecked, almost unnoticed, scope to work their will along the coast. Point Hope was one of their chief resorts, for trading, for securing native hands to replace deserters or eke out their scanty companies, and often, beyond question, for procuring native women to serve the uses of officers and men; this last sometimes by liquor and cajolery, sometimes by simple kidnapning.

Beechey was the first white man to land at Point Hope and to come in contact with its natives. The underground habitations were, however, deserted save for a few old men and women and children,—the men gone on their hunting excursions; "some were blind, others decrepit, and, dressed in greasy, worn-out clothes, they looked perfectly wretched." He describes "the heaps of filth and ruined habitations, filled with stinking water." I have never seen an Eskimo village in the summer-time, but I knew how abominable an Indian village can become when the melting snow brings the ordure and garbage of winter to life. If, as I suspect, though the narrative is not clear, Beechey landed on the north side of the point, he would pass through the abandoned part of the village, which has been so long abandoned that I could find no knowledge of the time when it was occupied. It is now a quarry for Eskimo antiquities as well as a sort of coal mine, for I often saw men digging around it and removing the upper layers of soil, saturated with immemorial blubber and seal-oil, for fuel. I procured a number of relics of the "Ipanee Eskimo" as they are called—Eskimo as they lived before their customs and habits had been modified in any way, but many of these relics were so decayed as to crumble and fall to

pieces before I got them home. There is a small market for such wares in passing ships, enough to stimulate excavation.

It was not until 1890 that the first missionary establishments were set up on this coast, at Cape Prince of Wales, at Point Hope and at Point Barrow simultaneously, at the joint charges of the Bureau of Education, and the Congregational, the Episcopal and the Presbyterian churches respectively. The chief praise for the work lies with that remarkable man Dr. Sheldon Jackson, whose appointment to the educational superintendency of Alaska was so wise and fit as to seem accidental to our system when compared with the first appointment of other officials in this territory.

Of the two men who went to Cape Prince of Wales, one, H. R. Thornton, was murdered by drunken natives two years later; the other, William T. Lopp, after twenty years' service at the place, occupies Dr. Sheldon Jackson's post of superintendent today with zeal and success. To Point Hope there went a physician, John B. Driggs, who was in residence for eighteen years.

I had ample leisure to acquaint myself with Point Hope. The place itself, indeed, called for no very long investigation to describe it adequately; it is perhaps as dreary and desolate a spot as may be found on earth. Beechey's "low land, jetting out from the coast to the w.n.w. as far as the eye could reach" is a sandspit about sixteen miles long, broad at its base and tapering to its extremity, where it finally crooks itself downward to a narrow point, something as a forefinger might be crooked, whence its native name "Tiǵ-a-ra," which, like Kivalina, has lost a final "k."

The level sand and gravel, in places covered with growth of moss and grass, but much of it quite bare, is invaded by lagoons communicating with the ocean, so that much of the whole area of the peninsula is gutted out. At the mission there is a fifty or sixty-foot scaffolding of a tower which carries the bell and serves as

a post of observation.* From its summit a good part of the peninsula is visible, but not the whole, nor do I think there is any point nearer than Cape Thomson to the south or Cape Lisburne to the north which would give a full view, and they too far off for any detail. Cape Thomson, twenty-five miles to the south, is the western termination of the most northerly spur of the Endicotts, which are, in fact, the Rocky Mountains; the same range which lifts its white peaks around Coldfoot on the Koyukuk, so that we had now flanked the western extremity of those mountains. Cape Lisburne is the western termination of a range that stretches down obliquely from the northern coast. The country between these elevations seems to form a natural chute for the northeast blizzards that prevail during the winter, and lying thus at the mouth of the chute the barren sandspit is swept by gales of a prolonged ferocity that we who knew only the forested interior of Alaska had no experience to match. From the 1st to the 8th January, 1918, without, I think, a moment's cessation, day or night, a raging blast prevailed from that quarter, with the thermometer at 15° to 30° below zero F., and that was only one of many storms during our six or seven weeks at the place. At what rate the wind blew I could not guess. There had been several installations of an anemometer at the mission, and the interior mechanism yet remained, but the vane had been blown off every time. If the reader will add to these violent, persistent winds, first the driving snow and sand with which they are charged, then the cold that accompanies them, and then the darkness, at a season when the sun does not rise above the horizon at all, he will understand that any continuous travel against them is out of the question, and that even to be outdoors upon necessary occasions while they rage is fraught with discomfort and difficulty, not to say danger. Storms we have in the interior; in certain regions, and especially in cer-

*I have just learned that it was thrown down in a hurricane the following winter.

tain reaches of rivers, high winds that blow for many hours in one direction, but nothing that I have known in ten years of winter travel comparable to these awful Arctic blizzards.

Why should this sandspit, naked to the blast from whatever quarter it blow, be the home of human beings for generation after generation? The answer is very simple: chiefly because it *is* naked to every blast, its situation offers special advantages for seal hunting. The seal is taken at the edge of the shore-ice where the open water begins, and all the winter through the winds are now driving the pack-ice in upon the shore-ice and now driving it out again. When the pack-ice is driven away from the shore-ice, then and then only is sealing possible. The advantage of Point Hope is that almost every wind that blows renders sealing possible on one side of the sandspit or the other, and to these coast Eskimos the seal is the staff of life. If the seal be plentiful they can manage for food and fuel with nothing else. Moreover, in summer a vessel may usually find safe berth by shifting its anchorage from one side to the other of the spit, so that the place has its special elegibility all the year.

This is not the place nor is it my purpose to attempt a general correction of mistaken notions about the Arctic regions, yet it may serve to set right one of them. I have found that it is very commonly imagined that during the winter the polar waters are solidly sheathed in stationary ice. There are no polar waters of any extent so sealed and settled for any length of time. The winds of which I have spoken will break up any ice-sheet however thick and solid, and in general the polar seas are in constant movement under that impulse, so that the notion of a petrified quiescence should be replaced by one of ceaseless, violent disturbance.

A very intelligent gentleman whom I met at Kotzebue, who for three years had been in charge of the government school at Cape Prince of Wales, told me that during those three winters the ice was in constant motion

through Bering Straits, now drifting south and now north, as the wind changed, and that only once in ten or twelve years do the straits close for a few days so as to permit passage on foot. One such occasion occurred during his stay, but he did not avail himself of it. I am afraid that if the opportunity of walking from America to Asia and back had come to me, there would have been an unauthorized holiday in that Eskimo school.

Ten or twelve degrees of latitude further to the north Lieutenant Greely lay all the winter in his wretched camp at Cape Sabine, his men dying one by one of starvation while the ice drifted back and forth in Smith Sound between them and a depôt of provisions upon Lyttleton Island; for letting himself get into which predicament he has been, I think, unnecessarily, or at least, overvehemently, denounced by some not acquainted with his conditions—and by some who were. I am sorry to see Admiral Peary returning *con amore* to the charge in his latest book, *The Secrets of Polar Travel.* It was not upon his first Arctic expedition that all these secrets revealed themselves to the discoverer of the North Pole.

The village of Point Hope clustering as it does about the end of the forefinger of the spit, with easy access to both shores, one is surprised to find the church and the mission school and the missionary's dwelling upwards of a mile away. With the abandoned government school five miles away at Jabbertown (where no one any longer jabbers) and this mission plant withdrawn so far up the sandspit, one has the impression of an infected spot, from close contiguity with which even the agents of amelioration discreetly shrink. The impression is, of course, false. When the government school was built there was a school population, the offspring of Negroes, Portugese, Hawaiians, Germans, Irish, English and I know not what other nationalities and Eskimo wives, whose fathers made a living by whaling. I will not speak of Vancouver's "renegadoes" any more, because some of these people, I do not doubt, were very decent folk;

married and settled, even "renegadoes" may make useful, honest citizens; certainly, some on these coasts deserve no such term, and, whatever their antecedents I found nothing but kindness from any of them. What I have written in general condemnation, however, is of the record, and that record is so ample that I could fill the pages of this book with it did I choose so to burden them. While the abortive school at Jabbertown is thus easily explained, I was never able to reach any explanation of the isolation of the mission, unless it were this: that when Dr. Driggs first settled at this place there was a fresh-water lake hard by the spot where he built, which lake was afterwards turned into a salt lagoon by an invasion of the sea during a storm. This circumstance, and possibly a prudential consideration also, in view of the riot and licence and even sometimes drunken homicides that followed the visits of vessels, in view of the murder of Mr. Thornton of Cape Prince of Wales, who was called to the door and shot with a whale-gun by a drunken Eskimo, may have sufficiently accounted for an original withdrawal which now finds no excuse whatever and is distinctly detrimental to the efficiency of the work. Unfortunately sites once adopted are with great difficulty abandoned, and every additional building or outhouse of any kind, every improvement to the "plant" increases the difficulty.

That was one of my first reflections; there followed a strong feeling that the whole plan of white man's building on the coast, government schools, churches, stores, warehouses and residences, is fundamentally wrong and foolish. With his usual lack of adaptability, the white man has simply reproduced the structures he was used to in temperate climes. The government schools here are just like government schools anywhere else, unsightly and incommodious. The whole establishment of St. Thomas's mission looks for all the world from a little distance like a Manitoba ranch, with its dwelling, its barns and its windmill; the dwelling, in particular, is

lifted clear off the ground and the wind has uninterrupted sweep under it; the schoolhouse is a California bungalow. In the dwelling a thermometer always read fifty degrees lower when put upon the floor than when put up four or five feet upon the wall, and we wore our fur boots indoors; while in the schoolhouse—but I shall come to the schoolhouse later.

I am convinced that the only wise architecture for the Arctic regions is the Eskimo architecture. The aim of the builder of any structure whatever should be to get as much of it underground as possible. I wish I might have had opportunity to try my hand at the adaptation of that style to the white man's requirements, for I am sure that with a little ingenuity it is perfectly practicable. My dwelling house would be a series of communicating apartments, each with its dome, lit by a gut skylight. My church would be built something on the lines of the Mormon tabernacle in Salt Lake City, though of course in miniature, which looks like a collapsing balloon, and I would excavate so that little would raise above the ground but the domes and balloons, from the smooth curved sides of which the wind would glide off instead of smiting them squarely as it does these frame structures. The difficulty about dampness in summer could be overcome by the use of concrete, and by proper trenching. Indeed I think the principal material I should import would be cement. The whole "plant" might look a little as Sydney Smith said the Prince Regent's pavilion at Brighton looked, as if the dome of St. Paul's had come there and pupped, but it would not look bleak and stark and comfortless as these frame buildings do, lifting themselves gauntly from the level tundra to every blast.

Glass was certainly a great improvement upon the integumentary fenestration of the Anglo-Saxons, but it does not follow that it is an improvement upon the same primitive device of the Eskimos. When the panes of glass are plastered thick with snow by every storm, they

not only cease to be transparent but become actually less translucent than seal-gut, and while the latter may be freed from frost and snow by tapping with the hand, the former retains its incrustation virtually all the winter, and a skylight is far and away more copious in illumination than any window of similar size in a wall. When first I went to Texas I used to consider barbed wire as an invention of the devil; and since I have resided in the Arctic regions I attribute storm-sashes to the same agency. Of all ineffective, exasperating, domestic devices, they are amongst the worst. At best they cut down the light of the window by half; they prevent ventilation entirely, or, if the little holes bored in them for this purpose, covered with a slide, be once used, immediately the whole window, inner and outer sashes alike, becomes impenetrably coated with hoar frost. Double glazing of a single sash is very much better; if properly done there is no condensation of moisture into hoar frost at all, and so far as this important particular is concerned they stay perfectly clear all the winter, and thus are a light-giving boon to dwellers in the interior. But on the coast it is otherwise; the snow with which the blizzards are charged drives against the glass just as I have seen paint or whitewash driven against a wall from a hose; it covers the surface almost as completely and adheres almost as closely. Glazed sashes might be used during the summer and replaced by gut-covered frames in the winter. These comments carry no invidious reflection upon any particular builder, since all buildings along the coast from Kotzebue Sound to Point Barrow, ecclesiastical, educational or mercantile, come under the same condemnation.

The longer I stayed at Point Hope, the more I contrasted the discomfort of the dwelling house in windy weather, though a furnace in the cellar were doing its best, with the cosiness of the Eskimo igloos however fiercely the storm might be raging, though warmed by nothing but seal-oil lamps, the more convinced I grew that all the builders of white man's structures in these

parts have erred in not taking a lesson from the aborigines. Just as I feel that log buildings are the only buildings for the forested interior, so I feel that the plan of the domed sod-house, with what substitution of better material experience may suggest and the resources of civilization may provide, is the only plan for Arctic coast buildings. Is there anywhere in the world that the "frame house" is other than a cheap, inflammable abomination?

A young clergyman, earnest and enthusiastic, the Reverend William Archibald Thomas, was in charge of the mission at Point Hope, having the previous summer succeeded the Reverend A. R. Hoare, who had spent ten devoted and laborious years here in succession to Dr. Driggs—such are the short and simple annals of the place in this respect. When Walter and I returned to Alaska in 1916 Mr. Thomas had accompanied us, and we had broken our journey across the continent to spend ten delightful days walking through the Yellowstone Park with knapsacks on our backs; and were not only acquainted but attached. Mr. Thomas, quite unassisted, was clergyman, physician, school-teacher, postmaster and general vicegerent of Providence in local affairs, besides being his own cook and housekeeper; an altogether impossible piling of duties on any one man.

The Christmas season must not detain us, interesting and enjoyable as it was. The Christmas-tree was not without a certain pathos; it consisted of a number of branches of stunted willows tied together, and a man had gone twenty-five miles inland to gather even this poor semblance of a tree, so naked is this coast. The hearty feast that followed the hearty church service (where seventy natives made their Christmas communion) was spread with fried lynx, boiled seal meat, "ice cream" of whipped seal-oil and berries (made in much the same general way as the Indian "ice cream" of moose-fat and berries) and plenty of tea and hardtack.

The dancing that followed was very interesting, the

most expert native dancing that I have ever seen; two men, then three men, and last and finest exhibition of all, four men, moving in the most complicated pre-arranged series of poses and gesticulations and in the most perfect unison, to the accompaniment of drums and general chanting. The elaborate involved attitudes, changed with great rapidity and instant accord, the vivacity and sparkle and evident thorough enjoyment, were very pleasing, and to save my life I cannot understand why all the other missions and all the government schools should make such a dead set against this harmless amusement. There is no more offence in it than in an exhibition of Indian club swinging. Call a thing "barbaric," however, in your supercilious way, and suppress it, seems the rule. One remembers Macaulay's saying that the Puritans suppressed bear-baiting, not because it hurt the bear but because it gave pleasure to the people, and one suspects a lingering of the old superstition that there is something essentially wicked in merry enjoyment, which I take to be just as far from the truth as any sorcery of medicine men can be. I am glad that this Eskimo dancing is not only tolerated but, at due season, encouraged at Point Hope.

So soon as normal conditions were resumed after the holidays I relieved Mr. Thomas of most of the school-teaching, and Walter and I together relieved him of all of the housework; in return for which he gave Walter an hour a day in mathematics and another in Latin; the literature and history instruction continuing as before, supplemented by the writing of a daily set theme, so that the three of us were quite fully occupied. There was, moreover, for Walter, the care of the dogs, including the mission team, the purchasing and cutting up of seals and the cooking of the flesh with rice or meal for them, and presently the beginning of the building of a fine new sled with which to replace our toboggan.

The first of January was Walter's twenty-fifth birthday and we made a feast, a ptarmigan apiece, stuffed

and roasted, roast potatoes and green peas, with a "shortcake" of canned strawberries to follow, and Mr. Thomas set the table with twenty-five little red Christmas candles in his honour. Thomas gave him a handsome pair of native reindeer-skin boots for a birthday present. That night we finished reading *Romeo and Juliet* and began *The Merchant of Venice,* and I read aloud for an hour a number of pieces from different poets in the well-selected mission library. A very happy day, it is noted in my diary, and a day that I shall always remember. Not only had Walter entirely recovered from his sickness but he began to look more stalwart even than before, and while there is sometimes truth in the saying that "two is company, three is none" it was not so with the trio at the mission.

It was very hard for me to think of Walter as a grown man, though so far as treating him as such is concerned he had the entire management of all our travelling affairs, which during the last two winters I had relinquished to him with much comfort and relief, but he had so long been my boy as well as my pupil that he was always such in my mind. Indeed there were few finer specimens of manhood to be found anywhere, in stature or in general physique, and he not only attracted all whom he met, whites and natives alike, by his prepossessing appearance, but won them by his amiable, gracious disposition. I think Thomas had become almost as fond of him as I was.

I have it noted in my diary from this birthday-night reading that I never realized before how very uncertain and corrupt the text of some of Shakespeare's plays is. Hitherto the possession of only one book had made it necessary for me to look over Walter's shoulder as he read; now at the mission there were two other copies of Shakespeare, and I could follow in one while Walter read in another. But in *Romeo and Juliet* and in *The Merchant of Venice* I found myself continually checking him for mistakes that were not mistakes but variant readings;

sometimes whole lines would be different; sometimes the sense considerably altered. So I set down the book I was using and took the second mission copy—and lo! still a third text, differing differently but almost as widely, and I was compelled at last to look over his shoulder again. Of course all this is well known to Shakespeare students, but I think that the average reader, who confines his reading to one edition, would never suspect the extent to which the text varies in others, nor would discover it unless two or three editions were in reading at once.

Throughout Christmas week the finest, calmest weather prevailed, and the old natives said, as usual, that they could not remember so long a spell without any wind. When we sent up some fire-balloons on Christmas night, they rose almost straight up to a considerable height, and drifted so slowly inland amidst the stars that they looked like yellow stars themselves.

But on New Year's Day came the wind, which gradually rose to the eight days' blizzard I have already spoken of, and never again during our stay at Point Hope was there entirely calm weather. On the 2nd January school resumed, and for three weeks together, and then, after an interval, for another week, I made the close acquaintance of the children and, through them, with many of the parents. School and the storm coming together, I was at once impressed with the hardship imposed upon the children by the distance they had to walk. A mile and a quarter or so is no great matter for children attending a country school, but when every step of that distance must be fought for against a blizzard, it is a different thing. The smaller children, of course, stayed at home, but I thought the fifteen who came regularly all that week were the bravest children I ever knew.

The California bungalow of a schoolhouse was not impervious to the gale, and every morning the fine snow that had sifted in had to be brushed out; the little stove was inadequate to its office under such conditions, and, worst of all, the coal supply was short. Every pound of

it came in sacks from somewhere on the Pacific coast, and the sacks in which it was shipped were so rotten (due perhaps to war-time scarcity of jute, or else to the mere common rascality of dealers with which the helpless customers of the north are so familiar, for which the war merely serves as an unusually good excuse) that fully a third of it had been lost in landing. Since no more could be procured until the next summer, and the supply had been rather closely calculated, it was necessary to exercise a rigid economy. The children sat at their desks in their reindeer parkees and boots; even at the beginning of the day in their fur mitts as well; their breath rose in clouds of steam and I had to let them come in groups of three or four to warm themselves from time to time. Lessons that involved writing were impossible for the first hour or two; the blackboards would be so greasy with rime from the condensation of breath as to be unusable could numbed fingers have held the chalk; so that reading lessons always occupied the first period.

Children more docile or more eager to learn I never knew, and some of them were quite as intelligent as any children of their ages I have ever taught. But the difficulties of giving instruction in an unknown tongue, often with regard to entirely unknown and unimagined things, are very great. The best plan for such a school is to have a native assistant for the younger children who can translate into their own language the names of things, and I did constantly so employ one or other of the elder pupils, which was not entirely fair to them. I am amused when I read in an Arctic school report that the native assistant having fallen sick or died or gone off to get married, or in some way become unavailable, the teacher thinks that the speaking of English is "really advanced by his absence." It doubtless is, but the understanding of English is quite another matter. The ordinary primers and readers, dealing as they do with scenes and objects utterly foreign, have been superseded, in part, in the government schools, by a series

From a photograph by W. A. Thomas.

POINT HOPE—THE SCHOOL AND THE CHILDREN.

written especially for Eskimos, but not, I thought, specially well done. In one of them the children were instructed about seals, for instance, by a writer who knew much less of those interesting mammals than the children themselves. Yet for beginners I should deem them preferable to the ordinary "outside" books we used at Point Hope. Here was a lesson on "A Day in the Woods," and here were children who never saw a tree growing in their lives and who made no mental connection whatever between the bleached dead trunks washed up at times on their shore and the green umbrageousness of the pictures. Most of these children, I am sure, thought of driftwood as a marine product like seaweed. It was, of course, eminently desirable that they should be set right, but hardly that such correction should attend their first steps in English.

The distinction between "b's" and "p's" was an almost insurmountable difficulty, lingering even with the oldest scholars. One bright little chap, struggling with such exotic matter as I have referred to, and striving for utterance in phrases instead of disconnected single words, after long cogitation delivered himself thus: "They—got—the water: from—the bump." Poor little chap! "Bump" and "pump" were all the same to him; they got their water by melting the ice of a lake five miles from the village. In the spring and early summer the pinnacles of the jagged sea-ice on the shore grow fresh enough for use, the salt draining out to the lower layers, but all the winter through they must take the dogs and go five miles for water. Round a provident igloo you will see the fresh-water ice stacked up for future use like stove-wood round a cabin in the interior.

The "p" and "b" difficulty is just as great with the natives of the interior. Shortly before I left Fort Yukon I had a letter from the chief of the Ketchumstocks, a remote band between Eagle and the Tanana Crossing which I had visited the previous winter, written by the hand of a youth who had had some schooling at the

former place, and it ran, in part, thus: "Archdeacon, please bray for me; me no good bray; all the time plenty like speak but no sabe; you all the time strong bray; please bray for me"—and I present it with my compliments to some who may not be displeased with this view of the "archdiaconal functions." Simple, kindly, tractable folk, whether of the interior or of the coast, groping in dim half-light that shall brighten more and more unto the perfect day, my heart long ago went out to them, and I am sorry for anyone who can find nothing to touch him in the chief's letter but the blunder of his amanuensis.

With the older scholars, most of whom were of the church choir and sang with enthusiasm a goodly collection of chants and hymns, I found what experience had led me to expect: that readiness in the reading and pronouncing of English was no index to the understanding of the same. Here was a boy of sixteen, reading in an American history of the old prejudiced sort that we have lately grown somewhat ashamed of, but that served him quite as well as the most impartial chronicle could have done; reading as glibly as you please, so that I was gratified at his apparent attainments. When the first day I taught him he read that "the flag was raised to the accompaniment of thunders of artillery and the strains of martial music" I stopped him more from force of habit I think, than from any real doubt that he understood, and asked what "artillery" meant? He did not know; nor did he know what "martial music" meant; and the thing that made me sorry and distrustful was that he did not seem to care much whether he knew or not, though proud of his ability to read so well. Then presently he went on, "King George threatened to hang our parrots" (for patriots) without flinching at the blunder, and I reflected that in any hanging of parrots Point Hope could not be overlooked. As soon as he wrote anything at all of his own composition, the poverty of his English appeared.

It is the same old story: the facility with which a cer-

tain even accurate reading of a language may be acquired compared with the difficulty of a real knowledge and understanding of it; the story of John Milton growing blind teaching his daughters to read Greek and Latin aloud to him without knowing what they read. If there were this contented failure to grasp the meaning of simple narrative prose, what about the somewhat involved meaning, and what it is the fashion to call "archaic" diction, of verse? And if these best-instructed youths failed in appreciation of what they sang, what about the rest of the congregation? The inevitable answers to these questions—and I would, with all respect, press them upon such as are concerned with them—did but fortify exceedingly my conviction that the mother tongue is the only adequate vehicle for worship, and I am encouraged to believe that the clergyman in charge at this place, of sufficient linguistic training and scholastic habit, now that he is relieved of the school by an assistant, will set about gaining such a knowledge of the Eskimo language as shall enable him to translate the liturgy and hymnody of the Church into it, if not the Scriptures themselves. He would raise himself a monument more durable than brass thereby. There must be extensive Greenland translations that would be of great assistance, and I know that there are fragments of the Scriptures on this coast and at Herschel Island.

Let me say emphatically that in all this criticism of the attainments of the children is intended no slightest reflection upon those who have taught them. For much the most of the ten years past, and for all of the eighteen years before that, we have had one lone man here. Did I feel that despite this disclaimer there could linger in any reasonable mind a thought that my remarks involve disparagement of men whose labours I honour, I would strike out all this section about the school entirely, though indeed my chief purpose is to illustrate the need of a teacher who shall be exclusively a teacher.

On the 7th January the storm abated after a solid

week of the most continuous bitter weather I ever experienced in my life, and that day at noon the children joyfully cried out, "The sun! the sun!" Looking out of the window, there he was, a ruddy globe on the horizon, very pleasant to see after a month's absence. By the local calendar he should have returned on the 4th, but the air had been too full of driving snow to see him until today.

When I had become well acquainted with the children and the weather had moderated, I used to take walks down to the village and round about it with some of the boys, who gave me the name of the occupant of each habitation and strove very hard to impart general information, so that I was soon able to "mark well her bulwarks and tell all the towers thereof." We strolled through the long-abandoned, ruined part, and the boys said, pointing to the old mounds, "No flour, no sugar, no tea; just only seal-meat and fish," in commiseration of the hard case of their ancestors. Out upon the ice we went and there sat a man jigging for tom-cod through a hole, with a considerable pile of the little fellows frozen beside him. "My father," said one of the boys, and then added with pride, "councilman," and I was glad for this evidence of civic spirit. Before we had left there came an Eskimo hauling a dead seal behind him, the little three-legged stool on which he had sat, maybe for hours, beside its blow-hole, strapped to his back, together with his gun and gaff and other implements, a common enough sight in these parts; and the boys began eagerly to tell me which of themselves had killed seals. When we were at the extreme end of the spit I noted that it was the most westerly longitude that I had ever reached, or on this journey should reach, within a degree and a half of the most westerly point of America, and within thirteen degrees of the meridian at which west longitude changes to east longitude on our maps; in latitude we were well past the 68th parallel; so that I was at once further west and further north than I had ever been before.

On another occasion I had with me Kérawak, my pet

POINT HOPE—JIGGING FOR TOMCOD.

The little net on a pole is used to keep the hole free from ice.

malamute, and as I saw him dig in the beach and carry something from the place in his mouth, I called him to find what it was. I know not when I have been more surprised than to find it was a star-fish. The last star-fish I had seen was on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico, and I had always associated them with tropical, or at least, temperate, waters and knew not that they inhabited the Arctic Ocean also. Most people think of the Arctic Ocean as remote and different from the other waters of the world, so different in all respects as to set it in a class by itself, and I had shared this impression in large degree. Yet here was this little dead creature proclaiming the contrary, proclaiming the same waters and the same inhabitants as all the other oceans and seas. Each of its radiating arms seemed to claim connection and kinship with some great body of water and the life that swarmed in it: this with the Atlantic, this with the Pacific, this with the Indian Ocean, this with the Antarctic, and once again I was struck with the fundamental unity of things underlying all superficial diversity. While thus ruminating, intending to carry the little dried specimen home as a memento, Kérawak grabbed it from my hand and ate it up. It was his, I suppose, since he found it, and there is not much in the animal world inedible to a malamute dog—he needed no lesson to teach him *that* view of the essential unity of things. A little later I was surprised to find crabs so common as to be a regular article of diet. I knew that the survivors of Greely's expedition lived on shrimps, but I did not know that crabs crawled in these waters.

I have mentioned the well-selected mission library. It was a pleasure to find so many good books on the shelves, and I am glad to vary my steady diet of Gibbon with a re-reading of much of Motley, several volumes of Fiske, Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times* and Victor Hugo's *History of a Crime.* I remember when I used to think *Les Misérables* the greatest novel ever written, but a maturer acquaintance with Hugo finds more to repel

than attract. The bombast and egotism of the *History of a Crime,* the declamation, the pose, the ever-present self-consciousness, had the effect mainly of arousing my sympathy for Napoleon III; had much the same sort of effect on me that the reading of John Knox's *History of the Church of Scotland* had on John Wesley. But the prize of the library was a volume of some considerable value, I judge, from a collector's point of view—Pierce Egan's *Life in London* with coloured prints by George Cruikshank. The discovery of this book brought back my boyhood very vividly, for I once heard George Cruikshank give a temperance lecture (which I have completely forgotten) and was taken up at its close to shake hands with the veteran caricaturist and reformer, a little, wizened but most vivacious old man who danced about the platform; which I remember very well indeed. Upon our walls at home hung some of his clever prints, full of action and character, and I was keen to meet the man who had drawn them. Here in the Arctic regions it was strange to come upon his work again, and the roistering high life which Pierce Egan depicts with so much gusto, with its Corinthian Tom, its Vauxhall, its Tattersall's, struck me chiefly, I think, from a sense of its wild incongruity with my present surroundings. Here was its fulsome dedication to "the accomplished gentleman, the profound and elegant scholar, the liberal and enlightened prince, George IV," then newly come to the throne; God save the mark!—one grew more grateful upon reading it to Beau Brummel for the delicious impudence of "Who's your fat friend?" How narrowly the English crown escaped ruin from that rake's wearing! Let me write it down to his credit, however, that Beechey declares that the voyages of Parry and the first of Franklin owed much to his "enlightened encouragement," and take hope that this also is not mere adulation from the circumstance that George IV was dead when it was written. But again it was interesting to reflect that in meeting George Cruikshank I had been in touch with a

man who was born before Louis XVI was guillotined; whose life and mine together bridged the gap between the French and the Russian revolutions, between the Jacobins and the Bolsheviki. I wonder how that book came to Point Hope! I should like to write an essay some day upon books I have come across in most out-of-the-way places.

I find it noted on the 13th January that the sun was above the horizon for fully two hours, although he is not visible at all until the 4th; so quickly does he climb once he reappears. On that day Walter and Mr. Thomas skinned a seal. Hitherto we had bought them skinned, for the current price of a medium-sized seal, $3, is reduced a dollar if the vendor keep the skin, and as we used only the flesh for dog-feed, and had no use for the skins, we had bought them ready to cut up. But it was characteristic of Walter that, thinking from the accounts we had received of the scarcity of dog-feed to the north it was likely we might have to go sealing ourselves by and by to feed our dogs, he desired to familiarize himself with the flensing, which differs from the skinning of land animals. Thomas also had bought his seals flensed, but, ready as Walter for any new experience that would improve his Arctic competence, joined in the task. The skin must be removed, if possible, before the carcass freezes, and without cutting into the thick layer of blubber just beneath it. The latter is no easy job, nor was it successfully performed; and the two men, and the back kitchen where the deed was done, reeked with blood and oil. Walter had it set down in his diary that day, "Mr. Thomas and I skinned a seal; the archdeacon stood around and made remarks"—which I certainly did; never was kitchen in a filthier, viler mess; the stuff froze on the floor before it could be removed and for days I slipped about on it.

About the middle of January came a wandering fur-buyer, long used to traffic on this coast, gathering up skins which might escape, or for which he might outbid,

the local traders, and intending further travel above as far as Icy Cape or Wainwright; of some Austrian extraction or other, I think, and though most of his life resident in America retaining his original broken English despite an immense volubility. An expansive, jovial, gross sort of man, full of news and stories, carrying everything with great heartiness and self-assurance, I can yet hear his guffaws of boisterous hilarity breaking in upon our studious seclusion and rising above the Arctic gale. The news which he had of the war, two weeks later than we had brought with us, was still grave and unfavourable. According to him the Germans and Austrians were overrunning Italy:—"Dem Dagoes now got to eat sauerkraut instead of macaroni." In such wise came word to the Arctic coast of the invasion that followed the disaster of Caporetto. To a direct question he was loyal, but he was not shedding any tears over the fate of "dem Dagoes."

We entertained him—and he entertained us. After dinner our usual work lapsed altogether while we laughed at his anecdotes and reminiscences. One of them about a trader on the coast I thought exceedingly funny. This man, an Englishman from a ship, I think, was entirely illiterate when he started in business, though, to his great credit, he afterwards taught himself to read and write and keep books. But at first he used a system of signs and hieroglyphics for the articles he dealt in that no one but himself could understand, and himself sometimes mistook. He had charged a customer for a cheese and the customer denied the charge. "But it's down 'ere," said the trader, pointing to a circle or a section of cylinder by which it was symbolized. "I don't care," said the customer, "I ain't had no cheese and I ain't going to pay for none!" "Well, what did you get anyway?" "I got a grindstone you ain't charged me for." "Oh sure, that's it; it's a grindstone; I forgot to put in the 'ole!"

Pursuing his quest further north, intending to reach

WALTER HARPER. REV. W. A. THOMAS. THE AUTHOR.

THE THREE AT THE POINT HOPE MISSION.

(From a photograph made at Dawson a year and a half before.)

Icy Cape or Wainwright Inlet, our visitor departed and we were left to the even tenor of our tasks till the mail arrived on the 19th from Point Barrow. Three times in the winter a mail leaves Point Barrow for Kotzebue by dog-team and returns to Point Barrow, taking about a month each way, a very welcome break in the monotony of that long season. Since the only regular mail of the summer above Kotzebue is that carried by the revenue cutter, the dwellers on the coast are really better off as to communication with the world in the winter than in the summer. The mail brought word of bad travelling and great scarcity of dog-feed.

I had been casting about for guidance to Point Barrow ever since we arrived, but without much success. Not only was there no one anxious to go, but the expense of procuring a man and a team (he would need a team for the return) would be very considerable, and there was the scarcity of dog-feed to consider. It was suggested that we follow the mail, which in two or three weeks would return from Kotzebue on its way north, and continue our journey with it, thus dispensing with a special guide, and this seemed the most likely plan. Mr. Thomas talked of accompanying us as far as Icy Cape, which is more than halfway.

The fine new sled was made, some of the elder schoolboys having helped for the instruction in carpentering. It was built along coast lines, the runners extending well to the rear that the driver may stand upon them, and a vertical bow or hoop, which the hands may conveniently grasp while so standing, replacing the handlebars. Such a model is of little use in the deep snow of the interior, where the leverage of the handlebars is necessary for swinging the sled from side to side continually, with which operation, moreover, the extended runners would greatly interfere; it is a model that has grown out of the coast conditions and needs, and is admirably suited to them. There was a convenient toolshop and workshop at the mission—which, like all the rest of the establish-

ment, would be much more useful to the natives were it nearer their abodes—and this served for everything but the steaming of the bent portions of the woodwork, an operation which must be conducted where continuous heat was available, and when this stage of construction was reached the kitchen was continually invaded by ingenious contrivances for the application of steam, and the whole house hung with pieces of wood constrained by ligatures to the retention of the curve which had thus been given them.

Walter's desire for a polar bear was almost matched by Mr. Thomas's, and on several occasions they snatched some hours to wander on the sea-ice. I took it upon myself to prohibit such excursions except under Eskimo guidance, which may have been an excess of caution, but I esteemed them as not without danger in the darkness, the almost constant wind, the total absence of landmarks. With the rapid shifting of the wind that we had several times observed, it was not necessary to recall the cases we had heard of in which men had been carried out to sea with the pack, to realize that there was risk in extended wandering.

One evening there came word that a polar bear had been seen crossing the sandspit, and since there was a good moon and it was comparatively calm, the two of them decided to make a night of it. An old experienced Eskimo having been secured, they sallied forth about ten o'clock, leaving me sole occupant of the house, who was under no temptation to accompany them.

I have come to the conclusion that I am lacking in what seems amongst writers in "outdoor" magazines the chief claim nowadays to any distinction, the possession of "red blood." I suppose Jack London is the literary father of all such, though the vein he worked is but an offshoot from that main modern impulse-giver, Rudyard Kipling, the wide extent of whose influence is continually appearing in unexpected quarters. I do not think Sir Walter Scott in his generation, or Carlyle in

the next, had as great general influence amongst his contemporaries. By how much Kipling has sped, and by how much has merely spoken, the spirit and thought of the times, would be a valuable enquiry, and it must be remembered that the stories that have had most effect were written thirty years, and almost the last of the yet more potent verse, full twenty years ago. While far from charging Kipling with Jack London's crudities and brutalities, I yet think the influence of the master may be seen in his works enough to warrant the relation of disciple.

At any rate this "red blood" distinction has become as much an obsession as "blue blood" ever was, and, as far as I can gather, it means simply a pleasure in shedding blood, pleasure at the sight of blood. Without it no effort, however strenuous, no endurance, however prolonged, no pursuit, however resolute and single-eyed, can rescue a man from the character of effeminacy. The stockbrokers' clerks, who, I am told, constitute the chief subscribers to these "red-blooded" magazines, plume themselves upon their unchallengeable manliness when they have slaughtered a deer in Maine or Vermont; their employers claim an altogether super-manliness if they kill a moose in Nova Scotia, while the Napoleons of finance themselves are as proud of a Kadiak bear as of a wrecked railroad. Since I am quite sure I have no blue blood, and these gentlemen would deny me red, I suppose mine must be green, for perhaps no man ever had better opportunities of killing North American big game—moose, caribou, mountain sheep and bears—and killed none. Pleasure in watching these animals in their haunts, pleasure in their agility and strength and beauty, I have often enjoyed, but there is no pleasure to me in destroying all these fine qualities at a blow from a "reeking tube" in my hand, no pleasure in watching the convulsive throbs and the terror-stricken eyes of a splendid beast in his death agonies, but rather strong repulsion. I have no objection to eating of the spoils of the chase,

and have always been fortunate enough to have in my company one who was eager to provide them. There is, however, some slight element of danger in hunting a polar bear even with modern repeating rifles which gives a zest to it that I can understand; a zest quite wanting in the killing of moose and caribou.

What I lacked in this respect Walter and Mr. Thomas quite abundantly made up, so they went off to track the polar bear and left me alone in the house. The night before we had talked much of Dr. Driggs, his long work here and its miserable end. There is no doubt that his solitary residence had told upon him and that he had become mentally unbalanced, and little doubt that towards the last he had addicted himself to the use of drugs. I cannot see any good in hushing up such matters. To acclaim a man for years a hero in the high-flown manner of missionary publications, and then suddenly drop him and mention him no more at all, is likely to rouse a suspicious bewilderment that is worse than the commiseration that would follow a knowledge of the facts. That he was mentally unbalanced his eccentric doings and sayings establish, and that he fell latterly into a use of stimulants, I think very likely. Anyone who has spent eighteen years alone in the Arctic regions and has retained his full faculties and self-control, is entitled to throw the first stone at his memory, I think, and no one else. It became necessary to remove him, there is no question about that; and there can be no question in the minds of those who know the Bishop of Alaska that it was done with all gentleness and tenderness and consideration. I warrant he had rather have cut his hand off than do it, but, as we say in the north, "he had it to do."

But Dr. Driggs took it ill; refused to accept his passage out and retiring in dudgeon some twenty miles further up the coast made his residence with an Eskimo family; venturing a little income of his own in a native whaling enterprise. It is said that whenever the weather per-

mitted he would continually walk the beach, looking towards the sandspit which had been his home so long, muttering and gesticulating. Here, some years later, he fell very ill. Word of his plight came to his successor at Point Hope on the wings of a gale that denied return against it for some days, and when it was possible to travel he was found already dead.

The change at Point Hope from the conditions described by Lieutenant Commander Stockton to those which now prevail, is largely the result of Dr. Drigg's labours, and if I were erecting monuments on the Arctic coast, the first would be on the summit of Cape Prince of Wales to the memory of Harrison Thornton of Virginia, martyr, and the next would be on the sandspit at Point Hope to John Driggs, M. D., of Maryland. I should like to tell something of the stories I gathered about the drunken, despotic, polygamous chief, Ah-ten-ow̆-rah, who ruled this community by terror in those early days, whose hands were red with the blood of many of his people and who was at last killed as the result of a conspiracy. It is said that the principal men of the place, to rid themselves of a ruffian of whom they were all afraid, drew lots who should despatch him, and that the one on whom the lot fell shot at him through the seal-gut window of his igloo, knowing where the old man was wont to lie, and that one of his wives who was in the plot plunged a knife into him as soon as he had been shot. His grave stands separate from all the rest, marked by two gigantic jawbones of whales, the largest, it is said, ever killed by Point Hope people. All the above-the-ground graves have of late years been removed, the bones gathered and buried within an enclosure fenced around by the most singular fence in the world, I think—of whales' jawbones. But the bloody, defiant, old heathen's body was not admitted within the consecrated precincts, and lies outside, marked by two jawbones that tower over all the rest.

It was into such scenes that Dr. Driggs entered when

he landed at Point Hope and started a school. How very slowly and gradually he made an impression upon the people and, little by little, won their confidence and respect; how many times his own life was in danger; how many times his hopes were dashed, his efforts seemingly in vain; how at length he began to prevail until he was able to lead the people whither he would; these things must be imagined by those who are not willing to dig them out of many years' brief contributions to missionary publications. I am able to put my hand upon one disinterested tribute to Dr. Driggs. The explorer Mikkelsen (of whom more later) wrote in 1907: "He is beloved in the village, and the young men and women look upon him as a father who does all he can to make the people for whom he has sacrificed his life a useful and self-dependent race." *

My mind was full of these things, and especially full of Dr. Driggs, his faithful labour and his miserable end, when the two young men went polar bear hunting and left me alone in the house. I read awhile in a desultory way and then went to bed. Meanwhile the wind had risen again and whistled and whined about the house, and a loose dog, I think, had crept for shelter between the floor and the ground and made strange noises. Again and again after I had put out my light I started up in bed thinking that I heard footsteps below. Most stairs creak when they are trodden upon, but some have the miserable habit of creaking without being trodden upon, and the mission house stairs were of that kind. Frequently I was sure I heard someone coming upstairs and entering the little room across the hall from mine. I listened and listened—and lay down again, already creepy and afraid. But my mind instead of composing itself to sleep brought up visions of the old doctor, in ragged and dishevelled Arctic attire, pacing the beach near Cape Lisburne, raising his clenched hand against Point Hope and those who had dispossessed him. I was taken with the notion that

* *Conquering the Arctic Ice*, p. 373.

he would not lie quiet until his bones had been translated to the place where his life work was done. Presently I dozed off and dreamed, and the same haggard figure rose before me, grew gigantic and ghastly, gnashing its teeth and slavering, and I started awake with the feeling that someone was entering my room. Looking at the door in the faint light that filtered from the moon through double sashes obscured by encrusted snow, I was certain that it was moving, that very slowly it was opening, and then that someone, something, was in the room with me. The wailing of the wind took a tone of human despair that pierced my excited brain and for awhile I lay in an agony of fright, utterly unnerved and abject. I suppose there are others who can remember similar visitations of senseless terror in the watches of the night, even since their childhood, but this was the most vivid and unnerving experience of the kind I have ever had. I have not consciously tried to heighten it, but only to describe what it requires no effort a year after to recall. I never saw Dr. Driggs in life, but the unshaven, dishevelled, minatory figure in greasy ragged furs of my dream, is stamped indelibly on my mind. Presently I recovered myself, but with a resolution that I would never be left alone at night in that house again. And I should really like to know that Dr. Driggs's body had been translated.

The hunters returned in the morning empty-handed, having taken refuge in a little hut built on the bank of one of the lagoons as a resort for fowling in the summer, which they happened to be near when the wind arose, and where they spent a miserable night although it was provided with a stove and some fuel. They had been as sleepless as I.

I have lingered at Point Hope beyond my intent, though, I am afraid, not beyond my habit. So many interesting things crowd to my mind from the suggestions in my diary that I could fill this book without leaving Point Hope, granted a reasonable discursiveness; and it is hard to realize that things that appear so interesting

to me may not have the same appeal to a reader. There is one other incident I should like to record before the journey is resumed—one that unfortunately did not interest me enough. An excellent little monthly publication of the Bureau of Education at Nome, called *The Eskimo,* had offered prizes, or was understood to have offered prizes, for English transcriptions of native legends by native hands; and some interest had been excited in the matter at Point Hope. One day while Mr. Thomas was attending to postal matters and I was sitting reading *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* beside him, there entered a young man who had been encouraged to attempt such a transcription, with a manuscript book in his hand. Mr. Thomas was all interest and attention at once and asked me to listen, and the young man began to read. Those who are familiar with Indian and Eskimo legends know their interminable length and monotony. Their chief characteristic seems to be lack of all point and purpose. They have neither beginning, middle, nor end, and, once launched, there seems no reason why they should ever stop. I had heard many similar stories from Indians; years ago Walter had told me what he remembered of them. They have a certain ethnological value for comparison with similar stories from other Eskimo people, from Indians; as giving some slight evidence of common or different origin and perhaps throwing a little light on possible migrations; very slight and not to be built upon at all, I should judge—did not David Livingstone find that the stories he heard around camp fires in South Africa were wonderfully like those told him in his childhood by his Hebridean grandfather?—yet perhaps giving a measure of corroborative force to some view otherwise sustained. It is partly upon the ground, for instance, of the frequent references to Ar-ki-lí-nik in Greenland legends of widely separated tribes, as I understand, that the region northwest of Hudson Bay is regarded by many as the original home of the Eskimos, and the view of a general westerly rather than easterly

migration of these people along the north coast of America, which seems to prevail in ethnological circles today, is based upon a close examination of many such stories, and other similar philological evidence of dialects and place-names. Historical or literary interest they have none.

I listened for awhile until, through the broken English which at first kept my attention in the effort to understand, I perceived that this story was of the same old kind. When the man had got up, started a fire, boiled a fish for breakfast and travelled along the coast all day a dozen times over, the thing became a burden, and rather shamefacedly I let my eyes drop to the book in my lap, Motley's heroic Dutchmen at least meaning something and attempting something. I thought I detected a turgidness, especially about the early part of Motley, that I had not associated with it upon a reading many years before; some sort of echo of Carlyle, perhaps?—some influence of the dithyrambs of the French Revolution? I wondered if it were so, or if I were growing finical and hypercritical, Gibbon perhaps spoiling me for any who cannot carry their learning so lightly. I suppose I had been reading half an hour, the voice still wearily droning along, the man still going to bed and arising and cooking his breakfast and his supper, meeting an occasional old woman and exchanging some cryptic remarks with a raven or a hare, rolling stones from the mountain upon the igloos of people who were unkind to him, when, happening to look up, I saw that Thomas was fast asleep in his chair. At the same moment the young man looked up and saw the same thing, and our eyes thereupon meeting, we burst into laughter which woke Thomas to join in our merriment. The good nature of the Eskimo is what struck me most forcibly. There was no chagrin at the result of his laborious literary effort, but merely amusement at Mr. Thomas's expense that it had put him to sleep. It was the same young man who had sent a letter a few days before, beginning in the most formal

way, "Dear Reverend Friend, Sir," and thereupon plunging into the utmost familiarity with, "Say, Thomas."

Mr. Thomas had planned a visit to Kivalina towards the end of January, hoping then to be free to visit Icy Cape with us, and we decided to accompany him in this preliminary excursion to the south, leaving on the 23rd. It did indeed seem like tempting Providence to put ourselves deliberately south of Cape Thomson again, but the natives went freely back and forth, taking their chances of detention and making the best of it if it came.

It is not necessary to re-describe the journey, but an incident at the close of the first day's run may show the violence of the wind and the difficulties which glare ice may cause. We had reached the vicinity of the cape and were intending to spend the night at an igloo just north of it. Little more than the width of a lagoon separated us from this habitation, but to cross this lagoon we had to turn almost squarely into the wind, which had swept and polished the ice so that the dogs could get no footing and therefore could exert no traction. Walter went ahead with a rope tied round his waist and to the harness of the leader. Again and again we were blown right back to the beach, despite all our efforts. Here and there across the quarter of a mile or so of ice were little patches of hard snow that adhered to its surface. With infinite labour, blowing back two feet for every three feet advanced, we managed to reach the first of those snow-islands. It happened most inopportunely that the ice-creepers, which had not been used before this winter but would have been invaluable now, were left behind, and a hasty search in the hand-sack having revealed this, there was nothing for it but to repeat the process until the next patch of snow was reached. Here Walter turned loose two of the dogs which were not only not pulling—none of them was pulling—but were actually pulling back, and it was funny to see them swept bodily away by the wind, squealing, until they brought up at a snow patch and

NATURAL ARCH AT CAPE THOMPSON.

there stood and howled. While I looked back in amusement and thus turned myself sideways to the wind, a large black silk kerchief was whipped out of the pocket on the breast of my parkee and carried off instantly and irrecoverably. The wind was not cold, or we could not have faced it at all, but so persistently violent that it took us two hours to cross the lagoon from snow patch to snow patch. Mr. Thomas had been unable to cross at all and was preparing to make such camp as he could until the wind moderated, when Walter, our team safely across, went back to help him while I took my dogs and sled on to the igloo; and a long while after they reached it also. Had the wind been behind us we should have gone flying before it, but on such glassy surface it is next to impossible to make any progress against the wind. The next morning there was wind, but it was fair for doubling the cape and we passed it with ease, and had almost the same experience on our return, so that three times that winter we passed and repassed the cape without any trouble at all—a piece of good fortune that we were very thankful for.

The three days that we spent at Kivalina as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Reese, the school-teacher and his wife, were full of interest. The night of our arrival the schoolhouse was crowded with Eskimos and we held service and spoke to the people through the excellent local interpreter. After the service I was forced again, by the late foolish marriage law of the territorial legislature, into the position of a law-breaker. That law requires a license before any marriage may be solemnized, and a personal application to a United States commissioner before a license can be procured. I do not think the scattered natives entered into the heads of the legislators at Juneau when this law was devised, but it is so drawn that it applies to them without exception. Here were three couples waiting to be married; waiting, that is, in the usual native way; waiting for the ceremony but not waiting for the cohabitation. One of the couples, a

fine young man and woman, had made a journey to Point Hope to get married before Christmas, knowing that there was a clergyman there. But Mr. Thomas had been informed of the new law by the judge at Nome and had been warned not to perform any marriages without a license. Now there is no commissioner at Point Hope and none at Kivalina, and that winter there was none at Kotzebue. The nearest commissioner was at Candle on the Seward peninsula, about 200 miles from Kivalina and nearly 300 from Point Hope; and these are not the native settlements in Alaska most remote from such officials, so that it will be seen what a hardship this law imposes. Of another couple, the man was a cripple, incapable of the long journey unless he were hauled all the way in a sled, and in the third case a baby was soon expected.

It is in the highest degree unwise to make the marriage of natives difficult; it will mean simply the reversion to the old state of things which the missionaries for a generation have been striving to abolish. One of the reasons for my long winter journeys every year is to provide opportunity at remote mission stations where there is no resident clergyman, and amongst the scattered native communities, for the Christian marriage of those who would otherwise have none. I had grave doubts as to the competency of the territorial legislature to pass such a law touching the "uncivilized tribes" of Alaska, who, by the terms of the treaty with Russia, are the direct wards of the federal government, doubts which the district attorney whom I consulted shared, but a long and careful letter to the department of justice at Washington remained unanswered and unnoticed, and so remains to this day. I am sorry to say that it seems that the department of justice is too busy with politics in Alaska to attend to little matters like that.

Bishop Rowe had offered during the previous summer to make a test case under this law but the district attorney in the interior had replied that the test would have to be

made in another judicial district as he should decline to prosecute unless ordered to do so from Washington. And that is how the affair stood at the time of which I write.

The matter has wider bearing than perhaps appears; it is largely bound up with our wretched system of primary justice. No one would object to the requirement of a marriage license if the same were easily procurable, but under the present system in Alaska it is not possible to provide the necessary facilities. To the best of my knowledge Great Britain and Alaska are the only countries in the world whose magistrates are without stipend. But in the former country is a class of local gentry glad to serve the state without pay for the honour of the king's commission under the great seal and the authority that it brings, while in the latter the office goes begging, and is often filled by wholly unsuitable persons for lack of any other. Such emolument as attaches to the office accrues from fees, and in remote places, and particularly in native, or predominantly native, settlements, the fees are so inconsiderable as to be negligible and the office cannot be filled at all, or only as an appanage to some other calling. There is no greater need in Alaska than the abolition of the whole system of unpaid commissioners and the substitution of a body of stipendiary magistrates of character and education; which has been pointed out and urged by all those who have considered the matter for the last twenty-five years.

Respect for the law is ingrained in me by every circumstance of breeding and bent of mind, and I resent being forced into the position of a law-breaker; but I should have been false to a higher law than that of the Alaskan legislature had I passed by and refused the solemnization of matrimony to those anxious for it, with no impediment thereunto, and left them still in concubinage, leaving children to bear the stigma of illegitimacy, now just beginning to be felt by our native peoples. So that night I laid myself liable to cumulative

penalties of fifteen hundred dollars in fines and three years in gaol.

Besides being school-teacher, Mr. Reese was superintendent of a large reindeer herd, as is usual with teachers on the Arctic coast, and since he had held the same offices at a village on the Seward peninsula and was very intelligently alive to the needs of the Eskimos and had made special study of the reindeer experiment in particular, I was glad of an opportunity to pick his brains.

There is no need, I think, to speak of the domestication of reindeer amongst Eskimos as an experiment any longer; it has been entirely successful; and the man to whose foresight and energetic persistence the introduction of these animals into Alaska is due, must always rank high amongst the practical philanthropists of the world.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson saw very plainly upon his first visit to the Arctic coast, in 1890 (when the three schools were established that have been referred to), that the economic condition of the Eskimo was critical. The wild caribou that had roamed the coast lands were gone, slaughtered since the introduction of firearms by the whalers; the whales and other marine animals were rapidly diminishing. He saw that to establish schools amongst a starving people was useless. He saw moreover that the reindeer herds amongst the nomadic tribes on the Siberian side of Bering Straits gave them an unfailing food supply, and he decided that it would be immensely to the advantage of his own Eskimo charges were they similarly provided.

Now the ordinary official thus seeing and deciding would have laid the matter before Congress and would have considered his responsibility thereby ended. Year after year he would have returned to the subject and would have wasted his eloquent pleas on the desert air of reports that no one read. But Dr. Jackson was not an ordinary official. When the first application to Congress proved unavailing, he did not sit down and wait.

He knew that nothing succeeds like success, and that if he could stir public opinion by the sight of something done, on however small a scale, he would have much better chance of moving Congress to do it on a larger scale. So he appealed for private subscriptions, and succeeded, with the few thousand dollars thus raised, in purchasing a herd of sixteen deer in Siberia and transporting them to Unalaska in the summer of 1891. The next year, Congress having again failed to appropriate any money, he bought more deer in the same way and carried them across to the Seward peninsula. And when it was thus proved that live reindeer could be obtained, could be transported, and could thrive on the Alaskan coast, Congress came tardily forward and appropriated a little money. It now became possible to procure expert herders from Lapland who could impart to Eskimo apprentices the technique of deer raising and herding, and the experiment was thus started towards the success it has attained.

There are now some 80,000 deer in Alaska,* the greater part on the Seward peninsula, though there are herds as far north as Point Barrow and some in the interior as far up the Yukon as Holy Cross. They have not, as yet, done as well in the interior as on the coast, nor does it seem likely that they will, but there is no longer any question about the great blessing they have brought to the Eskimos.

In the last year or so the Lapps have been permitted to sell the herds they have gradually acquired (about 18,000 head) and a company of white men at Nome has purchased them, hoping to establish an export trade in refrigerated meat, and, at any rate, sure of the market which Nome and its mining district afford. The difficulties in the way of the export trade are considerable: for economical handling the deer should be concentrated at one point of easy access to ships, and butchered there, but this is not practicable because all the moss in the

* Probably when this is read, nearer 150,000.

neighbourhood would soon be eaten off; while if driven from a distance the deer would be poor. But we need not worry about the difficulties of the export trade; they do not trouble the Eskimos.

The same circumstance, however, that the food of the reindeer is confined to a single species of moss, is fraught with many difficulties to the whole business of reindeer herding. The pasturage in any locality is partly exhausted in one year's grazing, and wholly in two, and, unlike grass, it takes four or five years to recover and renew itself. It is not only necessary to change the grazing grounds continually, but the tendency is for them to retreat further and further from the neighbourhood of the villages and from the neighbourhood of the coast. Between Kivalina and Kotzebue, for instance, a distance of ninety or an hundred miles, there is no good grazing near the coast; it has all been eaten off, and Kivalina reindeer men having business at Kotzebue must borrow or hire a dog-team to make the journey. Another difficulty about using reindeer for travel is that the creatures cannot stand up on the smooth ice of the lagoons that skirt so much of this coast. Glare ice, as I have shown, is sometimes very difficult even for dogs to travel upon, but at other times it affords the most desirable surface in the world and permits the rapid travelling which at first astonishes the visitor from the snow-covered interior country. But, wind or calm, the reindeer cannot walk upon smooth ice, and whereas a dog does not hurt himself in the least by hundreds of falls, one may suppose that the larger animal would be in danger of breaking a leg or bruising himself severely every time he came heavily down. These considerations may explain why in our whole circuit of the Arctic coast, although we were several times amongst the reindeer herds and very many times amongst reindeer herders, we saw deer hitched to a sled only once.

It is true that long journeys are made with reindeer. The energetic and enthusiastic superintendent of schools

and herds in these parts, Mr. W. S. Shields,* to whose zeal so much of the progress of this industry is due, has travelled upwards of 11,000 miles with them in the course of his seven or eight years' work. But I suppose he would not deny that by far the greater part of these journeys could have been made much more conveniently and expeditiously with dogs. There is a certain *esprit de corps* amongst those in "the service," the arousing of which is not the least valuable or creditable part of Mr. Shields's work, that forbids the use of dogs to the white men concerned with reindeer, and there is no doubt that much inconvenience is cheerfully put up with to encourage the Eskimos to use their deer for draught purposes and to abandon the dog altogether.

The tendency of deer herding to retreat from the coast since the virgin moss grows better and better the further the herds go back, and the benefit of allowing the animals to range freely as against the policy of close herding, alike militate against the schools, which can be maintained nowhere save at the settlements along the coast. Man is as naturally gregarious as reindeer, and the village that he calls home exerts a strong attraction upon the Eskimo. Again and again it is necessary to "chase the herders back to their herds." "Why comest thou down hither, and with whom hast thou left those few *deer* in the wilderness?" is often asked as pointedly of them as Eliab asked of David concerning his father's sheep. Said Mr. Reese—from whose lips most of what is here written about the reindeer was set down in my diary—"The herd boys come in and are anxious to go to school, but I know that the herds are suffering by their absence and I have to insist upon their return. I know, too, that the men will not be contented away from their wives and families and it is much better that they should be out at the herds too."

The most important article furnished by the reindeer

* I learn with much regret since writing the above that he died of the influenza in Nome in the fall of 1918.

is the fur clothing made from his skin. Other sources of meat there are: the whale, the seal, the walrus, the oogurak (or giant seal) and many varieties of fish, furnish food; but there is no other source of the indispensable furs. Reindeer hides used to be imported from Siberia, but of late an embargo has been laid upon them, for what reason I could not discover, and there is nothing whatever that takes the place of deerskin. Now that the wild caribou that swarmed over this coast and its hinterland are exterminated, I do not know if the Eskimos could survive without the reindeer; so amply is Sheldon Jackson's foresight vindicated, so is Wisdom justified of her children. One wishes her progeny were more plentiful. Let me add but this: the total amount appropriated by Congress for the introduction and care of reindeer amounts to something over $300,000. The estimated value of the deer in Alaska today is over $3,000,000.

While the reindeer feed only on reindeer moss, they often develope perverted appetites, and I was amused to hear that they sometimes kill and eat the ptarmigan out of snares set by the herders, and constantly rob the ptarmigan nests, eating up the eggs greedily. Some deer are said to eat heartily of dried fish, but they cannot digest it, and the animals with such appetites do not thrive.

One of the interesting measures set on foot by Mr. Lopp and his deputy, Mr. Shields, for the encouragement of the industry is the institution of reindeer fairs at different points within the coast territory. Here prizes are offered for sled-deer races, for rifle-shooting, for the best made fur garments, the best kept sled-deer, the best sleds and harness, for expedition in roping and hitching, and for many similar superiorities that tend to stimulate rivalry and improve methods. Herders and their families gather from hundreds of miles around, and the opportunity is taken of giving instruction and training; an excellent plan that has already secured good results,

perhaps as much in arousing a general feeling of Eskimo racial solidarity and identity of interest, aforetime almost entirely lacking, as in the wide diffusion of a knowledge of reindeer husbandry. Such a fair was to be held in March at Noatak, on the river of that name, and I should certainly have attended had it been possible to do so and still carry out the main design of my journey.

Here at Kivalina one was face to face with the other great Eskimo problem, the problem of fuel. The dependence here is altogether upon driftwood, which grows increasingly scarce year by year. Mr. Reese told me that it took the ordinary family a full day in every week to gather fuel for the other six. In former times the driftwood was not used for fuel and it accumulated in seemingly inexhaustible piles. It could not be used in the igloos until sheet-iron stoves were introduced; the sole fuel was seal-oil burned in soapstone lamps, but with the use of stoves came the rapid diminution of the driftwood, the annual renewal of which, depending on the accident of winds, does not in any case equal the consumption. There will be occasion to return to this subject, which is almost always an anxious one in Eskimo communities today.

Another visit to the school, fresh from my own teaching experiences at Point Hope, left me under no doubt of the superior advancement of these children. By what miracle could it be otherwise? Here was a trained teacher, given wholly to teaching, with a most helpful wife, not only to keep house for him but to aid him in every way in his work. Yonder, all these years, had we kept a single man, primarily a physician or a clergyman, with no special training or aptitude for the schoolroom; with all sorts of other duties, and with outlying places to visit in the execution of those duties, to whom teaching was of necessity a secondary thing. Indeed had it been Froebel or Pestalozzi himself so situated, the school must have suffered. It hurt my pride that this govern-

ment school was manifestly better than our Church school, coming from the interior country where the reverse is usually true, but what wisdom is there in shutting one's eyes to facts because they are not pleasant? I am thankful that we have now a school-teacher at Point Hope in addition to a clergyman.

Our last night at Kivalina remains vividly in my mind. It was one of those rare and lovely Arctic nights that seem fairy-like and unreal to a visitor from other climes, that seem more like the result of some transformation scene in an old-fashioned Drury Lane pantomime, if I may revert to childish memories again. It is strange that utterly different scenes should give rise to the same reflection. Once when walking through the less frequented parts of the Austrian Tyrol (I wonder to what country it will belong when the Peace Congress has done its work!) as we opened a valley surrounded by the most fantastic dolomite peaks, with every romantic accessory of distant glacier and cataract, of near-by lake and chalet, my companion stopped short and exclaimed "My word!—it's like a drop scene at a theatre!"—and though the comparison appear unworthy it was also in Goldsmith's mind when he wrote of "woods over woods in gay theatric pride." It seemed too romantic, too beautiful, to be real. So I think do some stories of exceptional characters under exceptional circumstances seem unreal to critics who would tie all literature down to the representation of the average.

Now, in the silence and solitude of the Arctic coast I was conscious of the same impression. Thomas and I walked out over the level shore-ice to the first pressure ridge, and climbing to the summit of a great egregious block, turned round and surveyed the scene. There was not a breath of wind; the sky was as blue as the sky of Italy, and a moon almost at the full sailed serenely above, yet instead of extinguishing the stars allowed them to sparkle in almost undimmed lustre and in such countless myriads as the more humid atmosphere of

milder climes never reveals. A most vivacious green aurora twined its tenuous streamers in and out amongst the constellations remote from the moon. To seaward the ice of the successive ridges, heaped into jagged mounds, tossed into pinnacles, glittered and shimmered, while here and there a slab of clear ice gave back the moonbeams like a mirror. Shoreward the white sea and the white earth blended indistinguishably and stretched interminably, and at the site of the village there twinkled a few points of yellow light like incandescent topazes. A most delicate yet brilliant blue and silver the picture was done in, under the soft splendour of the ample moon, with the sheen of moving malachite in the aurora above and the diamond scintillation of the stars.

The scene did not fade away as one felt that a glimpse of fairyland should fade away; the lights were not turned down behind the transparency; yet, what was the same thing, we had to leave it very shortly. The cold of a clear Arctic night does not permit the long contemplation of any scene, however lovely.

The remainder of the evening was also very interesting and pleasant. Jim Allen, the veteran whaler, came over to the house and gave us a long and very interesting account of "flaw whaling," which is quite distinct from the whaling carried on by ships, and exhibited the shoulder gun and the darting gun and the other appliances of the craft. I cannot find the word "flaw"—save in general as a crack or fissure—applied to ice, and have been told that the term should be "floe," but the floe is the floating ice of the pack, and "flaw whaling" is carried on at the edge of the ice fixed to the shore, and not from the floating ice; so that I think Jim Allen's use is correct. Again I miss my *History of Whaling*. But I shall defer what it is necessary to say about this native industry until later.

Here I had our sleeping-bags and fur breeches made, being able to procure the necessary August skins which do not shed their hair, of which there was lack at Point

Hope, so that we were now provided in clothes and bedding. Here also I was able to procure two hundred pounds of dried fish for dog-feed, and thus relieve my anxiety about the feeding of the dogs for the earlier part of the northern journey. So we went back to Point Hope much heavier laden than we came, our preparations for departure well advanced. In passing Cape Thomson we had to give its bluffs a wide berth, for the waters of a high tide issuing from the tide-crack had overflowed all the ice near the shore. The wind and driving snow (fairly behind us) completely obscured the promontory, so that when we judged we had doubled it and turned our course towards land again, we found that we had gone much further off shore than we had supposed. Had the wind suddenly shifted we should have been in no little danger, the ice around this cape driving in and out all the winter through, sometimes with very brief warning. Indeed we were glad to be done with Cape Thomson; whatever unknown perils the coast might have in store weighing less than the known peril of this passage.

Yet I was glad of our visit to Kivalina; the cordial hospitality of Mrs. Reese, no less than the open-minded, instructive intercourse with her husband, remaining very pleasantly in my memory. There was a teacher who "waited upon" his teaching; who sought outside the beaten track of the text-book and established methods, for means to make his teaching effective. There I saw translation of Eskimo stories into English and then the retranslation of them into Eskimo with much interest and much amusement upon comparison; there I saw English diaries faithfully kept by school children, a most useful exercise; saw a whole community of children actually taught to speak and write English; yet with a total absence and indeed contempt of the dragonnades against the native tongue aired in their annual reports by teachers zealous to be thought zealous. There also was a man studious not indeed of Eskimo ethnology so much as of

present Eskimo economics, patiently watchful of resources and of expedients for their utilization, observant of changing conditions and of the accommodation of his people to them; a very valuable man, I judged, to the Bureau of Education and certainly to the Eskimo people, growing more valuable with every added year's experience; a man who, in the language of one of his white neighbours, "saws wood all the time but don't let off no fireworks." I did him the justice to wish that I might have spent a week in his school before starting my own teaching at Point Hope.

The large amount of food for man and beast we had to carry from Point Hope seemed to necessitate the purchase of four more dogs, if we were to have two good teams; to which necessity I was reluctantly brought; for there was no disappointment that the Arctic coast had in store for me as great as the discovery of how poor and mongrel was the general run of the native dogs. The malamute has always been my favourite sled-dog, and the Arctic coast was the home of the malamute. I had expected that such reinforcement of our teams as might be necessary would provide me with fine dogs of this breed to take back to the Yukon. I found the breed almost extinct in any pure strains, so much intermingled with "outside" breeds that the majority of native dogs I saw had lost all the marked malamute characteristics.

There was never in the world a domestic animal more admirably fitted to its environment than the malamute dog, the one objection to his use in the interior, the shortness of his legs in deep snow, not being valid where the snow never lies deep. He is the hardiest, the thriftiest, the eagerest, the most tireless, the most resolute and the handsomest, if not of all the dogs in the world, certainly of all dogs used for draught, and his feet never grow sore. Certainly he is quarrelsome; indeed he is inveterately pugnacious; but a dog is a dog and not a lamb, and there are collars and chains, are there not? and whips and clubs. Dog driving is not a drawing-room pastime.

It is a man's own fault if his dogs have much chance for destructive fighting; the usual tearing of head or ears does not matter much; it is only when the "running gear" is injured that a dog's wound becomes a serious thing. And the man who says the malamute is incapable of affection has never really made his acquaintance; he is fully as affectionate as any dog.

Whether or not it be true that horse-racing has been largely instrumental in improving the breeds of horses, it is certainly true that dog-racing is chiefly responsible for the decay of the malamute dog. This sport, instituted at Nome, to provide factitious excitement and opportunity of gambling for miners and lawyers during the long, dull winter, has developed dogs of wonderful sustained speed over long distances—at the sacrifice of all the hardy qualities that are essential for genuine Arctic work. The sport has a literature of its own, if one be not too particular as to the connotation of that term, and those who may wish to learn about it will find it described in a book called *Baldy of Nome,* which depends for any other interest it may have upon the attribution to dogs of impossible human emotions and perceptions in the usual "nature-faking" way, of which I suppose *Black Beauty* is the classic example.

The coast was scoured for all the best malamute bitches for crossing with bird dogs and hounds and such exotics in the effort to secure speed, and the product of the Nome kennels was scattered again over the coast. For some time past malamute strains, I am told, have been quite abandoned, and a winning team that I met two years ago on the trail seemed to have reverted to something like the whippet type, as might have been expected. These dogs are pampered and coddled like racehorses; are housed and blanketed every winter night and fed upon minced chicken and beefsteak and I know not what dainties—and sometimes win for their owners and backers large sums of money. For any real Arctic travelling, he who reads the pages that follow may judge

of their suitability. They would freeze to death in the first blizzard. But the malamute dog has been virtually bred out of existence to make a Nome holiday, and the Eskimos of the Arctic coast have as sorry a lot of curs left as the Indians of the interior. One of the things that the missionaries on the coast should seriously attempt is the restoration of the malamute; there is no one else to do it.

I am confident that my readers would share my feeling could they have stood and looked at the half-dozen or so dogs that Walter had gathered up around the village; the best that were offered for sale. A good half of my own dogs were malamutes, four of them carefully bred at the army post at St. Michael by a post surgeon who had spent some years there, and upon the completion of his Alaskan service had very kindly sent them up the Yukon to me, desiring to be assured of their good treatment now that he was done with them; a welcome as well as a gracious gift at a time when my team needed new blood. For two years they had been its backbone. Another had been bought at the army post at Tanana on the Yukon. Still another was not yet quite a two-year-old who had come across with Eskimos from the Colville river to the Big Lake and there had been traded to Indians who had brought him to Fort Yukon, where I had purchased him as soon as I saw him—paying for the precipitancy as well as the pup, I have no doubt. David Harum would probably have got him for ten dollars less. I had not intended to work him much but took him along more to play with. After the death of "Moose" on the Kobuk, however, we had put "Kérawak" into the harness, and he worked so well and so eagerly that he had been in the harness ever since. There are some hens, I am told, the main motive of whose life is a consuming passion to lay eggs; and there are some dogs who as soon as they can run display a passion to pull; they take to the harness as naturally as a spaniel to the water. I wish that those who think

of sled-dogs as driven by the whip to hard distasteful toil could see Kérawak when a team ahead of him has started. There is almost no holding the little beast. He will strain at the collar and dig his claws into the snow: he will rear up with a jerk and endeavour with all his might to start the heavy sled all by himself, whining and squealing at the top of his voice as who should say, "We're going to be left behind! we're going to be left behind!—can't you see them?—they're gone! they're gone, I say!" And one had to keep one's foot squarely on the brake, so that the iron teeth engaged the hard snow, to prevent a premature start. He never got over it; gaunt and hungry on the north coast, the starting of a team ahead of him would always excite him to desperate effort. No one could help loving a little beast like that, still retaining many of his funny puppy ways, muzzling against one's shoulder and nibbling gently at one's clothes or one's ear, and so jealous of his master's affection that he was always in danger of starting a fight if another dog were caressed in his presence. He had been thoroughly spoiled before we started, and had howled his head off the first few nights on the chain until the whip turned howls of protest into howls of pain, and then into silence. A hard-headed, obstinate, greedy pig, and no parlour pet by any means, but an engaging little chap all the same, with every promise of becoming a valuable dog.

The dean of my dogs was gentle and kindly old Argo, a large, handsome, upstanding animal, not of the malamute breed, now in his sixth year of my service and in the hale vigour of eight or nine well-fed, well-cared for, years of age, the best and most unfailingly reliable of the whole bunch, who never wasted his energies in frenzied spurts and premature efforts but could be depended upon for steady, even traction all day long. In all his life he had never had a whip laid on his back to make him pull. Walter and I had decided that if he made the circuit of the coast and came back to Fort

LINGO—THE SUPERANNUATED AND PENSIONED DOG, PLAYMATE OF CONVALESCENT CHILDREN AT THE FORT YUKON HOSPITAL.

Yukon with us he should work no more—and he is today the watch-dog and guardian of the hospital, and playmate and sled-dog of the convalescent children, wearing an engraved collar setting forth his honourable record, and provided with an ornamental and exclusive kennel into which he has never so much as condescended to enter. He is the last of the dogs that we used in the ascent of Denali, hauling our stuff not only to the mountain but to the head of the Muldrow glacier more than halfway up, and Walter insisted that his altitude record of 11,500 feet should be added to his distance record of 10,000 miles when the inscription was written. There are dogs in Alaska who have gone further, but few, I think, in America, who have gone higher, and almost certainly not one who has drawn a sled higher, for I do not think there is another mountain on the continent on which a sled could be taken so high. One of his valuable qualities was his amiability; we always hitched him beside the most quarrelsome dog of the team. I have often seen him merely stretch his head away from a snapping, snarling companion, not to be provoked into a fight if it were avoidable, his size and strength such that almost any dog would think twice before seriously attacking him; "too proud to fight," one might almost say.

How garrulous a man may become on the subject of his dogs! especially if he have a turn for garrulity; here are half a dozen waiting to be picked from, almost as many pages back. I left it to Walter, as of course he knew I would do; he had gathered them, I think, mainly that I might see how little choice there was. There was not a pure malamute among them, and only one—and he little more than a pup—that had the prick ears and the plume tail of the breed, his black and white colouring, however, indicating a mixture of other strains. The other three that we chose had "flop" ears, two good-sized white brothers and a scrubby tawny chap, from all of whom we got good work, but they were no credit to the team.

We now had thirteen dogs, seven for the new sled that carried the greater load, and six for the second sled. We planned to leave with the mail and to follow it all the way to Point Barrow, and Mr. Thomas decided at last not to go with us, partly because of scarcity of dog-feed and the likelihood that we should overcrowd all stopping places, and partly because he thought it best to continue the school without any intermission for another month, by which time, as he found, the people would begin to scatter.

IV

POINT HOPE TO POINT BARROW

IV

POINT HOPE TO POINT BARROW

THOUGH we had lingered so long at Point Hope yet we left two days earlier than I had expected or desired. The mail arriving on Saturday morning everyone had supposed would lie here over Sunday, but the wind was fair and the mail-man was for pushing on and would not be persuaded, so there was nothing for it but to assemble our stuff (this long time ready) and make the best of a hurried departure. I was annoyed to go without a chance to take my leave of the people, and disposed to resent such unceremonious haste in the leisurely Arctic, but if we were to follow the mail we must start.

So on the afternoon of Saturday, 9th February, we left Point Hope, going east along the sandspit and over the lagoons towards the mouth of the Kukpuk river, that debouches into Marryat Cove * where the sandspit joins the mainland. Mr. Thomas accompanied us to spend the night with us at the cabin at this place and return early in the morning for his Sunday duties. Marryat Cove (a name not in local use) was so named by Beechey for the famous sailor-novelist who delighted the youth of most men now middle-aged and who happened to be a kinsman of one of his officers. The mail-man had gone on five miles further to Ah-ka-lú-ruk, and we intended by a very early start next morning to reach him before he left.

Our adieus to Mr. Thomas we therefore made at five o'clock on Sunday morning. We were both greatly indebted to him for cordial hospitality during a happy sojourn of six or seven weeks, and were much disap-

* "Cove" in Beechey's narrative, "inlet" on his chart; another instance of the discrepancies between the two.

pointed that we were not to have his gentle, cheery companionship halfway to Point Barrow as originally planned. I was particularly grateful for his work with Walter, rarely intermitted during our whole stay, by means of which no little progress had been made, and I was sorry for the lonely life to which he was returning at the mission house, now likely to be the more keenly felt for the visitors he had so long entertained. It is not wholesome that any man should be so situated in the Arctic regions, and it is satisfactory to know that his sister, a trained teacher, is now sharing his life and his labours. My heart warms to the thought of their unselfish devotion; the glamour of the Arctic adventure is soon gone and there remains the daily grind of manifold duties and responsibilities under hard and sordid conditions, more keenly felt, yet I think more resolutely endured, by the gently than the rudely bred.

As we approached the igloo at Ah-ka-lú-rak between six and seven, striking right across the inlet or cove to it, we saw the first smoke arising from the kindling fire inside and knew that we had anticipated the departure of the mail, but the habitation was so wretchedly crowded that we preferred to wait outside, cold though it was. We learned that the mail would not double Cape Lisburne, which now lay directly ahead, owing to the many miles of very rough ice around it, but would cut off the cape by ascending the Ah-ka-lú-ruk river to its head, crossing a divide, and descending the I-yág-ga-tak river to its mouth beyond the cape; mere mountain torrents both of them were, flowing but a very few months in the year, yet they had washed out deeply-incised valleys in their time.

I was sorry for this, for I had hoped to see at close hand the mighty cliffs of the cape, far loftier and grander than those of Cape Thomson; indeed those who are familiar with these parts describe Cape Lisburne as much the most imposing promontory of the whole Arctic coast—and perhaps by so much the more dangerous from

From a photograph by W. A. Thomas.

THE DEPARTURE FROM POINT HOPE—THE MISSION HOUSE.

the fierce winds that sweep down its ravines. This is one of Capt. Cook's capes, named in 1778, just 140 years before. I have exhausted the meagre resources of reference at my command and, since this was written, the resources of the Royal Geographical Society's library, without discovering for whom this cape was named, and should be greatly obliged to anyone who could throw light upon it, if indeed any explanation be now possible. There was no one of the name under Cook's command, no one of the name amongst his friends or patrons: there are several places of the same name in the British isles and it may be named for one of them. Cook merely mentions the name. The circumstance that he was ten leagues off when he named it shows how bold and prominent it is. It was off this cape that Mikkelsen came near losing his life upon his return from the north coast, in 1908. He says, "Alongside of us the mountain rose perpendicularly almost to 700 feet. We could hear the thundering of the wind as it came roaring over the top, loosening large stones and hurling them out over the ice. Then we were caught in a whirlwind. I, who was ahead of the team, was blown over and slid along the ice for several hundred feet until I was brought to a standstill by a piece of ice not ten feet from an open lane (of water). The sledge had been lifted and hurled against a piece of ice, a runner was broken in two; again and again the sledge was lifted up, blown along, and hurled against ice blocks until nothing but kindling wood was left. Our gear was scattered all over the ice but we had nowhere to stow it so we cut the harness of the dogs. I shouldered my box with my papers and journals, crawling along on hands and knees, with water close on one side and steep mountains on the other from which stones as large as a man were hurled down as if by invisible hands."* Bruised and frozen he and his companions

* *Conquering the Arctic Ice*, pp. 369-70. This is about the most moving incident of a narrative that has not very much to match its promising title.

made their way back, half crawling, half walking, to the habitation from which they had been driven, despite warning of the danger, by a total absence of food.

So I could not question the wisdom of circumventing this ferocious cape, and we fell in line behind the mail teams and began the ascent of the valley, hoping to go right over and reach Iyággatak that night.

The ice around Cape Lisburne had need be rough to make worse going than we had up the Ahkalúruk. It was a succession of deep snowdrifts and bare sand and gravel, with a steady ascent all told of at least 500 feet, and I daresay much more. My 3-circle aneroid that had travelled uninjured in the hindsack of my sled for ten winters had at last suffered a severe fall that had rendered it useless. All day there was never any good surface at all, and we were very heavily laden. The mail had two sleds and three men; the two who had come down from Point Barrow having engaged a third at Point Hope on their return. But their sleds were not so heavy as ours, for they had dog-feed "cached" all along the way, while we were hauling ours. Certainly had I known what lay before us I would have sent one load over the mountains to Iyággatak before we started out, and had Mr. Thomas himself been more familiar with the coast he would, I am sure, have advised my ignorance to that effect. The dogs, too, were soft from a week's rest, and here was the most laborious day of the whole coast journey upon us at the very start. Walter had seven dogs with about 400 pounds and I had six dogs with about 300 pounds; not too much for level going but distinctly overweight for mountain climbing over sand and gravel and through snowdrifts.

A sharp gusty wind against us, with the thermometer at —30 makes uncomfortable travelling, and I think almost every time Walter turned around he told me that my nose was frozen, and I was often able to reply "So is yours!" Indeed henceforth all along the coast we grew so accustomed to the freezing of our noses that we

ceased to pay much heed to it, and I grew unable to tell, by the sensation, if mine were frozen or not. The freezing was, of course, superficial—they blistered and peeled and scabbed until we came to regard a miserably sore nose as an unavoidable accompaniment of Arctic travel. A scarf would have saved some of the nose freezing, though not all, but a scarf is very much in the way if one be walking, and added to the heavy furs about the head and neck is sometimes stifling.

We had been gone two hours from the coast when a sled from Point Hope overtook us to collect a bill of three dollars for a seal. I had paid for it by an order on the local trader, as we paid all such bills, but the order had been laid aside and not presented and I had squared up with the trader without including it, checking over his account with the vouchers in his hand. I had the change in my pocket and redeemed the order and the sled turned and departed, but I was struck with the man's willingness to make a journey to collect three dollars that he could not have been hired to make for twice that sum. Losing three dollars, it would seem, is a more serious matter to the Eskimo mind than making three.

As it grew towards dusk, and the mail-sleds out of sight, Walter transferred 100 pounds of seal-meat to my sled, lashing it on top of the load, but this addition made it top-heavy and I was continually upsetting on the uneven ground and unable to right the sled by myself. So presently another expedient was adopted; the lesser sled was trailed behind the greater and all the dogs put in one team. Still our progress was very slow, and when it grew dark and we were not yet at the end of our ascent, we began to realize that Iyággatak would not see us that night. It was very disappointing to find that we could not keep up with the mail, and the prospect of a camp up here in the naked mountains and the bitter wind was cheerless enough. We pushed on long after dark, dogs and men utterly weary, and when we judged from

the level ground that we were come to the summit, we made a camp.

We had no tent and did the best we could in the dark with our two sleds and blocks of snow and the two sled-covers, to make a shelter, but the wind whistled through it and it was miserable enough. Twice we got the primus stove lighted with great trouble and twice it was blown out; there was no possibility of cooking. For the first and only time in all my travelling the dogs lay in their harness all night, and when we had thrown them a fish apiece we crept into our sleeping bags just as we stood, with a cake of chocolate apiece and went hungry and wretched to bed. On such an occasion the invincible good humour of Walter was a great resource. He made light of our plight and said that for his part he was glad the initiation into the delights of Arctic coast travel had come so soon. "Now we know what to expect," he said, and added later, "though I should not be surprised if this is the worst night we shall have on the whole trip." But there was not much conversation; we had to shout to be heard above the whistling of the wind. Had we not been so anxious to keep up with the mail we should have stopped long before when there was light to choose a camping place where good hard snow for blocks was to be found, but we were bent on reaching the coast again that night and knew not how arduous a journey it was. Walter was right, as it turned out it was the most miserable night of the whole journey; we never went to bed supperless again, nor were again so entirely uncomfortably lodged as in our camp high up in the mountains behind Cape Lisburne.

My thoughts during a sleepless night were largely concerned with Point Hope and its native people. I reviewed the history of the place as I had gathered it, and, the change in the temper and disposition of the people that had been brought about; a change from a drunken, disorderly and violent folk of ill repute all along the coast to a decent, well-behaved, quiet, industrious com-

munity. I compared it with a similar change that had come about at Fort Yukon, where the native community perhaps of the worst repute on the Yukon had become one of the best villages on the river. It was worth while; it was most certainly worth while. Much remained to be done, but I think the place will compare favourably in conduct with the average white settlement of the size—except in one particular, the chastity of its women. There again it was borne in on me that what is called the double standard of morals really constitutes the only advance of civilized, Christianized people. The men of Point Hope —indeed Eskimo and Indian men in general—are not more incontinent than the average white man, I think. The trouble is that adultery and fornication are regarded as just as venial in a woman as in a man, and until the standard of female virtue is raised above that of the man I see little prospect of further advancement in self-respect and self-control. I am not implying that these sins are venial in anyone; but I would contend that it is a blessed thing that we have come to regard them as more flagitious in woman than in man. It is surely a step forward to secure the chastity of one sex and gives vantage ground to work for the chastity of the other, and often when I hear the "double standard" inveighed against I am conscious that it is not a more rigid code for men but a looser one for women that is desired. Much of the revolutionary writing of today is saturated with that evil desire. There is no "double standard" amongst the Eskimos, and to destroy it amongst Caucasians would reduce them to the Eskimo level of morals. I can conceive no greater blow to civilization than to break down the distinction between a chaste woman and a lewd one, which certain writers of today seem resolute to do, and I hold him the enemy of human society who entertains such purpose.

It is an extremely difficult thing to raise the general standard of conduct in a matter that affects the general gratification so much as the intercourse between the

sexes. Yet it has been greatly raised already amongst the Eskimos. Mr. Reese at Kivalina told me, and I heard the same elsewhere, that within the memory of middle-aged men if a girl came out of an igloo at night she was the recognized prey of any man who chose to seize her, and that no one would interfere. Today such a thing would be regarded as an outrage by the Eskimos themselves. The interchange of wives is rare and is no longer openly tolerated; polygamy is unknown. The promiscuity that attended certain festive occasions when the lights were put out is utterly a thing of the past. I do not make these statements of my own knowledge but as a result of diligent enquiry. There is no question that there has been great advance. And I think the next step must be a set effort to put a stigma upon women unfaithful to their husbands and upon lewd women generally. I feel that very strongly both as regards our Alaskan Indians and Eskimos. While not neglecting the male side, I would stress the gravity of the offence in the female. After all, as Dr. Johnson with his robust good sense pointed out, there is a difference in consequences that often makes the infidelity of the wife enormously more important than that of the husband, though the sin be the same. Native women are sharing in the added importance that women the world over have secured for themselves of late years; I am anxious to make that added importance an added strength for virtuous living, upon which I think turns whether it will be a blessing or a curse.

I recalled the grave deliberations of the village council, earnestly attacking the problems of the place as they saw them; the woman confessing adultery whom they brought in a body to me one day in the absence of Mr. Thomas, even as of old a similar poor creature was brought to our Lord, but not brought to be stoned; brought with the request that she be prayed with and prayed for. My heart warmed as I thought of the simple piety of many of the people, the real strength and joy

From a photograph by W. A. Thomas.

POINT HOPE—THE NATIVE COUNCIL.

which they derived from the ministrations of religion, grown the more precious as they had grown the more accustomed. Then I thought of the eager children in the school, fighting their way against a blizzard day after day; always much ahead of time; their docile, plastic minds, and the great promise which they held, given only grace and wisdom to mould them. I ran over the names and characteristics of the ones that had appealed most to me: Guy and Donald, Helen and Minnie, Abraham and Herbert, Howard and Mark, Andrew and Maud (the reader will thank me for omitting Eskimo surnames), in whose welfare I shall always have the keenest interest.

Then I made a house-to-house visitation and descended and crept until I had entered the living chamber of each and could stand erect again, and saw the groups squatting around a meal of seal-meat or frozen fish on the floor, nude to the waist, men and women alike, in the animal warmth of their narrow quarters though an arctic gale raged outside; the women furtively pulling their garments about their shoulders at my unexpected entrance—at which I was sorry, for I thought no harm of their comfortable and innocent déshabille, nor am of those who see necessary evil in bare skin. It is surely a highly sophisticated conventionality that can complacently regard bare shoulders in a New York drawing room (grown decidedly barer since I can remember) and be shocked at them in an Eskimo igloo.

Another habitation would be full of industrious workers, whittling wooden implements with their most ingenious knives, cutting and sewing skins, chewing the soles of waterboots to ensure that intimate union with the uppers that shall exclude moisture, beating out and twisting the fibres of reindeer sinew into admirable strong thread that never gives way: men, women and children alike busy, alike cheerful, alike smiling a friendly welcome and moving to make a place for the visitor, who rejoiced that he was not regarded as an intruder.

In such reminiscences and reflections the night passed and I was surprised when a look at the luminous dial of my watch within the closed sleeping-bag showed that it was already five o'clock. We lay an hour or two longer, for Walter was sleeping, and the weather conditions not having changed there was as little chance of breakfast as there had been of supper, beyond another cake of chocolate and a piece of "knackerbrod," with which we were provided beyond our capacity of unlubricated deglutition. It was 8.30 when we had dug our gear out of the drifted snow and were lashed up once more, for we would not attempt the descent that lay before us until daylight was at least begun.

Three or four miles further on we were deeply gratified to find that the mail had camped also, for our failure to keep up with it had been the most disconcerting feature of last night's bivouac. The route was steep and dangerous and we were glad that we had not attempted to push further in the dark, wide detours being necessary to avoid "jump-offs" from one bench to another. Going down is quick work, however, and the Iyággatak was evidently of less length and greater grade than the Ahkalúruk. By half-past twelve a turn of the valley gave us the distant coast at its mouth, and there, spread out on the flat, was the Point Hope reindeer herd, moving towards the native huts near the beach. It was pretty to watch the animals dotted about the snow, slowly gathered together by the herders, but it was not pretty when we came down to them half an hour later to see the throat of one of them cut just as we passed by; the remainder of the herd, as utterly indifferent as were the Frenchwomen of the Terror who knitted around the guillotine. The meat had been bought by the mail-men.

We had certainly hoped that we might spend the remainder of the day and the night at Iyággatak, but the mail decided otherwise, and after a good meal and a rest of two hours we pushed on for another twenty miles. But the going along the coast was good save for one

THE POINT HOPE REINDEER HERD AT I-YAG'-A-TAK.

heavy pressure ridge that we had to cross in the dark. One of the mail men was ahead of his teams with a lantern, picking out a way through the rough ice, and we were able to keep near enough to follow his twinkling light also.

As we reached the Corwin coal mine a new misfortune befell us. We had left the beach and were actually climbing the little bank to the door of the house when Walter noticed that one of his dogs, which, when we turned up from the ice had been pulling with the rest, was now dragged along, limp and passive, by them, and stopping a moment later, he was found to be stone dead. There was no wound, the body was in good condition, nothing whatever had happened to account for it. It was as mysterious a dog death as I ever knew, and the only one of the kind that ever happened in any team of mine. One naturally supposes that the dog must have died from heart disease, but there had been no evidence of any disease whatever and he had been willingly working and heartily eating ever since we left Fort Yukon. "Skookum" was not more than four years old, I think, a fairly large dog with a good thick coat, of a mixed breed. Had there been chance to supply his place with a good malamute I would not have minded so much, but the only dog procurable at this little settlement was an un-handsome, red-yellow mongrel chap in poor condition. Since with our heavy loads and our recent experience we felt that we must not diminish our dog power, I bought him for $20—and discovered when it grew daylight next day that he had a bad wound on the top of his head hidden by the hair. However, he throve and worked, his head healed, and looks aside he was a useful addition to the team, by the name of "Coal Mine," since neither Walter nor I could remember the Eskimo name his vendor had delivered with him.

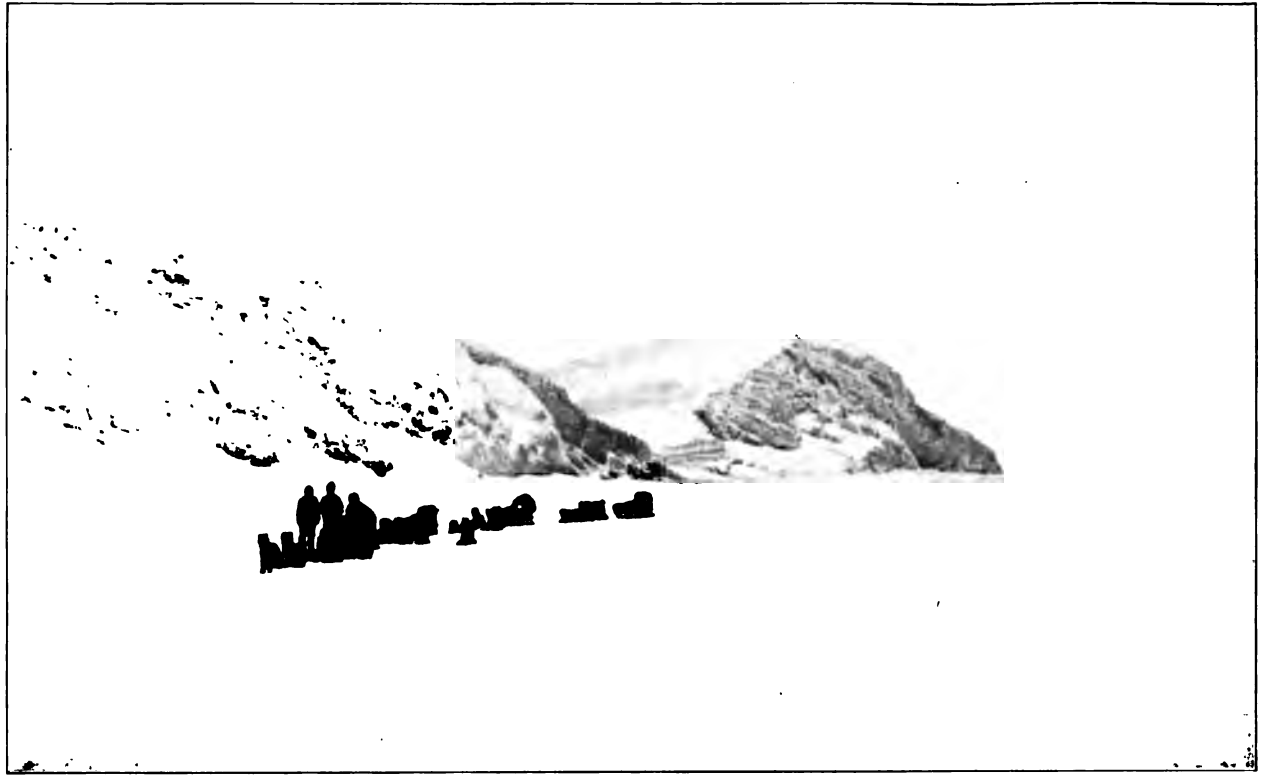
Narrow veins of coal in sandstone, with "bits of petrified wood and rushes," were discovered by Beechey in the neighbourhood of Cape Beaufort, but when he closed

with the land with the intention of replenishing his fuel supply, a veering of the wind made it a lee shore and he had to stand off. The Corwin mine is so named because it was "definitely located and used by Capt. Hooper of the U. S. revenue cutter *Corwin* in July, 1890." * It had often been resorted to by whalers, however, between these two visits.

The coal is easily mined from the face of a bluff, a good clean coal that looks like semi-anthracite and burns readily, and would be of the very greatest value if it were otherwise situated. But the cause which prevented Capt. Beechey's coaling may arise at any time during the brief open season, and there is no place along the coast nearer than Marryat Inlet (with the storm-centre of Cape Lisburne to pass on the way) where any sort of shelter for a vessel may be found. In some seasons the Point Hope natives and the Point Hope mission procure a supply of coal here, filling sacks at the mine and carrying them down to waiting *oomiaks* or whale boats, and in others it is never safe to approach the mine at all.

This whole coast is an exceedingly dangerous one, beset by fog when it is calm and lashed by gales almost whenever it is clear, the lurking ice-pack never very far away, and its tale of wrecks is terrible in proportion to its number of vessels. So this coal supply can never be depended upon, and that means, so far as the mission is concerned, that other supply must always be procured. An attempt was made some years ago to facilitate the getting of this coal by providing the mission with a gasoline boat and a barge, but in her first season the *Nigalik* was blown from her anchorage in a sudden storm, carried across to the coast of Siberia and cast away there. For my part I had rather depend on driftwood and seal-oil fuel for the rest of my natural life than attempt to provide myself with a "sea-coal fire" at such hazard, and I cannot sufficiently admire the courage and confi-

* *Geographic Dictionary of Alaska.*



THE GULCH OF THE I-YAG'-A-TAK RIVER DOWN WHICH WE CAME TO CUT OUT CAPE LISBURNE.

V

dence of a clergyman who will launch craft upon the Arctic Ocean on such errand.

So the coal is of very little use, save to one or two Eskimo families connected with the reindeer herd, who winter at the place and trap a few foxes. It is not situated for sealing or whaling or any other marine purpose. As one of the men said to me, "Point Hope, plenty eat, not much warm; Coal Mine, plenty warm, not much eat," and so it goes on this part of the Arctic coast. The mine was located by an enterprising white man with an eye to the future, and a patent secured, long ago, before the Alaska coal lands were withdrawn from entry (to which, after ten years of conservation and uselessness, they are just now reopened as I write), but he has never reaped any benefit from his enterprise, nor does one see much chance that he ever will.

We were certainly glad of the coal, that night of the 11th February, of the spacious cabin that the abundance of fuel adequately warmed, of the cook stove with ample space for cooking, as well as the heater, of the comfortable bunks which gave us a good night's sleep—the first that I had had since we left the mission. The cabin was obviously of white man's building, and doubtless represented a part of the unproductive investment of the mine owner.

Our comfortable quarters and our want of sleep made us all lie long, and it was 10.30 ere we were started again; but the run was not more than eighteen or twenty miles over a good surface and we made it in four hours, a keen wind blowing across our course from the cliffs at the foot of which we travelled. We passed the site of the "Thetis" coal mine, so called because the U. S. vessel of that name once coaled there, and we passed Cape Sabine, so named by Beechey for his old messmate, the astronomer of the Ross and Parry expeditions, still remembered for his researches into terrestrial magnetism and his long, careful experiments to determine the length of the second-pendulum, at various places, but we did not see

either mine or cape, and Cape Sabine, from the shore at any rate, is another of the cape-no-capes of the coast.

At Pitmagillik the only inhabited igloo was too small for the whole company, so the three mail-men were received into it and Walter and I had to make the best of an empty, dirty, cheerless and stoveless igloo, in bad repair. The primus stove cooked our supper, and, whenever there was time for the necessary two or three hours' preparation, the dried sliced potatoes, the dried onions, and reindeer meat, made savoury with a package of dried soup and as many capsules of beef extract as the salt they contained permitted us to use, gave us a thoroughly good meal, supplemented by knackerbrod, butter and jam, and washed down with unlimited tea. We had to wear our furs all the time, and it amused us to be cooking and washing dishes in heavy mittens, though later we grew used to that. After supper, while Walter was feeding the dogs, I walked across to the other igloo, but it was literally too full to enter, and while the owners were pleased to see me, the head mail-man evidently was not, being perhaps afraid I might seek to wedge myself in for the night, than which nothing was further from my thoughts; so I contented myself with greeting the residents from the inner threshold, and withdrew.

The long evening gave us plenty of time for study, despite the cold. We lay half in and half out of our sleeping-bags, and Walter had to take off his fur mitt every time he turned a page. We were now reading *The Merchant of Venice,* and we got through several acts and discussed them, this being the second reading. But his mind was always much more interested in concrete physical things than in literature, and it was hard, when the reading was done, to keep our conversation on the educational lines that I desired.

Amongst the supplies sent to Point Hope were a number of little cans of "solidified alcohol," and we had found it much more convenient for starting the primus stove than the fluid alcohol with which we were also sup-

plied. The solid ignites more readily than the liquid at low temperatures because it is easier for the flame to play upon the projecting points of a solid than upon the flat surface of a liquid, and it is also much more convenient for transportation. Of course it has its drawbacks; all improvements have drawbacks; and the drawback of the solidified alcohol is the dirty residuum that it leaves behind from the incombustible ingredients obviously employed to bring about the solidification, which must be scraped out after each burning. Walter was keenly interested in the new preparation and wanted to know how it was made. He was always asking me things like that which I was unable to tell him. I knew that solidified alcohol was *not* a new thing; like many other inventions it lay unused for a number of years. When first I came to Alaska the men of the Signal Corps engaged in the care of the telegraph lines in winter were supplied with an almost identical preparation for the quick starting of fires, but when, a year later, I endeavoured to procure some for myself, I was told that it had not been commercially successful and had been withdrawn from the market. Ten years later some ingenious adapter of other people's inventions bethought him of domestic uses for it and put it up in ten-cent cans, devising a folding stand and a little pot, and now it has great vogue for heating shaving water and making a quick cup of tea—but it is useless in the least wind. What it was that was added to the alcohol to solidify it I had not the least notion of. Then he wanted to know the difference between alcohol used for fuel and alcohol that rendered liquors intoxicating, having been much impressed some time ago by the sudden death of two woodchoppers at Tanana, who, when their whiskey was exhausted, were drawn by their unsatisfied craving to the consumption of wood alcohol. Why should one alcohol make a man only drunk and another suddenly kill him? Why should the same name be given to such very different liquids? That also I could not tell him, having no clear

notion of the difference between the ethyl and the methyl alcohols myself. All I could tell him was that they differed in that obscure but "very fiery particle" called a "hypothetical radical," and that the whole subject of the alcohols was not simple by any means but very highly complex. Then he wanted to know what the name "alcohol" really meant, and that I could answer, but how much further does the knowledge that it means literally "the powder" take us? It is interesting because it carries with it the history of the Moorish chemists of Spain and the discoveries of *aqua fortis* and *aqua regia*, and the whole subject of the contribution to human knowledge made by the Arabs, but it shows chiefly what a long way the word has travelled in meaning since it was first employed. But I could not get him off on the subject of alchemy, fascinating as it is, and I could not help him on the subject of chemistry because the little chemistry I learned at school is long since utterly obsolete and abandoned; and the discussion ended as many a similar one did, "My boy, when you begin your study of medicine you will be crammed full of this sort of stuff and nothing else. Now what I am anxious for is that your mind should be stored with literature and history before the time of professional and technical study comes. Science is constantly and necessarily changing; what was knowledge yesterday is ignorance today. But the time will never come when *Hamlet* and *The Merchant of Venice* will be other than masterpieces of literature. The value of the great artistic efforts of the human mind is that they are permanent, so far as human things may be permanent. I took you to see great pictures in New York, and I hope to take you to see great pictures abroad. I took you to hear great music, because I want your whole nature developed, because I want you to have a share in the general human inheritance." But he persisted (and I was glad of a new development and eagerness of his dialectic), "Isn't chemistry a part of that inheritance too, and are you not yourself anxious to know something

of it?" "Yes, I should like to know all about chemistry and all about every other science, but when a man comes to my age, if he have learned anything at all he has learned that it is utterly impossible to learn everything, and that, given a sort of general foundation to build upon, it is better to try to know a good deal about a few things rather than a little about them all. I am content to leave omniscience to God, with the firm belief that all through eternity I shall progress towards His Knowledge. All knowledge is one, as I am never tired of telling you; it has its unity in the mind of God, but it can never find its unity in any human mind. The earth is one, but no man can ever know the whole earth. You and I know a little about the Arctic regions and by and by may know a little more, but a man may study the Arctic regions all his life and not exhaust them—and what about the temperate zones and the tropics? I am interested in the chemistry of alcohol, but (taking up my little red volume) I am more interested in the history of Armenia with which Gibbon is now dealing. If a man should take a portion of the earth for his study instead of a period of time (as Freeman did Sicily) I think there could be few more attractive regions than Armenia. It was concerned in the earliest as it is in the latest of the great wars. It is the highway between the historic east and the historic west. It was the first Christian country, and today the Turks are doing their best to exterminate its Christian population. I doubt if there is in the whole history of the human race a more terrible story than the story of what the Turks are doing in Armenia. Yet I hope to see it an independent Christian country again when the day of reckoning comes." Presently Walter went to sleep and I went—to Armenia, for sleep I could not. I read till the little acetylene lamp was exhausted and then I got up and started the primus stove and melted some ice to recharge it, and crawling back into my sleeping-bag, read till it was exhausted again.

I have not forgotten that I promised not to trouble the

reader with Mr. Barlow any more, but there are many youths who have had much greater advantages and opportunities than Walter, who are more eager even than he was to address themselves prematurely to the preparation for their scientific career. The colleges of the Pacific coast states are swollen with post-graduate students who have never been undergraduates or who certainly have never graduated from anything but a high school; with scientific and technical students who know nothing of literature and history—and from them come our physicians and lawyers who go so far in depriving their vocations of the right to be called learned professions. We have been specially familiar with the class in Alaska, as is perhaps not unnatural, and I was resolved to have no hand in adding to it. I recall a physician in Fairbanks who, with Vandyke beard, and gold pince-nez—"like a painless dentist" as O. Henry says—and a most impressive manner, talked about extracting a "populace" from a child's nose, an astounding feat of legerdemain that puts all the hat-and-rabbit tricks to shame. Of course I knew he meant "polypus," but who would dream of entrusting himself for any ailment whatever to a man like that? From my point of view he was a quack, but he was furnished with diplomas and certificates and his "professional standing" was unexceptionable. "We was" doesn't trouble me in ordinary people, but "we was" doctors are an offence.

So also I recall a lawyer, an assistant to a district attorney, who swore out "John Doe and Richard Roe" warrants under an old United States statute against inoculation, for the arrest of some men who were suspected of a design to violate a smallpox quarantine. I did not object to his doing it, for at that time there was no other statute under which it could be done, and if any stick be good enough to beat a dog with any statute that will even temporarily serve is good enough to stop the spread of smallpox with, but I was astonished at his maintaining that the statute actually covered the offence and that any

action that caused the spread of disease was inoculation. "Is there then no dictionary in your office?" I asked. "Dictionary?" said he with a fine scorn; "we've got no time in our office to fool with school books. We leave the dictionary to the stenographers." How *can* a man know law if he know nothing else? And while I suppose a man may be a clever surgeon who knows nothing but surgery, I do not believe that a man can ever be a competent physician who knows nothing but medicine.

At any rate I was long resolved that if Walter were to be a physician, which was my ambition for him as well as his ambition for himself, he should not be a little narrow one—his mental life an island detached from the great body of human culture, and completely surrounded with tinctures and lotions and liniments, even though his practice were devoted, as he designed, to the Yukon Indians from whom he was sprung, but rather that it should be a peninsula, jutting out as far as he pleased into such sea, but firmly fixed and broadly based upon the mainland of general knowledge.

During the night the weather changed and grew much warmer and a furious gale from the south arose. The next morning we had an illustration of the power of the wind. The sleds were left standing as we had arrived, the hindsacks at the rear of them facing a little east of our north course, and my hindsack, a capacious sack of moose hide with a richly-beaded flap that fell the whole length of it, was secured by a string tied tightly around it as well as by the toggles that held the flap closed. Yet next morning that hindsack was filled in every interstice of its contents with firmly-packed snow, driven before the wind. There seems no limit to the penetrating power of that finely-divided fiercely-sped snow. It is more like a sand-blast than anything else I know. The sleds were full of it—fine as flour,—although the sled-covers had been replaced and relashed when we had taken what we needed into the igloo, but I was most astonished at the inside of the hindsack, which was filled with snow from

top to bottom as though the articles contained had been packed in snow as grapes are packed in sawdust.

Loading and lashing the sleds, and hitching the dogs in the howling gale that continued, was very difficult and disagreeable work, but when we were once started we went along at a fine clip, and had we possessed any means of rigging a sail would not have needed dog-traction at all that day. All day long the wind drove us before it and kept us covered with the flying snow, most of the time on the beach but part of it amongst rough sea-ice, and sometimes sleds and dogs were blown broadcast across the smooth ice of lagoons; at others the sled first and all the dogs dragged sprawling behind, do what one would to keep "head-on." Vision was very limited; there were distant glimpses of hills on one hand and the familiar grey obscurity of sea-ice on the other. On such a day one sees very little indeed. As we approached the last hill I knew that we were at Cape Beaufort, named by Beechey for the hydrographer to the British admiralty, who is the same Captain (afterwards Admiral Sir Francis) Beaufort for whom Franklin named a bay, and is chiefly remembered for his scale of wind velocities known as the "Beaufort scale." I have been interested to see the "Beaufort scale" quoted in recent gun-firing tests and also in certain calculations about aeroplanes. Cape Beaufort would have been a good place for his experiments.

We all stayed together that night in an empty, stoveless igloo at a place called Mut-ták-took, and the business of getting unloaded and settled was especially tedious. It is always a task to convey one's belongings into these habitations. First one takes a sleeping-bag and, pushing it before or dragging it behind, crawls through the dark, narrow passages, opening the little cubby-hole doors until the inner chamber is reached, and there deposits it. Then one crawls out again and another trip is made for the grub box or some other piece of our baggage; then another and another. It reminds me of the

From a photograph by W. A. Thomas.

DANGEROUS TRAVEL AROUND OPEN WATER FROM WHICH THE ICE HAS BEEN BLOWN BY AN OFFSHORE GALE.

laborious methods of an insect, dragging some treasure trove to its burrow. The longer and narrower the passages the more disagreeable the task. The process of occupying this burrow was especially irksome because the innermost door proved too small to permit the passage of the grub box, and when it had been dragged to the end of the labyrinth it had to be dragged out again and the articles needed removed from it. So have I seen an ant drag the leg of a beetle halfway into its abode, only to be compelled to eject it again. Once established within, however, in such a gale as was still blowing, one appreciates the entire seclusion from the wind which these tortuous, constricted entrances secure, and a journey on the Arctic coast is necessary to make any man realize the blessing and comfort of mere shelter.

The bill of fare of our mail-men did not vary much. They boiled seal-meat and ate it with the fingers, dipping each morsel in a tin of seal-oil, and their only other food consisted of a sort of doughnut fried in seal-oil. They cooked with a primus stove, the use of which is universal in these parts, and they took liberties with it and showed a skill in its manipulation, born of long familiarity. The instructions that come with the stove expressly forbid the use of gasoline in it, yet I have seen them use it. Like a good many other inadvisable things, it may be done if one be careful. The chief danger in the use of gasoline comes, I think, at the moment of extinction of the stove. The primus stove is extinguished by opening a cock which permits the escape of the compressed air. Now air that has been in contact with coal oil is not inflammable, but air that has been in contact with gasoline under pressure is not only inflammable but explosive, and the escape of this air while the stove is still alight or glowing red-hot will almost certainly be attended by disaster. So when burning gasoline in it it is necessary to blow out the stove by a mighty blast from the lungs, or to smother it in some way, and then when it is extinguished the air may safely be released. But the va-

pourized gasoline that escapes from the stove, even for the moment between extinguishing the flame and releasing the air, is exceedingly irritating to the eyes and throat. I have used primus stoves for a number of years and have never had an accident or seen an accident with them; employing coal oil for fuel they are perfectly safe; and I am convinced that the explosion of one of these stoves and the severe burning of one of his men which Amundsen describes in his *Northwest Passage,* must have been occasioned by the use of gasoline.

Here Walter and I had our first taste of seal-meat, the Eskimos, whose table was continually supplemented from our grub box, offering us some of it. We had been solemnly warned against it by a white resident of the coast whom we had met earlier—one of those of whom it may be said that "should the haughty stranger" of Eliza Cook's song "seek to know, The place of his home and birth" he would only have to listen for a moment. "H'I've h'et h'owls and h'I've h'et h'otters," he said, "h'I've h'et most everythink that's got fur or feathers, but excuse me from seal-meat! A man ain't a w'ite man that'll h'eat it." The owls and the otters "was chicken to it." But we did not find it so bad. I ate very little of it, meat forming a small part of my diet when any other food is obtainable, but Walter ate it on several occasions, if not with relish at least to the satisfaction of his constant craving for flesh. It had a lingering taste as though it had been boiled in a fish kettle that had not been previously cleaned. A hungry man would soon become accustomed to its taste and would not mind it, I think, and it is undoubtedly strong, sustaining food. In the modern school of Arctic exploration ability to live upon seal-meat seems the first requisite.

Another convenience with which the Eskimos are well supplied is the thermos bottle, and never was there a more beneficent invention for the Arctic regions. I think that every travelling Eskimo we met was provided with it. Where there is no possibility of stopping

and building a fire to cook with, these heat-retaining bottles become indispensable to comfortable travel. They furnish a good illustration of the way in which needs are created by the invention of something which supplies them. For untold generations men travelled these winter coasts without any such means of carrying hot refreshment; now that such a means has been devised it is immediately regarded as a necessity—and quite rightly so regarded. "What can't be cured must be endured," but when a cure has been found endurance becomes a mere surplusage of hardihood.

The situation of the Eskimos along the sea coast has always been favourable to the introduction of new things. Of old they had the earliest intercourse with the whites, and, before any direct intercourse, were mediately in touch with the white man's goods through the Siberian tribes. They had iron tools and firearms—and rum—before these things reached the Indians of the interior; and while I can see that there was some opportunity for Eskimo development even had these coasts remained undiscovered, I am convinced that the culture of the Indians of the interior had become stationary. Shut out from all access to the sea by the hostile Eskimos, there is no telling for how many ages they had remained at the stage of development they had reached, nor for how many ages more they would have so continued had not the white man penetrated into their country.

Still another resource of civilization we found common amongst these folks—the telescope. We had now reached, and for hundreds of miles should traverse, a perfectly flat coast. The "last mountain," "A-máhk-too-sook," rose beside us at this encampment, and thereafter the hills receded so rapidly that they were soon out of sight. We saw no more elevations of the land until we had crossed Harrison Bay on the north coast six weeks later and distant faint outlines of the Franklin mountains gladdened our eyes. So a telescope becomes a necessity also, to sweep the level horizon for some sign

of human habitation, some little landmark of driftwood or cut bank of shingle, some hint that to a man familiar with this coast should suffice to indicate his whereabouts. It was common from this time forward to see a man clamber to the top of an ice hummock and scan the distance with his telescope.

For all these conveniences the Eskimos are indebted to the whalers, and for the plentifulness of them to the large moneys which they themselves made in whaling so long as the price of whalebone remained high. It is in my mind that as they are broken or lost they will not be so readily replaced now.

Of the three Eskimos, the responsible mail carrier, Andy, was an interesting study. His Point Barrow companion was a stolid, unintelligent chap with very little English; his Point Hope recruit a lively, good-natured but none too industrious youth named Tom Goose. Our relations with Andy were uncertain. At times he would apparently desire to be helpful and even cordial; at others he would be as churlish as Nabal—"such a son of Belial that a man may not speak to him" as the servant described his master with almost modern emphasis of dislike. His chief characteristic was his self-importance. Not only was he in charge of the United States mail, but he was a man of substance and consequence at Point Barrow; the owner of a reindeer herd, a "fellow that hath had losses," even though he could not boast of "two gowns and everything handsome about him," and an office-holder of some sort in the mission church. I think that perhaps he viewed me with some suspicion at first as an emissary of the alien church at Point Hope, where they tolerated such abominations as dancing, much in the way that one of John Knox's preachers may have viewed a prelatist of his day—I am not sure.

He had learned my surname and my title but used the former only, without prefix, which was his habit with all white men. It did not trouble me in the least, but it annoyed Walter. But it did annoy me to hear him con-

tinually refer to the missionary physician at Point Barrow as "Spence." Our talk, of course, was mainly of that place, and everything connected with it was of interest. With Dr. Spence I had had some correspondence, and I had heard of him in the highest terms all along the coast; indeed Andy sang his praises also. So I took occasion to ask him very gently whether when he spoke of "Spence" he referred to the doctor at Point Barrow, and when he said that he did I said, with decidedly more severity of manner, "Then when you speak to me of him you will say 'Doctor Spence,' " and thereafter whenever he mentioned the name I insisted on the prefix.

His immediate employer and "boss," who, besides being postmaster and United States commissioner, was reindeer superintendent and schoolmaster (or at least the husband of the schoolmistress), and an ordained minister of religion of one of the Protestant Churches (though not officially functioning in this last capacity at Point Barrow), Andy always referred to as "Cram." I did not concern myself in his behalf, feeling that a man with so many rods of authority in his hands should be quite able to look after his own dignity. If "Cram" he were content to be, "Cram" he might remain, so far as I was concerned. But it was otherwise with Dr. Spence, whom I knew of as an elderly gentleman of most devoted and kindly character, and I spent some time in explaining to Andy that if he really respected him he should not speak of him with no more respect than of a dog.

It is hard to understand why our own people of the Western States, the "average man" who looms so large in the talk of statesmen just now, should have so totally rejected all terms and customs of respect, unless it be from some preposterous, perverse notion that to be courteous is to be servile. The French are supposed to be fully as enamoured of equality as we are, but no Frenchman, no gamin of the Paris streets, would answer a stranger with an abrupt "Yes" or "No," he would assuredly append the "Monsieur" or "Madame." The

French equality seems an equality of respect; ours seems an equality of disrespect. It sometimes seems almost as important to make our democracy palatable and acceptable to the world as to make the world safe for our democracy. The western practice being what it is, it is not surprising, though it is still more striking, that the Eskimos and Indians who have learned white men's ways from the only white men they have met should be rude and discourteous of English speech. But it is unfortunate (and this is what I have been coming to) that the government schools should be content to leave it so, should be content to make no effort themselves to inculcate politeness. My first criticism of these government schools is that the children are well taught in the common school subjects, quite remarkably well taught when the circumstances are taken into consideration; my second is that there is very little attempt to teach politeness at all. A teacher who invited and received this comment replied with some feeling, "Last Christmas when they received their presents, *every child* said 'Thank you.'" It comes down to the teachers. Here was this man Andy, with fairly good English, himself bred at the Point Barrow school which his children are now attending, devoid of the first rudiments of politeness or respect for others, though he may have an annual Christmas "Thank you." He had evidently never been taught the first thing that he should have learned.

Andy's speech was only a symptom; urbanity has not characterized our people in the past, from the highest to the lowest. It is said that when the brother of the King of Italy, the Duke of the Abruzzi, who besides being a traveller and an explorer of world-wide renown is regarded as one of the most accomplished gentlemen of Europe, was returning from his ascent of Mt. St. Elias, he paid a visit of courtesy to the governor of Alaska, and that the governor met him with the question, "When you climbba de mountain, you freeza de nose, eh?" explaining afterwards that all dagoes looked alike to him. I

cannot vouch for the story, but I think it not improbable. We have greatly improved in governors since that day, and as much urbanity will be found at the executive mansion at Juneau nowadays as anywhere in the world; perhaps by and by the improvement may trickle down into the schoolrooms.

For a long time that night the Eskimos fried doughnuts in seal-oil for their next day's and night's repasts, and my eyes smarted so with the acrid fumes that there was no reading, no study, but we crawled into our sleeping-bags and kept our heads as near the ground as possible. It was another uncomfortable lodging. If there were means of making oneself reasonably comfortable at night, travelling on this coast would not be excessively arduous, but these "cold lairs" give one small chance of recuperation from the fatigues of the day.

By six the next morning, the 14th February, we were packed up and gone. The southerly gale on the wings of which we had advanced all day yesterday had blown itself out and we had crawled out of the igloo into a perfect calm. There was a fair trail along the beach, and the "last mountain" was soon behind us. Shortly after sunrise Andy saw a seal hole in the ice and squatted beside it with his rifle for a full hour, while the sleds went on a mile or two and there waited for him. But the seal had evidently made other respiratory arrangements that day, and when we were beginning to grow cold, though the thermometer stood no lower than 5° below zero, he rejoined us and our march was resumed. Sometime after midday we reached an empty igloo, and entered it for lunch, and it seemed there was need for further frying of doughnuts, which operation I disliked so much for its inflaming of my eyes that I went outside and walked up and down the beach and played with the dogs while it proceeded.

Long after dark we left the beach trail and entered upon one of the long lagoons that line this coast for an hundred miles or so, receiving all the streams of the

coast, the rare habitations being at the mouths of them. Had we been unaccompanied by one with a thorough knowledge of these parts, we should have been compelled to trace the whole mainland shore, but Andy was so familiar with the locality that he was able to strike across at such angle as would bring him to the dwelling at the mouth of the Ku-póu-ruk river, our destination for the night. The lagoon was rough with hummocks and windrows, and presently Tom Goose was sent ahead with a lantern, as much, I think, that the folks at the igloo might see our approach across the broad lagoon and set out a light to guide us as for our own avoidance of obstacles. The dancing light of Tom Goose's lantern far ahead, and, after a long while, the tiny answering point that pierced the darkness on the opposite beach, remain fixed in my memory, for I was tired that night and the prospect of a warm, inhabited stopping-place was grateful.

Nor were we disappointed; the house at Sing-i-too-rók was clean and comfortable and we were received with evident gratification, the people being accustomed to visit Point Hope and attached to that mission. But it was small, and already had six occupants, so that with our party it sheltered eleven that night. We had to eat in relays, and the wisdom of Andy's midday cooking was evident. It was when we had said our prayers and begun to make disposition for the night, however, that the narrowness of our quarters appeared in its full inconvenience. The apartment was rectangular, with its door in the middle. At either end were the bunks of the family, and the remaining floor space, broken by a cooking stove and a heater, was at our service for repose, but by no ingenuity whatever could we so arrange ourselves that our sleeping-bags did not overlap.

Underneath one of the bunks was the lair of an ancient woman of such a strikingly wild appearance that when I first saw her I thought she might have been one of Macbeth's witches. Her long grey matted hair was

tousled about her shoulders and a ragged fur garment half revealed and half concealed her withered breasts. But she proved of such volubility and animation, scolding and laughter following so closely upon one another, that the witch-like impression soon passed. All around her were her little personal possessions, and she had a seal-oil lamp at which she did her own cooking. She was incessantly working and chattering; never was such an industrious and garrulous old lady, her flow of talk interrupted only when she put fibres of reindeer sinew in her mouth to moisten them before rolling them into thread with her hands. She was evidently a woman of character and will, and from her den under the bunk she seemed to rule the household.

The family had made progress in the arts of civilization, for the cabin was neat and clean and provided with many conveniences, but evidently the old woman was wholly unreconstructed; she would have none of them; and I realized once more that woman is the true conservative element in human society—a consideration which the defeated opponents of female suffrage may take comfort in. She was the most entirely unsophisticated woman I ever saw, and, as I thought, somewhat defiantly retentive of primitive custom. The natural operations of her body were no more cause of shame to her than the ebb and flow of the tide or the falling of the snow; she made no pretence to hide them but talked and laughed meanwhile, and I fancied that she was saying in Eskimo that there was no false modesty about *her*. We felt fortunate in that we had already supped. Every now and then would come some vivacious sally from her corner that provoked general laughter in which she heartily joined.

When we began our preparations for sleep she set up some sort of framework that supported a curtain about her, more to mark out the inviolable limits of her demesne, I think, than from a desire of privacy. In his efforts to wedge himself within the exiguous space left

to him, Walter managed to knock down this framework with the toe of his bag, whereupon the old woman set up a screech and volleyed out a thunderous tirade, ending with loud laughter, while Walter hastened to replace the screen. But Walter was six feet tall, and he had no more than composed himself to sleep than an incautious stretching of his legs brought the end of his bag in contact with her precarious partition and down it came again. This time she was not content with lifting up her voice; she grabbed a stick that lay beside her and poked the boy in the ribs through his bag until he crawled out and readjusted the thing, scolding him all the time most vehemently but ending by joining in the laughter with which we were convulsed. I wish with all my heart that I knew what she was saying, and would have liked to spend the next day here, digging into her mind with the aid of a good interpreter. She must have been a perfect mine of ancient lore. But Walter, though not insensible to the humorous side of her character, said to me when we were loading up in the morning, "That's the most awful old woman I ever saw in my life!" She was indeed—flabbergasting; I can think of no other word to describe her, but her strength of character evidently commanded the respect of all the others, and I think there was no malice or even real anger in her most violent objurgations. Andy evidently held her in some awe; he said, half apologetically, "Ipanee Eskimo; very old woman, very wise woman; maybe go to heaven, maybe go to hell; no sabe," with the air that if he had the disposal of her eternal destiny he would hardly know what to do and might even have to ask advice, which was quite an admission for Andy.

We all enjoyed our sleep so much, and it took so long next morning to cook and eat in relays, that it was eleven o'clock when we pulled out. All day long our course lay on the surface of the lagoon. Hydrographically this coast reminded me of the southwest coast of Texas, with the Laguna Madre stretching from

Corpus Christi Bay to the mouth of the Rio Grande, though the narrow sandspit that divides this lagoon from the Arctic Ocean matches Padre Island only in length; and I daresay, judging from the map, that the coast of the Gulf of Danzig would afford a better parallel than the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. But nowhere save in the Arctic regions could there be such scene of complete desolation. A clear bright day, growing steadily colder and clearer, gave unwonted scope of vision, but as Walter said, "Most of the time you can't see anything, and when it clears up there's nothing to see!" The lagoon was so broad that the mainland was just a distant brown line rising a little above the level of the ice, while the sandspit on the other hand was indistinguishable. The surface began to be abominably rough, with hard, frequent windrows called by the antarctic explorers "sastrugi," and since there is need for a distinctive word for the formation, I do not see why this Russian word should not be used (Sir Douglas Mawson says it is Russian; I cannot find it in the dictionaries). While they have a regular general direction due to the wind that carved them out of the snow, they often curl into very fantastic shapes, and they now became very troublesome, the sleds bumping over them so violently that the old one began to be pretty badly knocked about, and some of the uprights, already strained and sprung, to show signs of giving way. This sled had been used all the previous winter, and this winter had been roughly handled on the portages before we reached the Arctic coast, and Walter took a sudden notion to abandon it. So we stopped; and Tom Goose, whom we had fed lately and who had a hankering after our grub box, so that he began to travel as much with us as with Andy, helped us to transfer all the load to the new sled and hitch all the dogs to it. We left the sled standing in the middle of the lagoon, telling Tom that he might have it if he wanted it, and he declared his purpose of picking it up on his return. I was struck with the considerable dis-

tance from which we could still see that sled, standing all alone on the ice, after we resumed our march. Thirteen dogs at the one sled moved it smartly along; but with the constantly increasing cold the iron runners clave to the rough granular snow, and with its top-heavy load it was in constant danger of upsetting among the sastrugi. At noon the thermometer had fallen to —31°.

All the afternoon the monotonous travel continued with little chance of riding, so rough was the going, and it was just six o'clock, and long since dark, when we reached Point Lay. George I. Lay was the naturalist of Beechey's expedition, but beyond his name amongst the ship's company, and a reference to his preparation of specimens in the preface, I find only a single mention of him in the whole of Beechey's narrative. That one, however, is of much interest to me. While wintering between her first and second visits to the Arctic, the *Blossom* touched at the Loo-Choo islands between Formosa and Japan, then little known, and Beechey records that both he and Mr. Lay succeeded in distributing some little books in Chinese given them by the famous Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China, whose Chinese dictionary, published in six volumes by the East India Company at a cost of $60,000, brought him the coveted distinction of election to the Royal Society. Dr. Morrison is also remembered as having established the first medical mission. Beechey seems to have been a devout man, and Lay, from this single incident, I judge to have been like-minded. It is curious that the Russians, who had considerable trouble with the names given by the English navigators, transliterated this name on their charts as though it were descriptive of *layers,* just as they misconstrued Point Hope as honouring a cardinal virtue instead of a lord of the admiralty. I have been told that on German maps Point Hope is still "Hoffnung."

There were two inhabited cabins at Point Lay, perched above one of the few entrances to the lagoon, or

POINT LAY—ARRIVAL.

"passes" as they would be called on the Texas coast, on a height of sandbank, and Walter and Tom Goose and I were received into one, and Andy and his remaining companion into the other. It was a clean and comfortable dwelling and not so crowded as last night's lodging, for there was but a man and his wife and a child or two. I found them devout, simple people, with enough English to enable me to make myself understood, and I laboured before we went to bed to give them some further instruction.

Just before turning in I walked to the edge of the sandbank. It was another wonderful Arctic night. Again the stars twinkled in countless myriads, again a sportive aurora flitted hither and thither across the sky. But the thermometer stood at —40°, and a keen air moved from the north that cut like a knife. The night was as cruel as it was beautiful, and I was glad to get within doors again and to sleep.

The next morning after breakfast we were busied in going over our stuff to see what we had that was superfluous, that we might lighten our top-heavy load by abandoning it here, when Andy came in and very solemnly said, "The people in the other house want to hear you tell them the gospel of Jesus Christ." I think he had decided to put me to a test, himself as the interpreter, and I gladly went over with him and spoke to the eight or ten attentive and interested people by his mouth. I am glad to know that Mr. Thomas visited them later and made some stay with them.

Walter was thus left to his own judgment as to what should be discarded of our load, and he cut it down beyond what I should have agreed to, dowering our hostess with grub and with plates and cups and pots and pans that were in excess of the minimum he judged necessary for our cooking and eating. I like to have a spare plate and vessel or two when I am cooking and frequently found myself inconvenienced thereafter, actually having to buy things at Point Barrow to replace some of those

discarded here; but a considerable reduction in bulk and weight was effected, and since all was loaded and lashed when I returned there was no more to be said. I recall Point Lay as the pleasantest place of sojourn since we left Point Hope.

The next day was a repetition of the preceding one, the second full day upon the lagoon, a long weary grind of nine hours. But it was made distinctly more uncomfortable by the keen air from the north, moving at a temperature that did not rise above —35° all day. My nose was frozen again and again. The mail-dogs were grown so weary with this continuous travel that they lagged behind, and my team took the lead, Walter running ahead of them for hours to set a pace. Nothing could be more desolately monotonous than the whole day's journey on the wide lagoon, with not a single landmark of any kind from morning to night. I had proposed to Andy that we give the dogs a day's rest at Point Lay, but he had brushed aside the suggestion. That night we lay in a wretched uninhabited igloo at Ut-oo-kok, at the mouth of the stream of that name, almost exactly upon the 70th parallel of latitude, and for hours the Eskimos tried out whale blubber over the primus stove and then fried doughnuts in it, our eyes inflamed by the vapour to such an extent that reading was impossible; yet the quarters were so narrow that we could not go to bed until they were ready for bed also. There was nothing for it but the patient endurance of a misery we could not alleviate.

I do not know what Andy would have done had we not been with him. I had given him a gallon can of alcohol when we decided to depend upon the solidified preparation, glad to get rid of it, and for days he had had nothing else to start his stove with. And now he came to us like the foolish virgins in the parable with "Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out," and we shared our kerosene with him. Tom Goose had by this attached himself almost exclusively to our ménage, supplementing

it by chunks of boiled seal-meat from the mail cuisine when our bill of fare was not as largely carnivorous as he desired. I suppose Andy would have been more careful of his oil had he not counted on falling back upon our supply, and there would have been less frying of doughnuts and more chewing of frozen fish and seal-meat. It did not lessen the intolerable irritation of his frying to know that we had furnished him with the fuel for it.

We were no more than established in our miserable domicile than the weather changed, the chill north wind ceased, the temperature rose, snow began to fall and a gale started from the south which lasted three days. When we left next morning it was so warm that furs were soon doffed, and by noon the thermometer was standing at 20° above zero instead of 25° below. At half-past one we reached a halfway igloo at a place called Kun-ñey-ook, where we were hospitably received in quarters so warm from overcrowding that most of the company sat stripped to the waist. Here we lay two hours while Andy and his companions ate a heavy meal that the women cooked, Walter and I content with our thermos lunch. These Eskimos have an astonishing capacity for food when it is obtainable, proportionate, I suppose, to their capacity for doing without it when it is not to be had. I had baked several pans full of sausage rolls at Point Hope, and one of them served both of us for lunch each day with the addition of the hot cocoa.

Snow was falling heavily when we resumed our march, and it soon grew dark under the overcast skies. A little later we left the lagoon for the beach and kept it until we reached Icy Cape at about 7 o'clock.

For nearly fifty years this was the most northerly known point of the mainland of America, Captain Cook having named it in 1778 from the ice which encumbered it. Hearne, indeed, had asserted a higher latitude for the mouth of the Coppermine river in 1771, but the claim,

always disputed, had in Beechey's time already been disproved by Franklin. The pack ice commonly has its southern limit in this neighbourhood, and prevented Cook's advance, as it did Beechey's, the further explorations to the north of the latter's expedition being carried out by Elson and Smyth in the *Blossom's* barge, though Beechey says that had further exploration depended upon the *Blossom* alone it is probable he would have endeavoured to proceed at all hazards notwithstanding that his orders were positive to avoid being beset in the ship. From this place to Point Barrow all the place-names that are not Eskimo are Beechey's names. The settlement, which has a disused government schoolhouse and a large store building besides about a score of igloos, occupied or unoccupied, lies on the mainland opposite a considerable break or "pass" in the sandbank that forms the great lagoon, and it is the point of this sandbank that is actually Icy Cape. The coast takes a further abrupt turn to the eastward from this point, which would render it notable from the sea; otherwise it is low and inconspicuous.

We were lodged in the store building, a large thriftless house with all sorts of coal-oil stoves and lamps—but no oil. There seemed no stock of goods nor any business conducted; the man was absent, as were most of the men of the place, and our hostess was a brisk, intelligent but quite untrained girl who seemed to have the makings of a housekeeper, were there someone who would take the pains to teach her. She had a driftwood fire quickly going in the coal stove, and a kettle boiling, by which my cooking operations were greatly expedited, and I spared enough oil from our rapidly diminishing store to supply one of the numerous empty lamps; a hideous thing with twisted brass ornaments and dangling prisms and the crudest of red roses painted upon its opal shade, evidently the pride of someone's heart. I daresay a passing ship gathered quite a bunch of skins or many pounds of whalebone for that gewgaw.

We had now travelled nine continuous days, including two Sundays, and I was determined to attempt to secure a day of rest for ourselves and our dogs, but when I went over to Andy's lodging and broached the matter to him, he gave a curt refusal. His own dogs were much more tired than ours, and he had ten days within which to finish his journey, which he estimated would take no more than five. Thinking that dog-feed might be in question I offered to buy all the food they could eat while they lay over, for I had discovered that there was walrus meat to be had here, though at a high price. But he simply said, "You want to stay, all right; I go."—

So I sought for someone to conduct us to the village of Wainwright, said to be two days' journey, but could find no one. The men and the dog-teams were all away, and we were reluctantly compelled to pursue our journey. It was very annoying, and I resented Andy's obstinacy, but there seemed nothing for it but to go on with him. So I made such hurried visits to the igloos of the place as the time permitted while Walter was loading and hitching, and we started along the beach, amidst evident signs of a gathering storm, about 9 o'clock. By noon the high south wind had shifted to southeast, the advancing mass of clouds had completely obscured the sun, and it began to snow. Very shortly we were in the midst of the heaviest driving snowstorm of the winter. Just before the snow began to fall Andy left his sleds and took rapidly across the lagoon on foot towards a reindeer camp with which he had some business, and when we went on hour after hour amidst the blinding snowstorm and saw nothing more of him I began to be seriously uneasy, though his assistants were not perturbed. It was 8 o'clock at night, as we approached a low mudbank, when he appeared ahead, waiting for us, and I thought it a very remarkable exhibition of familiarity with that trackless tundra country. He was not unconscious of his *tour de force,* for he waited till

my sled came up and said, "You think mail-man get lost? This mail-man never get lost."

We dragged along a couple of hours more through deepening snow until, very weary, we reached the end of the long lagoon at last at a place named Me-lik-táhk-vik, and squeezed ourselves into a crowded igloo. We were surprised and disgusted that the mail-dogs were left unhitched and unfed all that night. Freed of his harness a dog can make the best of the wretched conditions of his bivouac in the wind and the snow, curling up into a ball and turning his back to the wind, but confined and constrained by his gear and still attached to the sled he is deprived of even that poor comfort. There was no excuse for it; there were but two of us and three of them, yet we got all our dogs chained up and fed, or, I am sure, we should not have been able to eat and sleep ourselves. Walter was especially indignant at this violation of the code of the dog man, and his feeling towards Andy thereafter was like the feeling of the seamen towards the officers who abandoned the ship full of pilgrims that had sprung a leak in Conrad's *Lord Jim*—he had done something that dog men *don't do*. Walter declared he would certainly tell the postmaster at Point Barrow of the way the mail-dogs are treated. And he did; the only time I ever knew him to "make trouble," as the natives say, for anyone. This was their tenth day of continuous hard travel, and here they were utterly neglected and left hungry, with three men to look after them. Andy had expected to make the remaining winter trip with the mail, but another man was sent; though whether Walter's representations had anything to do with that, I know not; I think probably not.

The next day there was almost a repetition of the weather happenings. We started about nine along the mainland beach, the lagoon ended, in clear sunshine and a south wind; presently a cloud rose rapidly from the south and overspread the sky, and by noon it was heavily snowing again with even greater force of driving wind.

It was remarked in one of the reviews of my previous volume of winter travel, that it was "crowded with assorted weather." The weather is always of prime importance to a traveller, but a man must travel the Arctic coast to realize how completely weather considerations dominate all other circumstances of travel. At 25° below zero, with a keen wind against one, all the furs, the inner and the outer, are required. Perhaps within a few hours, when the wind has lulled and the skies become overcast, the temperature rises so rapidly that furs become intolerable. A driving snowstorm demands that the inner furs be covered with the cotton *artigi* or parkee; if it blow behind, one is carried along with much increased speed, but if it be ahead, it is perhaps impossible to make progress against it at all. On a walking trip over the fine highways of the Alps the weather in summer may play havoc with one's itinerary. I shall never forget a wretched experience in crossing the Albula Pass when heavy snow on the summit turned to pouring rain, and when we were drenched to the skin, turned again to freezing, so that our sodden clothes were grown stiff with frost ere we reached our inn. But such vicissitudes are trivial in comparison with the paramount influence which weather exercises upon winter travel in the Arctic regions. A narrative of such travel must be "crowded with assorted weather" if it be any true picture. One is simply the sport of the changing weather, and the whole art of travel is the art of rapid adjustment to it.

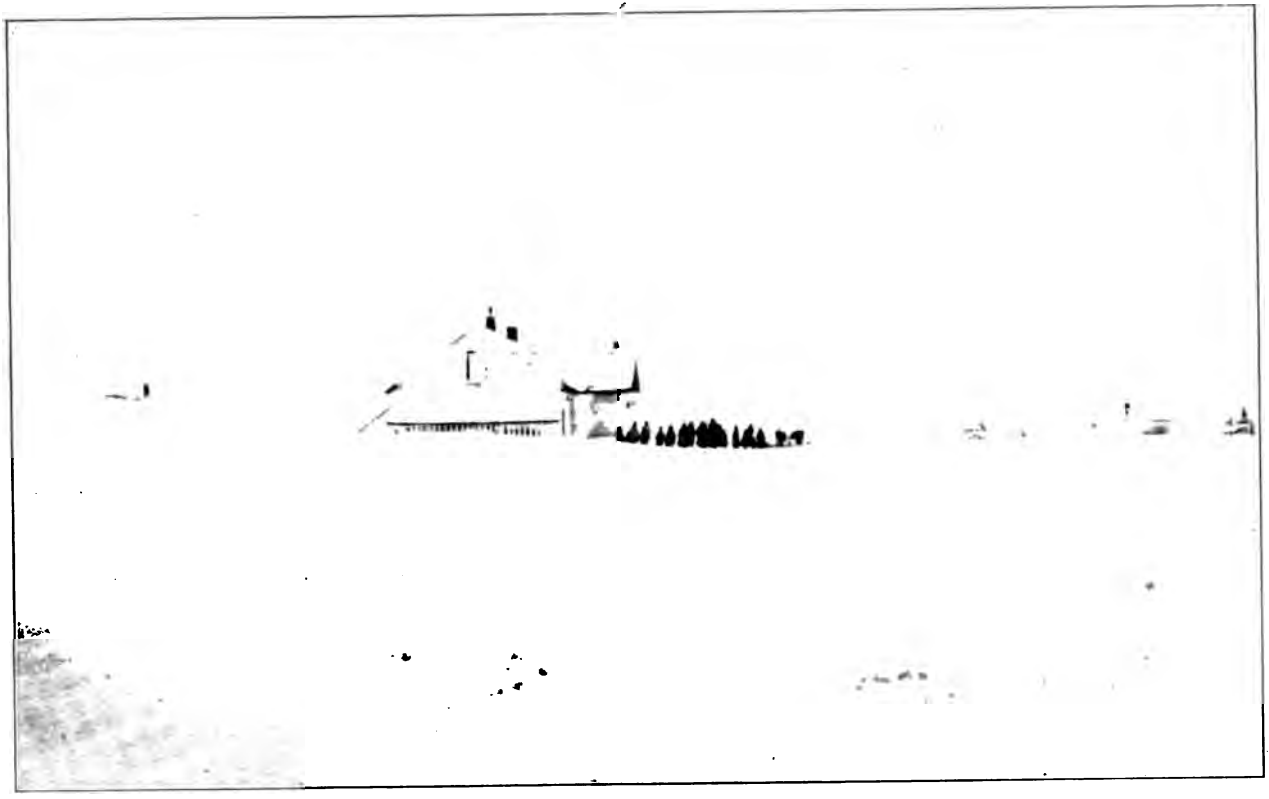
Our host of last night accompanied us with his wife and child and a dog-team, bound for Wainwright, and when we reached the inlet of that name he went ahead with a pole sounding the ice, for the incessant south wind had driven water through the tidal cracks, and there was doubt if we might cross to the peninsula upon which the village is situated, or would be compelled to the long circuit of the inlet. For a few score yards the condition of the ice was somewhat precarious, but we

went quickly over it to firmer, older ice, and were soon upon a sandbar that runs north and south in the midst of the inlet, after traversing which for some miles we crossed the inlet ice to the peninsula, climbed a steep bank and passed along the high sandbank to the village, the whole population turning out to meet us and great excitement prevailing.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest, the teachers of the government school, both in the complete Eskimo costume that the weather demanded, Mrs. Forrest with her baby on her back in the sensible native style, came out most cordially to insist upon our staying with them, and indeed we were only too rejoiced to accept their kind hospitality. It was a keen pleasure to enter upon civilized domestic life again, and we resolved that here we would stay for several days' rest, let Andy do what he would.

Wainwright Inlet was named for Beechey's lieutenant, John Wainwright, the two points of sandbank that form the opening being named Point Collie and Point Marsh, for his surgeon, Alexander Collie, and his purser, George Marsh. The village at this place appears to be one of the most favourably situated on the coast. There are good coal seams within six miles inland, on the banks of a creek, and coal costs but fifty cents per sack of 100 pounds, which is $10 a ton, the cost being, of course, only that of digging and transporting; the lagoon behind the village affords excellent fishing under the ice all the winter; the sea-ice gives good sealing and walrus hunting. During the previous summer 150 walruses were obtained by these people. The situation is not so good for the brief season of flaw whaling, and at this time many of the inhabitants go to Point Barrow, though some whaling is carried on from here.

Including the outlying points, the total native population is counted at 190, 187 persons having been present at the last Christmas festivities. The school had an enrollment of fifty-eight children with an average attendance of thirty. Some 2,300 reindeer are attached to this



WAINWRIGHT—SCHOOLHOUSE.

village, divided into three herds, which have, altogether, twenty-six herders and apprentices, and these men, with their wives and children, withdraw no small part of the population from the village. The ownership of the deer is even more widely distributed, almost every family in the place owning at least a few, one dollar per deer per annum being paid to the herders by owners who take no share in herding, an arrangement usual elsewhere also.

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest were a young east Oregonian couple who seemed to me excellently well adapted to the work. It takes no little courage to bring a bride to such a lonely place, with no white woman nearer than Point Barrow, three days' journey to the north. Dr. Spence had come down from that place when Mrs. Forrest's baby was born, and I heard again of his kindness and gentleness. Mr. Forrest's life on a ranch was of value to him here, his knowledge of cattle a help in the management of the reindeer herd under his charge, and the general handiness and capability which a country breeding brings, found many opportunities of exercise in the devising and constructing of domestic conveniences.

There was no mission at the place, nor ever had been, and the school-teacher was looked to for religious teaching and the regular conduct of divine service. A co-operative store was also attached to the school, in charge of the teacher, and made no small demand upon his time, so that what with the school, the reindeer herds, the general care of the native affairs, the guidance of the village council, the settlement of disputes, the constant readiness to give patient hearing and advice, Mr. Forrest was a very busy man and seemed to handle his manifold duties with zeal and success. There had been only one other white resident during the Forrests' term of service, a trader competing with the co-operative store, and his activities had brought him into a conflict with the school management which was perhaps inevitable, but which his conduct and character had deepened into

antagonism. He had "sold out" shortly before our arrival and had withdrawn to the northeast, where we shall come in contact with him ourselves by and by. His successor, we learned, was a more desirable neighbour. What a very important, and in many cases what a very disturbing and ignoble part the little local white traders play in native affairs! But for the missions and the schools the natives would be wholly and helplessly in the hands of these men.

Oxenstiern's oft-quoted observation to his son about the little wisdom with which the world is governed, frequently finds fresh illustration in Alaskan affairs. Here on the one hand was a government school in connection with which had been established by the Bureau of Education a co-operative store, thus also a government enterprise. Here, on the other hand, was a government mail service making three round trips during the winter. On the north-bound trip the burden of the mail-sacks, besides letters, is chiefly newspapers and magazines, but on the south-bound trip that burden, besides letters, is wholly furs going outside by parcel post to catch the spring auction sales at which commonly the best prices are secured. Now by a regulation of the post-office, if the full contracted "limit" of weight be ready for despatch at the office from which the mail starts, it must be taken and no more can be picked up at any office served. Point Barrow, as it was once the chief depôt of the whaling industry, is now, since the decay of that business, the chief depôt of a fur-gathering industry in the hands of the representative of one of the largest American furriers. Each time that the mail leaves Point Barrow it carries its limit of weight in furs shipped to the San Francisco house, and the co-operative store at Wainwright is deprived of all opportunity of marketing its skins save by the conveyance of the one ship that comes in the summer. It is thus also deprived of the chance to "turn over" its invested capital, of the chance to accumulate funds "outside" upon which it

could draw for the purchase of its annual stock. With one hand beneficent, the government establishes a co-operative store by which the natives may be protected from the extortions of local traders, and with the other hand, maleficent, it paralyzes the activities of that store and to a large extent neutralizes its benefit. Indeed the local trader at the time of our visit was but an agent of the merchant at Point Barrow and sent up to him the furs secured, who incorporated them with his mail shipments, and thus under the very nose of the teacher secured the benefit of prompt despatch to market which was denied the co-operative store. One does not blame the Point Barrow merchant, he is warranted in making the best of his business opportunities, but that this regulation was unfair to all the other traders between Point Barrow and Kotzebue Sound had been repeatedly pointed out to the post-office authorities, and I was told that the Bureau of Education had made vigorous representation touching the discrimination against its co-operative store, without any avail. A regulation was a regulation, just as in Russia a ukase was a ukase—and if the one be as arbitrary and unreasonable as the other, what advantageth it that an irresponsible department made it instead of an irresponsible autocrat? An autocrat sometimes has bowels and brains, but a department has never any of the former and usually very little of the latter.

A young college professor of my acquaintance maintained that the chief need of American universities is a chair for the co-ordination of chairs; a school that should teach to each of the various schools of science the advances that had been made in the others, so that in one classroom things should not still be maintained that had been superseded in others; that biology might be informed of what had been newly done in chemistry, and astronomy of the advances in mathematics, etc. I am not academician enough to judge of the need of such a *corps de liaison,* as our soldiers in France would call it,

but I am sure enough that the United States government is sadly in need of a Bureau to Co-ordinate Bureaus, to prevent one of them from actually working against another. It would need large powers, however, to handle the post-office department—so far as Alaska is concerned the most arbitrary, capricious, inefficient and unintelligent of government departments, and the one that, with all these engaging qualities, comes most closely into touch with the life of the ordinary citizen.

Due to its parsimonious policy of letting a mail contract to the lowest white bidder, who in turn (in fact if not in form) lets it to a lower native bidder, until the remuneration for the actual, and very arduous, work is cut down to a point where no more than the barest of livings is obtainable—due to this policy is the sight of half-starved, overworked, ill-appointed mail-teams on the Arctic coast such as we had been travelling with, the dogs mere bunches of bone and fur, the mail carriers compelled to unreasonable haste lest upon their arrival they find their expenses have exceeded their emolument. I was told that on this coast it was as true as I knew it to be on the Yukon, that at the end of the winter season the mail carrier usually found himself in debt. Yet I have described the conditions of Alaskan winter travel on river surface or coast ice in vain unless the reader has been able to see for himself that the men who face all weathers and all temperatures with the United States mail are as deserving of profit from their labours as those who serve the government anywhere.

Our two days' rest passed all too rapidly. I spent several hours in the schoolroom each day and was pleased with what I heard and saw. Each night there was service, though the interpretation was indifferent, and I baptized half-a-dozen babies, for there had been no visit from a clergyman for some time. We slept and ate, and it was certainly a delight to get within sheets again and to sit down to a board spread with Mrs. Forrest's good things.

Mr. Forrest having told me of a panic recently caused by an old woman who reported that she had seen the tracks of a number of strangers in the country behind the inlet and raised the cry "the Indians are coming," I was glad to speak to the congregation about the folly of such alarms. I told them that the nearest Indians to them were on the Koyukuk river, nearly 300 miles away in a straight line, with the uninhabited wilderness between, or inhabited only by roving bands of their own people; that I knew these Koyukuk Indians well, every one of them; that I had lived amongst them and built a mission for them, years ago; that they were kindly Christian people just like themselves, worshipping the same God, singing the same hymns; that there would be as much sense in being afraid that the walruses would waddle out of the water and come into their houses and eat up their children, as in being afraid of these few harmless Indians, hundreds of miles away.

Oddly enough it is only a few years ago that amongst these very Koyukuk Indians a similar panic ensued upon a rumour that the Huskies (Eskimos) were coming, and one family fled in haste to the Yukon and stayed there a couple of years before returning, as I have told elsewhere. One would like to recover the lingering local legends of raids and ambuscades, of the cutting off and slaughtering of venturesome outlying hunting parties long ago, of which this surviving fear is the evidence. Hearne's graphic account of the massacre of sleeping Eskimos by Chipewyan Indians at the Bloody Falls of the Coppermine river, of which he was witness, throws a flood of light upon the old relations between the Indians and the Eskimos—now bartering and now butchering. In reflecting however upon the mutual fears that perturb the races today, one cannot but recall that several times during the eighteenth century, when the English were quite unnecessarily dreading invasion by the French, the French were equally excited over unfounded apprehensions of invasion by the English, and that Dr. Johnson

commented upon the situation to the effect that nothing but mutual cowardice preserved the peace.

One of the things which interested me very much was the communal reindeer-meat cellar, reminding me in a small way of the catacombs of St. Calixtus, though this storehouse was, much of it, excavated out of the solid ice which underlies the sand and gravel on which the village is built. Passing into a little frame house, and opening a trap-door in the midst, we descended by a ladder some fifteen or eighteen feet, through two more trap-doors into a large vaulted chamber with many radiating alcoves and cubicles. The lanterns gleamed upon smooth surfaces of ice and upon lace-like incrustations of frost from the condensation of the moisture of the meat.

Our plan had been to lie here over Wednesday and Thursday and then, with invigorated teams and an early start, seek to reach Point Barrow in two days, which we were told could be done under favourable conditions. A guide had opportunely shown himself in the person of one of the two young gold-mining Eskimos I spoke about early in this narrative as crossing from the Chandelar to the Arctic coast by way of a branch of the Colville river. They had reached Point Barrow about the beginning of January, and one of them, Bob, had come down to Wainwright on a matrimonial quest, to "catch me a lady" as he put it, but his quest was unsuccessful and he was returning to his companion at Point Barrow empty-sledded and somewhat disconsolate.

But Thursday set in with a resumption of the violent gale from the south of which only Wednesday had enjoyed an intermission, and it blew without weakening all day long. Bob was not willing to start in the storm; he had passed over our course only once in his life—on his way hither—and there was a bay to cross and an igloo to stop at that he doubted if he could find in such weather; so that it was Saturday morning ere we left the most hospitable school residence, no longer contem-

plating the effort to reach Point Barrow in two days, since it was now impossible to get there for Sunday. Indeed I would willingly have stayed here over Sunday had Bob consented; though Mr. Forrest, anxious to keep us longer, yet agreed that it was the part of wisdom to take advantage of the favourable weather now that the gale had blown itself out.

Loaded with all sorts of cooked provisions by Mrs. Forrest's insistent kindness, we left Wainwright about eleven o'clock of a calm, fresh morning, and made our way along the beach in bright sunshine for twenty-five miles to a place called Ah-tén-muk, which must be very close to the Point Belcher of the maps; from the shore quite indistinguishable as a point, though doubtless sufficiently visible from the sea to warrant naming, and so purely a navigators' name, not known or used on shore. I am not sorry that this officer's service with Beechey is not more notably marked; he has a channel far to the eastward, north of Bathurst Island, where his later and more conspicuous incompetence is more conspicuously commemorated.

The igloo, like most at which we stayed, was uncomfortably crowded, but it gave me opportunity, with Bob's assistance, of addressing at some length a number of natives, both evening and morning. Bob's English, fluent enough in a broken way, was mining and trading and mushing English, and had little acquaintance with the thoughts and phraseology of religion, so that I was compelled to be very practical indeed, which is not altogether a bad thing in addressing natives. Is it trading parlance alone that one's interpreter understands?—there is scope for insisting upon honesty, upon the fair representation of articles to be bartered, upon the conscientious payment of debts, upon doing without what one cannot afford. And the relations between the sexes are sure to be within the competence of any interpreter, though one sometimes has to be outrageously frank to be comprehended by one's intermediary.

I left with regret next morning, but the bay to be crossed lay now before us with calm weather for the crossing, so once more I swallowed my distaste for Sunday travel and we proceeded. This made the third consecutive Sunday that we had been on the trail—the most heathen travelling that I ever did in my life. Now and again in my winter journeyings I have been compelled —or thought myself compelled—to Sunday travel; sometimes travelling on Sunday was necessary to reach an appointed place for the next Sunday, because trail itineraries are very easily overthrown by untoward circumstances. But I had never travelled on three Sundays running before.

Peard Bay, named for Beechey's first lieutenant George Peard, has suffered a sea-change into Pearl Bay in the speech of the coast. Indeed an old whaler at Point Barrow insisted most positively that "Pearl" was its name, and produced a chart in evidence. I was able to convince him with a lens that the belly of the "d" becoming mixed with one of the Sea-Horse Islands that lie in the bay, gave the letter the appearance of an "l," but on another chart, evidently copied from the first, the name stands "Pearl." So much may a careless engraver be responsible for. I was prepared to find that all the cheap, commercial maps had fallen into the error, but rather disgusted that the map of Alaska in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* was of the same company. The maps, I think, are the poorest feature of that indispensable work of reference. The article on Alaska is admirable; the map is contemptible.

We saw little of the bay and nothing of the Sea-Horse Islands. It must be due to the proverbial unfamiliarity of seafaring men with horses that the walrus was ever so known. One feels that the surprise of the child in Oliver Herford's delightful *Primer of Natural History* at the application of the name "horse" to the hippopotamus would be quite as much justified by its application to the

walrus: "Why they call that thing a *horse,* that's what is Greek to me!"

These low islands, mere dislocated pieces of sandbar, were the resort of herds of walrus in Beechey's time and are the resort of walrus yet—though the numbers are greatly diminished by the reckless commercial slaughter of them from schooners. It will be quite in line with our usual policy to take some measure for the protection of the walrus when it is on the point of extermination; to lock the stable door when the sea-horse is stolen, so to speak.

A rapid fall of the temperature to 30° below zero had brought the usual accompaniment of fog. The moisture with which the air had been loaded in the late snowstorm and comparative high temperature, was now condensing and would presently be deposited as hoar frost; then the air would clear. Meanwhile we took a course by compass across the bay, hoping to strike the shore near the spot where the igloo lay. A keen light air that sprang up from the east helped to keep our course, and to inflame our sore noses that had begun to heal at Wainwright. For seven hours or so we travelled across the snow-covered ice of the bay, seeing nothing but our immediate surroundings, and all that time I was anxious lest we make a bad landfall and miss our one possible lodging, but shortly before it grew dark the fog lifted—or more properly fell—and we spied a distant wisp of smoke and knew that we were safe. The place rejoiced in the name Dit-jin-i-shúr, as nearly as I could write the sounds, and I suppose if there were an Eskimo house agent he might describe it as a pleasant detached villa residence, with sandy soil, a marine aspect and bracing air. Such as it was we were exceedingly glad to reach it, and to know that with good fortune one more long day's run would take us to Point Barrow. There were some unusually attractive children at this igloo, and the five-pound sack of toffee I had brought from Point Hope just lasted to give them a piece all round. There is nothing that so quickly establishes

friendly relations as to fill the mouths of these shy, pretty children with sweetstuff. It is a treat to them the more appreciated on account of its rarity, and to the giver on account of its appreciation. I had rather be without almost anything else on my travels than candy for the children.

I had the men up early next morning and we were started by 6.30 in the clear weather I had confidently expected. Our way lay wholly along the beach, with high mud cliffs rising sometimes to fifty or sixty feet all the way, broken here and there by gullies and clefts, making this stretch of coast very distinctive after the level shore we had so long traversed. The surface was not good, being mainly new ice encrusted with salt-frost, difficult to walk upon and ruinous to one's deerskin boots, and making much friction for our sled-runners. After seven hours of it we reached an igloo at a point somewhat higher than the general line of bluffs, called "Skull Cliff"—I heard why but made no note of it and have forgotten—and here we were glad to stop and eat and get warm, for we had all suffered with cold hands despite thick woollen gloves and heavy fur mitts. I have never been able to tell why hands are so much harder to keep warm on some days than on others of similar temperature. An hour here and we went some eight or nine miles further to another igloo, reached in both cases by ascending a gully to the tableland of the bluff, and again were glad to get warm and consume tea and biscuit. Leaving this dwelling at 4.30, we ran for four hours without stop, having sometimes to go out on the sea-ice to avoid water from the tidal cracks, and at 8.30 we reached Cape Smythe, where the village of Barrow is situated, some ten miles south of the most northerly point of the coast, which is the actual Point Barrow.

All day we had been following the course of the *Blossom's* barge, which, under her master, Thomas Elson, and the "admiralty mate," William Smythe, discovered and mapped this coast from the point of Peard Bay (Point

Franklin) to Point Barrow. Smythe I found shortened into Smith, and Elson clean forgotten. But both deserve honourable remembrance, for it was a dangerous service creditably performed, and to Smythe are due the excellent sketches and line drawings that embellish Beechey's book.

Dark as it was, the whole population turned out to escort us the length of the village and beyond, to Mr. Charles Brower's establishment—the "Cape Smythe Whaling and Trading Company"—and here we were most cordially received. Had I been alone I should have taken up my abode at the mission, to which I had been most cordially invited, but I knew that accommodations there were limited and I wished neither to be separated from Walter nor to inconvenience hospitable people, while at Mr. Brower's spacious quarters there was plenty of room for both of us.

So here on the 25th February we had safely finished the second grand stage of our long journey, at the northerly extreme of Alaska, and here we sat down for two weeks' rest and refreshment and acquaintance.

V

POINT BARROW

V

POINT BARROW

THE native settlement at this place consists of two villages, a large one, Utkiávik, at Cape Smythe where the post-office of "Barrow" is situated, and a smaller one ten miles away at the actual Point Barrow, called Núwuk. Both villages were in existence when Elson, the first white man in these parts, made his visit, but the Cape Smythe village grew much the larger by the centering of the whaling enterprise, and the establishment of the school and mission in 1890, and so continues.

By the school statistics the artificial settlement at Noorvik on the Kobuk river has a population of 403 against 354 at Barrow, but with the addition of the people at Núwuk the Point Barrow Eskimos are more numerous than at any other place on the Alaskan coast, or, indeed, on the American continent. The white men at Point Barrow make claim that it is the most northerly point of the continent, and the largest Eskimo village with the most northerly school and post-office in the world. It is indeed the most northerly inhabited point of the continent, but not the most northerly point, since the Murchison promontory of the peninsula of Boothia Felix, 1,500 miles to the eastward, touches the 72nd parallel, whereas the latitude of Point Barrow is generally given at 71° 25′, some forty miles further south. And I am afraid it must yield the distinction of the largest Eskimo village with the most northerly school and post-office to Upérnavik in Greenland, which is more than a degree of latitude further north and is credited with a population exceeding 900, with church and school, and, surely, post-office. It *must* have a post-office, since O. Henry in one of his stories says he knows an Eskimo at Upérnavik who sends to Cincinnati for his neckties.

So Point Barrow must rest content that it is the most northerly point of Alaska, the most northerly inhabited point, with the most northerly post-office and the largest Eskimo population, on the continent. It is, indeed, far enough north for any white man's permanent residence. The sun is absent in the winter for two full months—from the 21st November to the 21st January, which of course does not mean that daylight is totally absent, as some seem to think, but only that the sun is not seen. Conversely, in summer he does not leave the sky for two full months and there is daylight all night for almost two months more.

To most residents in these latitudes I think the perpetual sunshine is more trying than the darkness, for there are always three or four hours' daylight on the darkest day, but there is no escape from the glare of the sun, no kindly decent gloom for the hours of repose. I find my nerves getting on edge and my sleep brief and broken at the time of the summer solstice, and I pray the poet's prayer, as it cannot be as fervently prayed in lower latitudes:

> "Come, blessed darkness, come and bring thy balm
> For eyes grown weary of the garish day."

In the village of Barrow the church is the most conspicuous building, with its contiguous "manse" or parsonage, occupied by Dr. Spence and his wife, and the schoolhouse with its adjoined teacher's residence is the next. Scattered irregularly about are the native dwellings, most of them of the igloo type, but some breasting the blasts with the upstanding "frame" construction that shows more valour than discretion in the Arctic regions and appeals to an Eskimo in proportion to his sophistication, one thinks; as who should hold that things must be better if they be different.

Half a mile of unoccupied lower ground intervenes to the north and then, cresting a rise, are the barn-like

warehouses and store buildings of Mr. Brower's establishment, with some more native igloos dotted about. In the palmy days of whaling these great warehouses were crammed with merchandise, and it was boasted that one could buy here almost anything that one could ask for, at prices no higher than in San Francisco. The whaling ships coming up empty to return heavily laden, as they hoped and as commonly happened—exactly reversing the condition of shipping at the mouth of the Yukon—could bring merchandise at small cost, and the whalebone market gave such a rich margin of profit that supplies sent up for native assistants scarcely cut any figure.

All that is past; for the last few years there has scarce been any market for "bone" at all, and the warehouses at New Bedford, in Massachusetts, the headquarters of whaling, are said to be stored with hundreds of tons for which there is no sale. The last French corset house that used whalebone has adopted one of the substitutes, and horsewhips have become obsolete with horse carriages. Many people have hoped that in the development of the aeroplane some use for this material, which combines elasticity, lightness and strength in a unique degree, would arise, but it has not yet appeared, and at the present day, as in the earliest days of the industry, oil is a more profitable product of whale-fishery than bone. But whereas in those early days it was the world's major illuminant, it is now only a minor lubricant. I have heard that, taste and odour removed, it enters into that delectable compound oleomargarine, but I do not know.

Mr. Charles Brower is the oldest, and, commercially, the most important white resident of the Arctic coast of Alaska. For upwards of thirty years he has lived in this region, most of the time at this place. He came originally, I understand, in connection with an attempt to make the Cape Beaufort coal seams available, but being by calling a seafaring man he soon devoted himself to whal-

ing and reaped large reward during the heyday of the business. He had reared and sent to the States for education one family of four children, and was proud of a son in the army, another in the navy, and a daughter a Red Cross nurse. About him now were half-a-dozen by a second wife, sturdy, wholesome-looking half-breeds, the blood mantling their cheeks with rosy bloom. The bitter winds of this coast bring the colour violently to the children's faces, and some of the mixed race that I saw had the richest complexions imaginable. Mr. Brower's Bobby, about six years old, was my special pet, an affectionate little chap with coal-black hair and eyes, small regular features, cheeks like poppies, teeth white and regular enough for a dentifrice advertisement—as pretty as any picture—and with a shy manner and engaging smile that took me captive at once.

Walter and I slept in the shop, he in a bunk and I on the broad counter with a mattress to put under my sleeping-bag, and when all the others were retired to their quarters we had the spacious, well-lit chamber to ourselves with quiet and leisure for our studies; so that I know not where else we could have been so conveniently lodged.

Connected with the establishment as cook was an old shipmate of Mr. Brower's, Mr. Fred Hopson, with another batch of assorted half-breed children, and the two families lived together in a sort of patriarchal plenty and simplicity, and with an absence of bickering that was very pleasant and unusual. Fred Hopson's most prominent mark was a carefully cultivated ferocity that did not deceive anyone as to his kind and indulgent nature. When the children came trooping in from school, their appetites sharpened by a walk of half a mile, perhaps against a blizzard-like wind, they would invade the kitchen, and the most explosive and alarming fee-fi-fo-fum threats and growls would immediately proceed therefrom. "Get out of here, you young wolves, or I'll kick the left ear right off you!" "Where's that ramrod?

—what the dickens did Charley do with that ramrod?" But left ears seemed as numerous as right ones and I do not believe that the ramrod was ever found. The children, quite undismayed, issued forth munching slabs of cake or sections of pie, or, at least, hunks of bread and jam.

Mr. Brower was a quiet, judicious, dispassionate man, capable and intelligent, the best informed man on all Arctic matters that I found on this coast; one of the very few with any knowledge of its history or more than a momentary interest therein. He had met every man of note, navigator, explorer, traveller, scientist, who had visited these parts for more than a quarter of a century, and, with the open-handed hospitality of the Arctic, had entertained most of them. I found him a mine of information, a mine that I dug in a good deal during those two weeks and that I sit here today wishing I had dug in more. He knew the inside history of the recent expeditions—sometimes differing widely from their outside history—and while I found his estimates of individuals not always in accord with the popular valuation, there was a broad experienced humanity about him that prevented them from becoming uncharitable.

Long residence among the natives, employing them, trading with them, marrying amongst them, had given his observant mind a penetrating insight into their character, and into their manners and customs, past and present (for they have changed much in his time), which, while lacking in the detached, scientific, note-book-and-tape-measure minuteness of Mr. Stefánsson's ethnological studies, as, I am very sure, his acquaintance with the Eskimo language lacked Mr. Stefánsson's enthusiastic philological exactitude, yet excelled the attainments in these directions of any other man I have ever met, unless it were Bishop Stringer or Archdeacon Whittaker of the Yukon Territory—though indeed these be matters of which I am capable only of a superficial judgment amounting to little more than an opinion. He had gath-

ered a large collection of old native weapons and implements of all kinds, the "artifacts" of the archaelogist, which he had reluctantly parted with to an eager purchasing agent of the American Museum of Natural History. While cherishing no delusions about the Eskimos, his attitude towards them was entirely kindly and sympathetic. During my stay with him I fell into his habit of a daily morning walk of some three or four miles along the sandspit, with the ocean on the one hand and the lagoon on the other, almost whatever the weather, and was glad of this opportunity of uninterrupted conversation, but I can only recall one day when it was such a stroll as would be taken anywhere for pleasure. There was almost always a keen wind, coming or going.

Mr. Brower had a controversy with the Bureau of Education over the policy of Eskimo concentration to which it seems committed perhaps somewhat bureaucratically at this place, holding that there were too many people gathered at Point Barrow for the prosperity of the community; and he had "outfitted" a number of men with grub that they might take their families and go far off where there was better prospect of white foxes than in the overtrapped neighbourhood of Point Barrow. Of course he was the agent of a furrier's house and it was his business to secure furs, but there is little now besides furs that an Eskimo who uses "white man's grub" can procure to trade for the same. Even for the sealing, the daily bread-winning of the Eskimos, the gathering of many people at one place is not favourable for a plentiful provision of food, and the problem of fuel, always a serious one in an Eskimo community, was rendered more pressing by a large population, and was indeed more pressing at Point Barrow than at any other place we visited.

While there was this friction with the school, I found harmony between him and the mission, and much appreciation of Dr. Spence. That gentleman, with his wife,

did us the honour to call upon us on the night of our arrival, and had, indeed, expected me as their guest. I went down to the church two nights later and addressed with much interest the largest Eskimo congregation I had ever seen—some 300 people gathered at the mid-week prayer meeting; and so long as I stayed at Point Barrow I was called upon to speak to the people on every occasion of their assembling. An efficient interpreter had been developed, a product of the local school, now employed with much advantage as an assistant therein, well grounded in all but the amenities of English—as I have remarked of the school-training before; a young married man, earnest and anxious, to whom I took a liking and to whose willing usefulness I was on many occasions indebted.

A form of service had been translated into Eskimo with a selection of hymns, and save for the Scripture reading and the address, which were interpreted, the whole exercises were in the vernacular tongue. There was much extempore prayer, now one in the body of the church and now one in the gallery taking up the burden of petition, sometimes in a loud voice and sometimes almost inaudible; alike unintelligible to me, of course, but alike, I make no doubt, not only intelligible but acceptable to Him to Whom it was addressed. Unaccustomed to public extemporaneous prayer, I was perhaps the more touched by what seemed a simple spontaneous outpouring of piety, and that first impression was deepened as I grew better acquainted.

Dr. Spence had been a physician all his life and was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry only on coming up to take charge of this mission. In the conduct of his religious work I judged him simple and sincere; devout without being unctuous. Unctuousness there was at Point Barrow, even down to Aaron's beard and the skirts of his clothing, as when I was bidden to see, in the fossil bones of extinct monsters lately discovered, evidence of "what a beautiful and lovely world this must have been

ere sin entered in to blast and destroy," whereas—to deal only with that side of the remark—it is well known that unless the paleontologists have greatly erred in their reconstruction of these creatures, they were, on the whole, far uglier than anything that is permitted to walk the earth today; more horrific of aspect if not more ferocious of disposition. The imagination must, I think, be unctuous that can kindle at the bones of such monsters into such fire.

But there was no unctuousness about Dr. Spence; if I were seeking one word to describe his quality I should call it "lactifluousness," for I have rarely seen the milk of human kindness flow more copiously and more generally. We are, I suppose, always disposed to like those who are tolerant of our weaknesses, and I had no more than settled down on my first visit to the manse ere I was told to take out my pipe if I cared to. "We know you smoke and we don't mind it at all." One must understand the dead set against tobacco at the schoolhouses and some of the missions of this coast, the furtive way in which the natives indulge in it, to realize the extent of this charitable good nature. It was almost as though a Spanish grandee of Ferdinand and Isabella, under the very eye of the Inquisition, had said to a visitor, "We know you are a heretic, but go ahead and hold your own worship; we don't mind a little thing like that!", and for all I know Dr. Spence may have been promptly delated to Fifth Avenue for permitting smoking in the manse. King James I and his famous "Counterblast" would find themselves much at home at Point Barrow. Having no piety of my own to boast about, as Bishop Wilmer used to say, I will intrench myself behind the impregnable piety of William Cowper, who wrote (on the 3rd June, 1783) that if tobacco were not known in the golden age, so much the worse for the golden age, and that this age of iron or lead would be insupportable without it. A man must be judged according to his lights, and Cowper's memory should not be unduly blackened for this remark

even by the most violent anti-tobacconist. Else what will you do with John Wesley, who wrote of wine that it is "one of the noblest cordials in nature"? His "journal" has a good index and anyone who wishes can place the reference, whereas my copy of Cowper's *Letters* has none. There was never in the world a more pious man than Cowper, but several new sins have been discovered since his day. I am sorry to dig up such scandalous old sayings, but it is really necessary to remind some people that there *were* saints before Billy Sunday, however dim their halos in our brighter light.

It was not mere tolerance or complaisance, however, that I had in mind in speaking of Dr. Spence as lactifluous, it was his unchanging attitude of sympathy and helpfulness to all with whom he came in contact. His gentleness with the natives had an almost feminine quality, without any suggestion of effeminacy. He never spoke loudly nor without a kindly intonation, never betrayed the slightest impatience at the most unconscionable wasting of his time, never failed in careful consideration for their feelings, and always sought the best construction of their actions. I made his round of visits with him one morning, from igloo to igloo, where his sick lay, a long, sad list; and everywhere his coming brought not only tender ministrations but the light of pleasure in eyes that otherwise showed only pain. I saw an old bedridden woman continually caress his hand, and kiss it when he said good-bye. Some of the dwellings were large, some very small, some neat and clean, some dirty, in the usual way at any native village—or for that matter at any general collection of human habitations. But how sorely there was need of some proper place for the care of the sick! of nurses to supplement the physician! In the dark, close underground dwellings the chance of recovery from any disease is surely greatly diminished, and although every dwelling we entered had a sheet-iron stove, and most of them had been so built that only a stove would properly warm them, in not one of them was any heat

save from a seal-oil lamp, so entirely has the driftwood been consumed from off the beaches of this coast.

Tuberculosis, always rife at native villages, seems more common here than anywhere else. I have read that a Dr. H. C. Michie, making the *von Piquet* test (whatever that may be) on nearly all the children at the Eskimo village at St. Michael, found that 61.5 were tuberculous,* and Dr. Spence told me that at Point Barrow there is scarcely one family not affected by it in some member and some degree. It is complicated in many cases with syphilis; one case I saw had painful suppurating lesions as a result of inherited syphilis, and another, a young man, was losing his sight therefrom, and would, Dr. Spence said, lose it entirely beyond any possibility of salvation. He was patient and resigned, but it was frightful to think of this poor boy doomed to life-long blindness through no fault of his own. What an awful responsibility rests upon the shoulders of those whose lawless passions introduced this vile disease into the Arctic regions!

I have never seen any place where a modern, well-equipped hospital is more sorely needed than at Point Barrow, and immediately upon my return to Fort Yukon I ventured to make that very urgent representation to those having the ultimate charge of the work. It was graciously received, and I am encouraged to hope that this crying need will presently be supplied. I hold it very much to the credit of the Presbyterian Church that they have so long maintained a physician at this place. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way of the medical missionary in the Arctic, and few there be that find it. Before Dr. Spence was Dr. Marsh for many years, to whose devotion and good sense Mr. Stefánsson bears testimony—a witness who will not be accused of undue partiality for any form of missionary activity.

My chief reflection upon the Eskimo situation along this whole coast is that the health of the natives is scan-

* *American Journal of the Diseases of Children*, March, 1917.

From a photograph by Fred Hopson.

A POINT BARROW MOTHER AND CHILD.

dalously neglected. The Danish government of Greenland has shown a far more kindly care for the Eskimo, and is rewarded by the knowledge that they are increasing instead of diminishing as upon our coast. The figures that have been sent me as representing the growth of population in Danish West Greenland,* show an increase from 10,245 in 1890 to 11,790 in 1904, and every decade preceding 1890 shows its corresponding increase, save from 1860 to 1870 when there was doubtless some epidemic disease. The coast is divided into three medical districts, with responsible physicians in charge and capable assistants under them, and I have been informed, though I cannot quote authority for the statement, that every village of any size at all has medical care from the government. On our whole Arctic coast, from Kotzebue Sound to Point Barrow, Dr. Spence was the only physician and we found no nurse or hospital at all.

It is not pleasant to make such comparisons to the disadvantage of our government. I do not think I am lacking in an appreciation of what has been done for our Eskimos; I recognize the immense benefit that the introduction of domesticated reindeer has brought, though to my mind the honour for that far-sighted beneficence is almost wholly due to the restless energy and resourcefulness of one man; the government itself has no more than the credit of the unjust judge who yielded to the importunate widow because of her importunities; I recognize the earnest and successful efforts to provide elementary education—which also owe not only their inception but, in no small degree, their abiding impulse to the same large heart and enthusiastic mind; yet while making full acknowledgment of these benefits I cannot acquit the government of the almost total neglect and disregard of the health of the Arctic Eskimos.

That neglect—which is not confined to the Eskimos but applies in general to the natives of Alaska—is not so

* I am indebted to the librarian of the Royal Geographical Society for them.

much the fault of individuals as it is the fault of an unwieldy, inelastic, unresponsive system, which, as the history of Alaska abundantly shows, is unequal to the care of remote, unrepresented dependencies. There was no lack of knowledge of conditions, there was no lack of continual urging of needs; they were known and recognized. I have recently read a file of nearly all the annual reports of the governors of Alaska, and I feel as Gibbon felt when he closed the chronicles of Gregory of Tours, "I have tediously acquired, by a painful perusal, the right of pronouncing this unfavourable sentence."

Thirty-five years ago the first governor of Alaska wrote strongly and feelingly of the need of medical attention to the natives; last year the ninth governor took up vigorously the same refrain. Said Governor Swineford in 1886, "I see them dying almost daily for the want of medical care which, it seems to me, a humane government ought not to hesitate to provide for them. Shall it continue to be said that our free and enlightened government is less regardful of the needs of this helpless, suffering people than was despotic Russia?" Said Governor Strong (report of 1917), "An analysis of the situation causes one almost to agree with the pessimistic alternative that Congress should either attend to the needs of the natives in a comprehensive and sufficient manner or else do nothing at all and allow the race to die out as quickly as possible."

I am of opinion that so far as the producing of any effect is concerned, these copious annual reports might as well have been corked up in bottles and solemnly cast into the sea. They would have had quite as much influence in the bellies of sharks and whales as in their respective pigeon-holes at Washington.

All the care of the health of the natives of the interior along 1,500 miles of the Yukon and along all its great tributaries (beyond a physician and a makeshift hospital at Nulato) is at the charge of the Episcopal and Roman Catholic missions, which are forced to supply

the deficiencies of the government. The only physician on the Arctic coast is a missionary of the Presbyterian Church. It is true that the school-teachers everywhere are supplied with a few drugs and bandages; it is true that the army-post surgeons at Tanana and St. Michael out of sheer humanity do not refuse their services to the natives in their vicinity. But drugs in the hands of teachers wholly untrained in medicine are almost as likely to do harm as good, and the post surgeons commonly have their hands full with their military duties.

I have not taken credit for half of my "painful perusal"; a file equally long of school reports and "special agent" reports was included, and I could quote scores of passages similar to those I have quoted, were I indifferent to the tedium of my readers. But I am glad to have fortified myself with this disinterested lay testimony, well knowing that in some unintelligent yet not uninfluential quarters mere missionary testimony is heavily discounted.

The situation at Point Barrow with regard to the coal measures of Wainwright Inlet is much the same as that of Point Hope to the coal measures between Cape Lisburne and Cape Beaufort; the coal is abundant but unavailable. Along the intervening coast is no place where a boat can take shelter from the sudden storms to which the region is subject. Peard Bay is quite open and unprotected; "Refuge Inlet" is no refuge at all. The only recourse of a vessel caught on a lee shore in these parts is to beat out to sea; an oomiak laden with coal is not suited to such nautical manoeuvre and is at once in peril; and, while some little coal is in some seasons thus procured, the main supply for the mission and the school and the store comes from the Pacific coast in ships.

There was almost a fuel famine at Point Barrow during this winter. The store, I judge, never lacks. Commerce is likely to look well after its own. The school did not seem to be inadequately provided. But the mission was very ill supplied and the native population al-

most entirely without. The large, barn-like church was always wretchedly cold; from time to time during service the doors of the stoves would be opened by attendants and lumps of seal or whale blubber thrust in to eke out the coal, but the effect they produced was limited to their close vicinity. All the congregation wore their outdoor attire, but for Sunday they had the pretty habit of wearing clean, white, cotton "snowshirts" over all, the sleeves and the bottom edged with an embroidery of narrow braid in a native pattern. The effect was like that of a gathering of old-fashioned English peasants in smock frocks. When I preached, instead of the robes to which I am accustomed, I was vested in fur boots and fur artigi, with even its fur hood pulled up. I suppose, had our Lord and His apostles lived in the Arctic regions instead of Syria, some conventionalized form of fur garments would have descended to the historic ministry instead of the flowing linens of the East. When the building grew a little warmer, chiefly by the aggregated animal heat of so many people, it began to be odoriferous of hides and oil, and by the time the service was done one's clothing had become burdensome and the prospect of fresh air welcome, though one's feet were always cold.

The heating of such a spacious and lofty overground structure must always be extravagant of fuel, and once again I was impressed with the ineligibility of such architecture in these parts. Why should precisely the same sort of church be built in the barren regions of cold, continually scourged by bitter winds, as would be built amongst the palm groves of Florida? Am I unreasonable in thinking that a reasonable question? There is a certain staring incongruity in obtruding Gothic stone churches upon the distinctive architecture of China, and I have always felt that a pagoda-like structure surmounted by the cross would appeal more, not only to a sense of the fitness of things but also to a sense of the universal adaptability of the Christian religion and its destined universal dominance, than any building of ex-

THE CHURCH AND CONGREGATION AT POINT BARROW.

otic style; although the Gothic is so distinctively Christian that there is something to be said for its transplantation. But there is nothing beautiful or characteristic or that appeals to any feeling for evangelistic continuity in these dreadful barn-like structures. What is the reason, then, that they are bodily transplanted to the Arctic regions? It does not lie in lack of knowledge, in ignorance of the facts, for men of long residence build them; it can be due only to a lack of that "imaginative sense of fact," spoken of by Pater the prophet, which turns knowledge into power.

Once again I wished that it had fallen to my lot to attempt the adaptation of the Eskimo style to ecclesiastical purposes. The trees borne hither on the waves all the way from the Yukon river (for thence, as they told me, most of them come), with which the beaches used to be lined would have made beams for my half-underground chamber; the massive jawbones of whales, that so long defy decay, I thought might have made pendentives for my domes. I saw lustrous mosaic skylights of deftly-pieced integument, tinted with colours from seaweed and moss, from berries and earths, cunningly blended into Christian emblems, to which their soft translucence would give themselves better than glass. I saw low walls hung with a diaper of tanned skins, séméd with similar signs by Eskimo needles, the cleverest in the world in the working of fur, and bordered with their own native designs, checky or counter-checky, chevrony, paly or pily, vair or counter-vair, exactly as the heralds used, long ago, when such terms were commonplace to all who could read. Many well-kept seal-oil lamps of native soapstone, ranged regularly along the walls, perhaps held in sconces of beaten copper brought from Coronation Gulf, each with its crouching old woman attendant, would suffice for light and even for warmth.

Not only would my temple be warmer and more commodious, more easily purged of foul air and provided

with fresh, but, as I conceived it, would not lack elements of modest native beauty, would not lack some little hyperborean glimmer from every one of the Seven Lamps of Architecture. It would have, at any rate, the fundamental dignity of fitness; over it the wildest storms would pass harmlessly; from it the severest cold would be easily repelled. That was my vision; but on the other hand I might have spent a lot of money and made a sad mess of it. Has the gift of the imagination been denied to all them that occupy their business on the Arctic coast, or has it been superabundantly indulged by one who merely visited them?

It was the custom to hold a weekly social gathering of the white residents, to which I was invited. All told, there were eight white persons living here this winter, and Walter and I made ten; not a large assembly, yet quite large enough for the little sitting-room, and too large when there is no attempt to organize entertainment. If, like Dame Ingoldsby, "dance and song" you "consider quite wrong," "feast and revel, mere snares of the devil," and cards be out of the question, there is nothing left but conversation, and unless there be someone with a gift that way the thing is likely to flag. Point Barrow is not one of those melodramatic places that Lewis Carroll speaks of,

> "Where life becomes a spasm
> And history a whiz,"

and all local topics of talk are soon well worn. As to the war we were of one mind, and the news was gloomy; nor was there any amateur strategist amongst us. Last year's flaw whaling had been bad; we all hoped that this year's—the season for which approached—would be better; the weather had been somewhat unusally stormy this winter, though perhaps not remarkably so; the reindeer herds had done fairly well, but the increase was not as great as other places reported; the fox-trapping

had promised very well around Christmas, but now had greatly fallen off, and the season was at hand for its ending. The folly of closing trapping on the 15th March, when the fur is prime for a full month or six weeks later, merely because the season is earlier in southern Alaska, was commented on and made an impression on me (which bore fruit in a representation to the governor, which bore fruit in a change of the regulation, so that trapping is legal on this coast now until the 15th April).

These matters exhausted it was hard to revive interest. I had persuaded Mr. Brower to come, who for some time had disused these occasions, but I could not make him talk. There was constraint and self-consciousness, and three of those present, I know, missed their evening pipes. They do better, I am convinced, at Fort Yukon, where, it is true, there is almost twice the white population in some winters, and where once a week they gather for whist. I am never there myself any great part of the winter, and indeed have neither leisure nor inclination for cards. For twenty-five years there has never been a time when more books were not crying out to be read than my scanty leisure could compass. Even now, as I sat looking at the assembled company, seeking modestly, as became a guest, and not very successfully, from time to time to open some fresh conversational vista, was there not the *Life of Sheldon Jackson* that Dr. Spence had lent me (and in my isolation in the north I had not so much as heard that there *was* a life of Sheldon Jackson), was there not Bartlett's *Last Voyage of the Karluk* that I had found at Mr. Brower's (and I on my way, as it turned out, to meet one of the survivors of that very disaster),—not merely crying but importunately clamouring to be read while yet there was time? But for a small, very mixed, gathering, without main interests in common, I think that perhaps cards afford the best basis on which to build that social intercourse which is desirable and valuable for all parties concerned

at these remote outposts of civilized life. I know the difficulty, and I know that it is more apparent than real. The natives readily acquire card games and it is difficult to keep them from gambling; but gambling is practised in a score of ways without the aid of cards, and it seems a mistake to transfer the odium from the practice to the pasteboard.

At last we seemed to have exhausted our resources altogether and we sat and looked at one another. There came into my perverse mind the recollection of a silly suppressed stanza from "Peter Bell" (from which a good many more might have been suppressed without loss), "Is it a party in a parlour? All silent and all . . . "—but I will not finish the line, for the finish has no more relation to the scene than the stanza to the poem. It was, Mr. Wordsworth, for no small part of the evening, "a party in a parlour, all silent." The refreshments made a welcome diversion, though even then so forced was the gaiety that without any reflection upon the eatables which were abundant and excellent I could not help recalling the occasion when a certain celebrated character "took up that moist and genial viand a captain's biscuit and said 'Let us be merry.'" Yet with these people, singly or in couples, I had had pleasant unrestrained intercourse. It was a case of the mixing of diverse ingredients without some one reagent that would make them combine, and cards constitute the simplest form of that reagent that I know of. I hope I have not seemed unappreciative or critical of very kindly and gracious hospitality. There is nowhere in the world, I am sure, any freer or more generous hospitality than in the Arctic regions.

Walter was day by day busily engaged upon the building of another sled. The boy had planned a vehicle that should carry little besides our bedding and bags, with runners extending behind to stand upon and an arch or hoop to grasp when so standing instead of handlebars, a smaller reproduction of the one he had built at Point

Hope; designed mainly for my own comfortable progress in his usual kindly and thoughtful way; and having procured some Siberian hardwood from Mr. Brower for the runners, was sawing and chiselling, fitting and shaping, steaming and bending. "A natural-born mechanic," said Mr. Brower; yet not more "natural-born" mechanic than woodsman, hunter, dog-driver, boatman, mountain climber—natural-born to the whole range of outdoor proficiencies so that it was not possible to say in which of them he most greatly excelled. I could not call him a naturalist, because his knowledge of nature, like Gilbert White's, was "unsystematic," but, like his, it was extensive and minute. Mr. Brower had lately been telling us of a most remarkable migration and wholesale self-destruction of lemmings, which took place in 1888 during the flaw whaling season (May), when millions of these little creatures came out of the interior, passed out upon the ice until the sea was reached, and then plunged into the water, pursuing the same direction, and were drowned in countless multitudes. For miles and miles along the shore they floated dead in great windrows, cakes of ice literally covered with their bodies drifted to and fro, and he said there were many millions of them drowned in three days, though the whole period covered a couple of weeks. I was greatly interested in this thing, not only on account of its remarkable nature but because I remembered to have read of similar incidents in Norway and Sweden, quite as inexplicable and on as large a scale. Then Walter spoke up and said he had once seen hundreds of them drowned in trying to cross the Yukon. Now I had lived thirteen or fourteen years in the interior of Alaska with my eyes reasonably wide open, as I thought, and I did not know that we had such creatures. I had seen several varieties of shrews and field-mice, and I had seen rats imported by steamboats, at many points, but anything corresponding to the lemming I had not seen. For aught I knew of its natural history it might make its nest under sundials and

live upon cheese, like a slithy tove. Walter, however, described them as five or six inches long, with rich reddish-brown fur, round, dumpy heads, little black eyes and very short tails, and Mr. Brower recognized the description. I did not doubt; I never doubted anything Walter said; but I wondered. Last summer, when we had taken the *Pelican* up to Eagle, shortly after our return from this journey, and were on our way to visit an Indian camp on the international boundary line ten miles further up, Walter gave a quick toot to the horn to attract my attention and when I entered the engine room pointed through the windows to the water, without attempting to say a word amidst the noise of the engine. I ran out on the deck and saw long rows of floating dead bodies of lemmings, red-brown fur, round dumpy head, short tail—just as he had described them, for I fished one out with my hand, lying on my belly on the deck. And I still wonder how it came that I never saw a lemming before. His knowledge of all our birds and beasts was similarly close and accurate and he would have made the most valuable field-assistant to anyone engaged in a description of Alaskan fauna; with the necessary training he could have undertaken such description himself perhaps better than any other.

It was here that I began to suspect that Walter was cherishing a purpose of offering himself for the war when we returned, and that instead of going out to college he would go out to fight, were he still needed. When the original call for the registration of men within the military ages was made in Alaska during the previous summer, the recording officers were directed to exclude "all persons of whole or mixed native blood, Indian, Eskimo or Aleut," and I know that his pride had been hurt by the discrimination. Now that he learned that Mr. Brower's two sons were serving, I think that he resolved to enlist when he had the opportunity. He had always been intensely interested in aviation and read eagerly all that came in his way about it, nor was he

in the least dismayed by a very striking picture of an aviator and his machine

> "Hurled headlong, flaming, from the ethereal height,
> With horrid ruin and combustion down,"

like Milton's Satan, which a lady to whom he confessed his wish produced from some back number of an illustrated weekly for his benefit. Certainly he would have been a valuable recruit amongst the bird-men. Thoroughly familiar with the running of a gas engine, he had already been on foot higher than, at that time, any aeroplane had soared (for I do not think the record had then passed 20,000 feet), and had been without fear or suggestion of giddiness upon the narrowest, most precipitous snow ridges. The qualities of resourcefulness and self-possession he had so often displayed in exigencies on land would have had only more conspicuous display in the air, and the instant, unwavering decision which made him so valuable at the steering wheel or with the paddle in swift water, his unerring judgment of distance, his keenness of vision, his complete sang-froid, all these would have combined, I am confident, to make an aviator who would only need experience and opportunity to become distinguished.

I had already begun to be busy with arrangements for our further travel and was having much difficulty in procuring a guide. To begin with, those who knew the north coast were few; there seems no travel from Point Barrow beyond the mouth of the Colville river. I found one stalwart, personable young man who, though without much English, knew the coast and was willing to go, and after much negotiation, covenanted with him as to remuneration; but several days before the time set for our departure, he reported himself unable to secure the dogs he needed, and Mr. Brower, remarking that he evidently had "cold feet," advised me to drop him. Then another presented himself, but the report as to his ca-

pacity and reliability was unsatisfactory and I dropped him too. Then, upon Mr. Brower's recommendation, I approached a half-breed named George Leavitt, son of a whaling captain who used these parts in the palmy days, and although he knew the coast only as far as Flaxman Island, and that mainly in the summer when he had several times gone on trading cruises for Mr. Brower, I was glad to close with him for the trip. He was a pleasant, willing fellow, with sufficient English for interpretation, and sufficiently familiar with travelling conditions that we might safely entrust ourselves to his judgment and care; of such respectable character as to be one of the elders of the local church.

From this place it would be necessary to carry all the dog-feed we expected to use until we reached Herschel Island, four hundred odd miles away, the greatest distance I have ever had to transport dog-feed. George would have his sled and seven dogs, which, with my thirteen, made twenty dogs to feed, and that meant big loads of rice and whale blubber, the only available food. I wished very much that in addition to sending up supplies for ourselves, I had sent to Point Hope and Point Barrow 500 pounds of the best dried king salmon, and were I contemplating the journey again, should certainly do so. On the west coast the supply of dog-feed is precarious; on the north coast there is none, and our experience was to prove that rice and blubber make poor food. There was much to be done in the way of working out the minimum weight of supplies required, in the constructing of a small tent, in overhauling our whole equipment. To be prepared for all emergencies Walter accompanied one of the men on a seal hunt and made a pole with a hook at the end, after the native model, for pulling a seal that has been shot out of the ice-hole. I doubt not, had we been reduced to such extremity, that he would have been able to subsist the party after reaching the ice-edge, which, however, is sometimes very far from the land on the north coast.

On the afternoon of one of the Sundays of my stay at Point Barrow I accompanied Dr. Spence on his weekly visit to the primitive village at the land's end, ten or twelve miles away. We had a sled and team apiece, and, reclining in my sleeping-bag, I had the novel experience of being hauled along "like a sack of flour" as Walter expressed it, the first time that I ever so travelled; and the feeling of helpless confinement was anything but agreeable. Swift dogs covered the hard surface in about an hour and a half, and we found the largest house in the village literally crammed with the whole population awaiting the usual service. I counted them three times, each with a different result, they were so thick-set, but there were between seventy and eighty people in an ordinary living chamber, the air very foul and oppressive. Already several of the men were nude to the waist and soon others divested themselves of their reindeer snowshirts, their one upper garment, until a considerable part of the congregation displayed only bare flesh. When I had gradually removed all that I could remove of my own clothing, as the heat increased I not only envied the greater freedom of the natives but recalled Sydney Smith's wish that he could take off his flesh and sit in his bones. One prominent man gave a ludicrous illustration of the combination of the primitive and the highly advanced: nude to the waist, he wore strapped to his wrist a luminous-dial watch. Two thousand years ago I daresay our own ancestors divested themselves of all apparel when it grew inconvenient, with as little concern as the Eskimos, but ten years ago no one in the world, I suppose, possessed a radium-dial watch. Let me say again that there was not to my mind the slightest suggestion of immodesty about this exposure of the body; there was evidently no self-consciousness about it at all. The fur shirt was removed as one removes an overcoat—only there happened to be nothing underneath it; and I have little sympathy with those who would blame these people for unburdening themselves

of apparel that was oppressive. I do not undervalue the conventions of our civilization, but I see no sense in insisting upon them as though they were something more than conventions, under totally different circumstances. If I used an Eskimo igloo constantly I think I should drop into the same custom; if fur were my only wear I am sure I should.

The simple devotion which these people exhibited again impressed me. That it was genuine no one could doubt when there was nothing to gain by affectation. One able to interpret whom I questioned afterwards with regard to the prayer of a man specially fervent in spirit, told me that he had spoken of the comfort and happiness that came to him by the knowledge that his sins were forgiven and by thinking constantly of the loving presence with him of our Heavenly Father; of the complete assurance within his breast of that presence; and of the change in his whole life which that assurance had brought. As it was given to me there was nothing extravagant or unctuous about it, nothing that did not ring true as his own words, though not understood, had rung in my ears; nothing dissimilar to the experience of countless thousands of all races in all ages since first the Gospel was preached. So De Long felt when he sailed away from this very coast; so he felt all through that weary drift in the ice; all through that terrible journey from his foundered ship to the Lena delta, saving others though himself he could not save, even as his Master; so Sir John Franklin felt, as passages in his journal testify; so Livingstone, making his "marvellous explorations" in Africa; so Sir Isaac Newton, two centuries ago in his study; so Louis Pasteur, yesterday in his laboratory. And my controversy with my agnostic scientific friends is that they most unscientifically ignore facts of such tremendous force and universality, and, having swept away the whole spiritual life of man, are consistently guilty of the inconsistency of speaking of a part in terms of the whole. A tag of legend or folk-lore that

From a photograph by Fred Hopson.

FLAW WHALING AT POINT BARROW.

The boat ready for drawing out to the ice-edge.

should appear identically and independently in Ceylon, in Africa, in Patagonia and in Otaheite, would stir the ethnological world to its depths, and would be lectured upon from Edinburgh to Melbourne, but religious phenomena of not merely far greater but of universal validity, identical among all the families of men, and of import immeasurably weightier, are contemptuously ignored.

After the service came the "clinic," and for another hour or more Dr. Spence was examining patients and dispensing remedies. We then paid a hasty visit to one or two unable to come out, and once more I was impressed with the need of a hospital and nurses. The day was done ere we started back and it was well after dark when we reached Barrow.

One morning of the few that remained was spent at the school, hearing successive classes recite. The primary department, under the charge of the half-breed referred to, pleased me very much, and the whole school gave evidence, not only that it was well taught, but that it had been well taught for a long while.

And one afternoon was spent with much interest in Mr. Brower's whaling storehouse, with its great array of weapons, its shoulder guns and darting guns, both discharging bombs that explode within the bodies of the animals, its multitude of "spades" for cutting up the carcasses, its harpoons and hooks; an armory far beyond the needs of the guerilla warfare that this conflict has degenerated into. One feels that the whale had no chance at all, and that if the cessation of the demand for its most valuable product had not put a term to the wholesale slaughter, it would soon have put a term to itself. Already the whaling ships were going far to the eastward, to Banks Land and Victoria Island, following up the retreating monsters.

The season for the flaw whaling now approached, and that had been one of the reasons why I had had so much difficulty in procuring a guide. I should like to be pres-

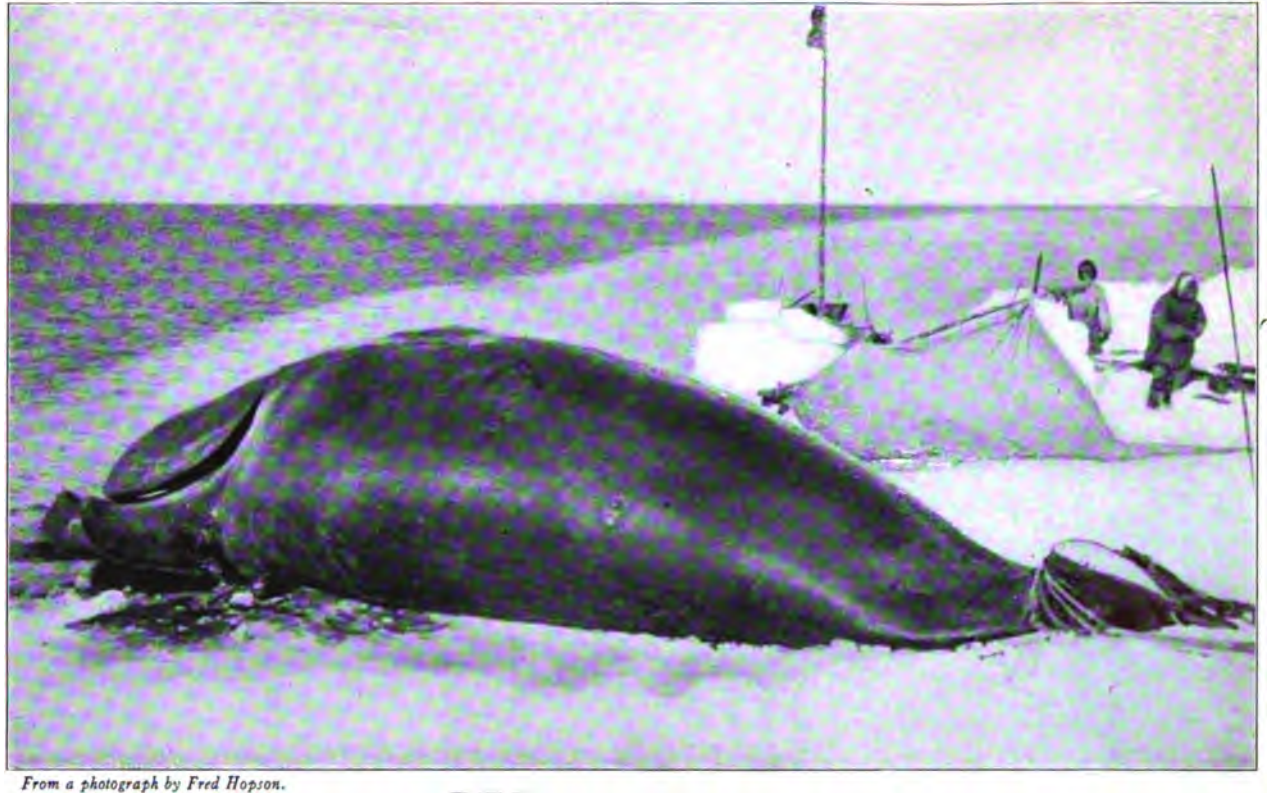
ent at Point Barrow or Point Hope during that season, which lasts for part of April and the month of May, though I should not care to repeat the experience of the young moving-picture photographer—one of the few of the ship's company who happened to be ashore on a hunting trip when the *Karluk* drifted away to her doom—who stayed out on the ice with the whalers during the whole of the season and never saw a whale.

Flaw whaling is nothing more or less than taking up a position on the edge of the ice in the hope that a whale will pass by. The pack-ice begins to move away from the flaw, i.e., the ice fast to the shore, in April. A road is then made from the shore through the rough hummock ice, straight out to its edge in deep water, sometimes a mile or two away, sometimes five; boats are dragged to it on sleds or rollers, a camp is made, and a sharp lookout is kept.

Now about this time of the year the bow-head whales migrate from their winter quarters in the Pacific Ocean to their summer feeding grounds in the seas north of Alaska, and this lead or channel between the pack-ice and the shore-fast ice is the path that their journey must take.

The whale, it is said, loves to roll under the edge of the solid shore ice, scratching his back from head to tail against it for the removal of the barnacles or other marine accretions (I am not sure of the barnacles) with which its huge bulk becomes incrusted like the hull of a ship. This marine toilet completed, and perhaps some cetacean equivalent for the Scotchman's "God bless the Duke of Argyle!" grunted, he wallows out into the open water of the lead again, and, should he happen to select a spot at or near which the hunters are lying in wait, the boats are rapidly in pursuit and the bombs discharged into his body. This is "flaw whaling."

The word troubled me a little at first, chiefly, I think, because it was suggested to me that it was a corruption of "floe." But I am satisfied that it is not; flaw is flaw, the



From a photograph by Fred Hopson.

FLAW WHALING AT POINT BARROW.

crack or fissure where the drifting ice breaks away from the ice that holds solidly to the shore, and flaw whaling is whaling along that fault or flaw. By a common metonymy the word is transferred to the shore ice itself, which is spoken of as the flaw, whereas it is really the ice that borders the flaw, as conversely we speak of a man living on the river when we mean the bank of the river.

I wish very much that I had known more about whales when I went to Point Barrow, that I might have been able to learn more from Mr. Brower. He was entirely willing to produce from his thirty-five years' whaling experience the answer to any answerable question that I might propound; but in order to pick a man's brains you must know a good deal about his subject yourself, and though I picked away industriously at Mr. Brower's, I am well aware that there was no bone visible when I was done. When, to change the figure, a man is full of information which you are eager to obtain, nothing is simpler than take him off and pump him dry, if you have a pump; but I had only a wretched little pipette, a sort of fountain-pen-filler of a syringe that acquired knowledge drop by drop instead of in full stream. I did not know how interesting whales are until I went to Point Barrow on the eve of the whaling season, and now that I am never likely to have such a chance again, I am seeking for a book on whales to inform myself, for I learned enough to realize that they are very wonderful creatures. I learned also that there is much of the life history of the whale that is quite unknown with any certainty, especially with regard to breeding and bringing forth; even the period of gestation seems unknown.

If one were writing a history of the Arctic coast there is much that would have to be included about Point Barrow. There is the story of the loss of the whaling fleet in 1876 when a dozen vessels were crushed in the ice, and some seventy men endeavouring to reach the shore perished. But the best known of such occurrences was that of the season of 1897, when nearly three hundred

men escaped from ice-beset vessels to Point Barrow, and the famous reindeer-relief expedition was despatched from Cape Prince of Wales under Lieut. Jarvis and Mr. W. T. Lopp early in the following year. The journey of these men, with their Eskimo assistants, over the ice, driving a herd of over four hundred deer ahead of them to Point Barrow, was a very remarkable one, and though when the relief arrived late in March it was found that the stories of starvation were untrue (Mr. Brower tells me that he had warehouses full of frozen caribou carcasses), and indeed the condition of the deer was such that they would not have afforded much food until they could be fattened, yet the intent was praiseworthy and the journey remains a notable and most creditable one. This undertaking, from first to last, cost the government, it is said, in the neighbourhood of $100,000.

Then there is Lieut. Ray's sojourn of two years (1881-83) in charge of one of the circumpolar stations maintained in those years for scientific purposes by the principal governments of the world, with its extensive ethnological and meterological reports.

Indeed there is material for a volume on the history of Point Barrow, were there interest enough on the part of someone to dig into it and write it, and on the part of the public to read it. But of what place in the world may that not be said? I am quite sure I could write a book as large as this on the history of Fort Yukon.

VI

THE NORTHERN EXTREME

VI

THE NORTHERN EXTREME

My original itinerary made at Fort Yukon had set the middle of March as the date for our departure from Point Barrow. On the 14th of that month we set out after noon, three sleds, three men and twenty dogs strong, intending only the upper village of Núwuk for that day, where we had arranged for a supply of walrus meat that should serve for dog-feed until we reached a part of the coast where driftwood for cooking was to be found. A pleasant sunshiny day with little wind gave us a fair start, and the whole population turned out to give us God-speed on what was thought a venturesome journey.

When we were come to Núwuk and had taken up our quarters in the house in which Dr. Spence had held service, I gathered up some children and they led me out to the end of the narrow sandspit that is the geographical Point Barrow; and when I had made a photograph or two and had emptied my pockets of the candy they contained, the children wandered back and left me. Kérawak also had followed, but after nosing around awhile he began to have apprehensions about his supper and returned also.

Here was the most northerly point I had ever reached in my life, or that I ever expected to reach. Of course its mere northing was nothing. Once I met a well-known bishop, doing the usual Alaskan tour, and he said to me laughingly, "You Alaskan missionaries are always talking about being so far north, but I've been further north than any of you." "Yes?" said I, "what latitude have you reached?" "I have touched the 80th parallel," said he. I was much impressed for a moment, then, thinking quickly and running over the avenues to the polar regions,

I said, "Then you must have taken a summer excursion to Spitzbergen. I should like very much to have gone with you." "That's exactly what I did," he replied, "and it was a smooth, delightful passage." So may anyone who chooses, in a favourable season, reach a point within ten degrees of the north pole with comfort and enjoyment; a pleasant escape from the common beats and summer heats of Europe. And it may be the days are at hand when we may sweep over the north pole itself, as easily, in some aërial conveyance. But I think the 71st parallel on foot must always mean more to a man than much higher latitudes attained in such ways, just as I am sure that a 20,000-foot mountain, laboriously climbed, must always mean more than a greater altitude reached by aëronautical means. The one is like an original edition of voyages or travels, in several volumes with large type, ample margins, plates and maps and all sorts of appendices. The other is like a cheap reprint in one volume, with small poor type and all the plates and maps omitted, or so blurred and smudged that you wish they had been omitted.

This irregular, hummocky sandspit, swept almost clean of snow by continual winds, rising little above the ice which surrounds it, is the "farthest extreme" of Alaska;—a jutting finger of a defenceless, wasting coast that within the memory of the older Eskimos has retreated almost a mile before the encroaching waters. The hummocks are caused by the gouging pressure of the ice, which digs up the sand and shingle and makes it ready for washing away, as the teeth break off and chew the food before it is swallowed. Every storm that urges the heavy blocks upon the shore ploughs furrows into the frozen soil; every high tide washes away what has been excavated; thus year by year the erosion proceeds and the ocean gains upon the land.

There can be few spots on earth at once so dreary and so interesting as Point Barrow. Here, at last, is the western gateway of that Northern Passage, so long

THE ACTUAL POINT BARROW—THE NORTHERN EXTREME OF ALASKA.

MARCH SUN AT POINT BARROW.

dreamed of and so laboriously sought. Malaspina thought he had found it when he turned into the opening east of the great glacier of Mt. St. Elias, and, beating out again, called it Disenchantment Bay. Cook thought for awhile that he had found it when he sailed round Hinchinbrook Island into Prince William's Sound, and again, with more confidence when he doubled Cape Elizabeth into the broad inlet that now bears his name, with no land in sight to the westward. Kotzebue's hopes were high when he opened the spacious waters of his Sound; and when he landed and climbed a hill and saw them still stretching to the east as far as his eye could reach, he "cannot describe the emotions" that possess him at the belief that fate has destined him to be its discoverer. Many an arm was a Turnagain Arm, many a cape a Deception Cape, many a bay a Disenchantment Bay, a Goodhope Bay of which the hope was to be blasted, in the slow process of this weary search by which so much of the world's coast line was mapped.

Here it is at last! But no pillars of Hercules distinguish its importance, no towering cliff or mountainous headland indicates its place; a squat barren sandspit with the ice-pack continually pressing upon it, at once the gateway of the Northern Passage and the most difficult part of it. Perhaps for six weeks in the summer the gate may open and ships may find passage between the sand and the ice—or they may not find it at all. Like James Ross at the magnetic pole, one cannot help wishing "that a place so important possessed more mark of note."

Beechey's *Blossom* cannot even reach the gateway, one year or another, and it is Thomas Elson in the barge who is the first white man to see this most northern point of the west coast of America. Twenty-four years afterwards, on the 5th August, 1850, the *Investigator,* under McClure, giving his consort the slip, rounds Point Barrow and proceeds to the eastward on the Franklin Search. The gate was open. Ten days later the *Enterprise,* under

Collinson, a greater though less fortunate sailor, comes up too late, and after cruising about the edge of the pack for the rest of the month, is compelled to go south and wait a year. The gate was closed.

Upon Elson's return to the *Blossom* Beechey named the point, not unworthily, after Sir John Barrow, for forty years one of the secretaries of the British admiralty, the earnest advocate and promoter of a long series of Arctic explorations, and the historian of the voyages—"the father of all modern Arctic enterprise" McClintock calls him—and Beechey reflects with pleasure that the name of his friend and patron now stands at both extremes of the Northern Passage; Barrow Strait being a continuation of that Lancaster Sound of Baffin, by which alone the continent may be rounded from the Atlantic. Yet I can wish that he had named it for Thomas Elson of the barge, whose skilful and dangerous service is commemorated only in the bay east of Point Barrow, and even that not locally known by his name.

Next after Elson in the barge comes Thomas Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, advancing from the eastward to complete what Franklin left undone. When he can no longer proceed with his boat, he leaves her in charge of Dease, his elderly companion, and starts for Point Barrow on foot. To cross Dease Inlet he borrows a native skin boat, and in that vehicle, pursuing narrow openings between the ice and the shore, reaches Point Barrow on the 4th August, 1837, the first white man to set foot there, for Elson did not land; and thus ties the north coast to the west. Raising the British flag he takes possession in the name of King William IV, not knowing that the reign of Queen Victoria has begun. Poor Simpson!—for this work, not then knowing of his more extensive work to the eastward, of the two following years, by which he nearly completed the definite limits of the American continent, the British government announced its intention of conferring upon him a pension of an hundred pounds a year, and the Royal Geographical

Society voted him its Founder's Medal; but he never had them or knew of them, being shot and killed in some mysterious half-breed quarrel, the true particulars of which were never known, while on his way to take ship for England, in his 32nd year. A bright, clean, eager spirit, I judge him; one of those resolute young Scotchmen who will not be denied, to whom exploration owes so much, and I have always lamented his untimely end. The simple and modest narrative which covers his life's work, I would not willingly miss from my shelves.

A little while since I was erecting monuments at Cape Prince of Wales and Point Hope, but here at Point Barrow I would set up a rostral column after the Roman fashion, and from it there should project the beaks of the boats that reached or passed through this gateway. Elson's barge and Simpson's oomiak should have highest place, the one coming from the south and the other from the east, then should come Sheddon's yacht the *Nancy Dawson,* the first ship to round Point Barrow, and there should follow the ships of the fifties, McClure's *Investigator,* Collinson's *Enterprise,* Kellett's *Herald,* and McGuire's *Plover,* which last passed two winters in Elson Bay; every one of them on that same rescue service so fertile of every sort of discovery except the one on which they were bent; and there would be room for Amundsen's *Gjoa,* the first ship to make the complete Northern Passage (though I would rather try to take her round Point Barrow than try to pronounce her name), and for Bartlett's *Karluk,* though she did but pass the gate to be drifted back to her doom. Yes, and there would be room for the *Thetis* of Stockton—he that wrote the letter about Point Hope—who had the nerve to take a government vessel to Herschel Island! Upon the base of it there would be room to cut the name of Ensign W. L. Howard of Stoney's Kobuk party, which made the first white man's overland journey to this place in 1887.

But Point Barrow has other interest than this wealth of intrepid pioneers. Standing on this point today one is

still on the very threshold of the unknown. East of it, south of it, west of it, is explored and mapped; one hundred miles north of it is as blank today as when Simpson set foot here. While Cape Chelyuskin, the most northerly point of Asia, stretches much further towards the pole, Nansen in the *Fram,* on that most remarkable and fortunate of all Arctic voyages, drifted right across its meridian, far yet to the north of it. But I think I am right in saying that there is no record of any ship sailing an hundred miles north of Point Barrow; the immensely and inexplicably heavy ice floes have always prevented it. Collinson's latitude of 73° 23′, seven or eight degrees to the west of it, is still the extreme advance that I can find, though Parry in the U. S. S. *Rodgers* is said to have reached 73° 44′, some ten degrees further yet to the west. Whether vagrant whaler, caring little and even perhaps knowing little about geographical position (for I was astonished to learn that some of them are men of very scant nautical knowledge, though expert ice-pilots), may have drifted or been driven into higher latitude, no one can say; the known waters stretch less than two degrees beyond the point.

Is there land beyond it? Is there land north of any part of the Alaskan coast? That still remains one of the most interesting of the world's geographical problems. Land seems less likely now after Storker Storkerson's sled journey (of Stefánsson's expedition) which nearly reached the 74th parallel, 150 miles to the eastward, and the deep soundings he found, exceeding 1,000 fathoms with no bottom—but it is by no means settled. Lands do arise out of very deep water. Banks Land itself does, and one thinks that the "continental shelf" figures somewhat too weightily in the arguments of those who make the Beaufort Sea a large part of the Arctic Ocean. The extraordinarily heavy masses of old ice, "paleocrystic" as they are called, which prevent the penetration of these waters, seem confined by some land to the north; migrating birds still fly due north from

Point Barrow. At any rate, beyond Point Barrow lies the largest unexplored area of the northern hemisphere, and the great irregular white patch that signifies "unknown" on the circumpolar maps, stretches down nearer to it than to any other point of continental America.

While to the great part of mankind all this is, I suppose, matter of the utmost indifference, and one is not unfamiliar with a certain contemptuous tone in which "such a to-do about barren islands in the Arctic regions" is referred to, yet to the thoughtful mind that regards the whole earth as the domain of man and all knowledge that it is possible to gather about it a proper sphere for his enquiry, this great irregular white patch will remain a challenge until it can be overlaid with the land that it contains, or painted blue for the sea that covers it.

Such thoughts ran through my mind as I stood on the sandspit and gazed long out into the vague, indeterminable distance of ice, hazy and mysterious. How closely Nature guards some of her secrets! With what ample labour and suffering has knowledge of the north been gained in the three centuries that elapsed from the time Henry Hudson crossed the 80th parallel to the time that Robert Peary reached the 90th!

But darkness was at hand, and I made my way back to the village, still contemplating and speculating. Walter, when my absence was prolonged, had begun to prepare supper and it was ready when I returned, and when, an hour or so later, I unrolled my sleeping-bag and crept into it amongst a number of reposers on the floor, my mind was still too active for sleep.

These igloos at Núwuk, I reflected, were the most northerly fixed habitations of the continent, and these people around me the ultimate American hyperboreans, for Boothea Felix has only occasional visits from wandering folk and neither Ross in 1830 nor McClintock in 1859 found any trace of natives in the northern part. My thoughts began to revolve about the people I was

amongst, for when all is said and done the people that inhabit any country are far and away its most interesting feature.

I had now seen much the greater part of our Arctic Eskimos. The sub-Arctic people of the Seward peninsula, of the Yukon delta, the Kuskokwim and Bristol Bay countries, are far more numerous; but these of my acquaintance may not unjustly be thought of as the hardiest and most interesting of them all, thrust like a spearhead farthest into the domain of darkness and cold. Where else shall a people be found, so hardy, so industrious, so kindly, and withal so cheerful and content, inhabiting such utterly naked country, lashed by such constant ferocity of weather?

The stories of the white man's first acquaintance with them came back to my mind. However awed and bewildered by the apparition of beings undreamed of, however overwhelmed by the evidence of their might, they seem never to have lost courage and self-possession, and their attitude was very different from that of the tropical savages who prostrated themselves before Columbus. I saw the sixteen-year-old boy that Kotzebue tells of, who planted himself outside his sod dwelling with drawn bow, and withstood the approach of the commander and his three marines until they had laid their muskets and cutlasses on the ground. My heart goes out to that boy "of a pleasant, lively countenance" as one's heart goes out to all dauntless youth, and I think the more of Kotzebue and his men that they were themselves moved to admiration by his resolute defence of his home. The whole incident is characteristic and instructive, the bravery of the boy not more than the fierce cupidity of the mother, dazed beyond the dreams of Eskimo avarice by the wealth of great brass buttons that "swam into her ken" when the explorers entered the hut, and resolved, come what might, to share in it; so that when she had herself failed in several surreptitious attempts to twist some of those buttons off, she sent her little children to crawl round on

the other side and try to *bite* them off. I know they would have adorned her son's attire rather than her own, had she secured them, and I find it in my heart to wish that she had.

Then, at a leap, my imagination crossed the continent, and I chuckled at the sight of the redoubtable Martin Frobisher, on one of his voyages to his "Meta Incognita," flying down a hill to his boat with an arrow quivering in his buttock from the bow of an Eskimo he had vainly attempted to kidnap. They never lacked courage, these Eskimos, wherever they were found. Had they not learned to take the most monstrous creature in the world —the whale? Beechey found a floating carcass with an Eskimo harpoon in it and a drag attached made of an inflated sealskin, by which the whale had evidently been worried to death, and is moved to marvel that "these untutored barbarians, with their slender boats and limited means, contrive to take the largest animal of the creation."

Often indeed, when doubtful of the designs of the newcomers, their demeanour was decidedly hostile, or when overwhelmed by the sight of edge tools and iron in abundance—the great riches of the world to them—their covetousness led them to pillage and theft. But they have very few lives of white men to their charge; very few indeed until they had been debauched and inflamed by the white man's liquor.

Long before I had any personal acquaintance with them I had felt that human nature acquires a new dignity when we contemplate the mastery over their adverse, intractable environment which the Eskimos achieved. Naked, in the Arctic regions, with naught but what their hands could fashion from what their hands could find, they subdued the rocks and the ice, the bitter winds and stormy seas, not merely to a provision of the necessaries of life, but to an existence that included vivacity and enjoyment. Poor Tom Hood wheezed from his consumptive couch that it was only for a livelihood that he had

ever been a lively Hood, which I think is the most poignant pun in literature; but these men have always been lively although one would consider their occupation, condition, and circumstances irresistibly depressing.

Upon Buckle's deadly theory that we are solely the product of our environment there is no explanation of the Eskimos. Taine's view that this constraining force is always modified by *natural bent,* and that every race displays the outcome of the interplay of these two factors, has always appealed much more to me so far as historical philosophizing goes, which is not very far; and I should assign as the natural bent of the Eskimos an invincible tendency to lightness and gaiety of heart. Indeed one may perhaps be pardoned for saying that had the Eskimos themselves shown any disposition to be philosophers they would have found, like Dr. Johnson's old college friend, that "cheerfulness was always breaking in."

Hear Beechey again, when he first landed at Point Hope. None but old people and children were present, the man power absent on some hunting excursion. "An old man having started pounding on a drum-head, two infirm old hags threw themselves into a variety of attitudes, snapping their fingers and smirking from behind their seal-skin hoods," and "several chubby girls, roused by the music, joined the performance." He reflects, "We had the satisfaction of seeing a set of people happy who did not appear to possess a single comfort on earth."

This invincible cheerfulness is perhaps their most distinctive trait, and has pointed a moral for many a writer since Goldsmith sang of them in that admirable poem, "The Traveller." It could be as readily illustrated by citations from the Atlantic coast as from the Pacific, from Ross and Parry and all the subsequent voyagers, did one not prefer to illustrate an Alaskan theme with Alaskan instance. Yet I will quote Knud Rasmussen, who knows more of *The People of the Polar North* than anyone else

with whom I am acquainted, and says of the Greenland Eskimos, "Their domestic life flies past in a succession of happy days. If you stop to listen outside a hut you will always hear cheerful talking and laughter from within;" * and again, "an irresponsible happiness at merely being alive finds expression in their action and conversation." †

With their courage and their cheer, they do not lack the finer, more delicate qualities. The reader will perhaps recall the young man who left his own house and spent the night in a deserted tumble-down igloo rather than incommode his guests who did not know they were his guests. There is nothing in the whole journey of which I feel so much ashamed as of the annoyance that I know my manner must have betrayed—though I said nothing—when this young man and his companions arrived at the igloo which we had taken possession of for the night. And if there be any meaning left in the word, this reindeer herder, smilingly picking up his sleeping-bag and leaving his own home to spend a cheerless night amidst the ruins of an old igloo, was certainly a gentleman. It was the magnanimity of hospitality.

In other matters they have left the old darkness behind them. The exposure of the aged ceased a long time ago. Mr. Brower told me there were only two cases within his knowledge: one in 1887, when an old woman known by the white men as "Granny" was walled up in a snow-house and left to starve. Captain Herendean, who was that year in charge of the whaling station, Mr. Brower being "outside," went to the place, kicked down the snow-house and brought the old woman to the station, where she lived for several years and was useful in making boots and skin clothes. The other was in the winter of 1888-89, and in that case the old woman perished. Next summer the *Thetis* came, and the commander sent a lieutenant and boat's crew for the intimidation of those who were concerned in the deed, who understood the

* P. 63. † P. 118.

purpose and fled on the approach—one more mark to the credit of Lieut. Commander Stockton.

Exposures of the aged, though occurring on the coast, were much more common among the inland people, who had no food resources but the caribou, and were compelled to follow the herds in their migration over wide areas, just as the wolves do. Unless the hunters followed the herds, everyone would starve, and it was sometimes a stern economic necessity to be rid of those who hampered their movements. The old folks expected it and were resigned.

The exposure of infants lingered longer. There is no doubt it was the custom of the Eskimos to expose one out of each pair of twins born, and often when children came too frequently, so that a mother would have two infants in arms at once, the newcomer was laid out in the snow and left to die. Mr. Brower told me that within his own time there had been many such cases, the last one occurring not more than ten years ago, at the mouth of the Colville river. Even now it is perhaps not utterly a thing of the past amongst remote bands of inland Eskimos. We travelled from Herschel Island towards the interior in company with an old man who was said to have recently exposed the illegitimate child of his daughter—though it may have been only rumour. But amongst those who have received the Christian religion I was assured no such thing has ever occurred.

The belief in the sanctity of human life is indeed a Christian teaching, a corollary of the belief in the infinite value of the individual soul; and I should not be surprised if those who have long since rejected all the sanctions, and all the restraints, of Christianity, should openly advocate, as they do now silently approve, the exposure or "euthanasia" of sickly or superabundant infants, on the plea that we hear loudly enough already, of "Fewer and Better Children." This new, scientific heathenism is far more revolting and ghastly than any ignorant wickedness of the "Ipanee" Eskimos, and that is what

Gilbert Chesterton means when in his *Victorian Age in Literature* he speaks of "the thing called Eugenics" as "a crown of crime and folly."

A letter that I wrote to an influential friend soon after my return from this journey, pleading for more kindly consideration for our Arctic Eskimos, for a further, and particularly medical, development of missionary work on this coast, was met with the statement that according to my own showing the coast was a country unfit for human occupation and that the best thing that could be done for its unfortunate inhabitants would be to take them bodily away from it. It is difficult to answer such a conclusion; what can one say in rebuttal that shall suffice? That they are content and happy does not matter; obviously they do not know what is good for themselves; that they are able to wring a support from their country is not to the point when better support could be had elsewhere. How easy it is, in theory, to depopulate the less eligible parts of the earth's surface on economic grounds, and gather all mankind into the amenable, fructiferous regions! I suppose some sunny spot in the South Sea Islands could be found where our expatriated Eskimos might repose beneath the shade of the trees, having replaced their ragged furs with garlands of flowers and substituted cocoanut oil for seal oil. It is an engaging vision.

I once told an Eskimo congregation of such countries, where one may lie under a tree and wait for one's breakfast to drop into one's mouth; and when the sermon was done a brisk old dame came up and with very expressive dumbshow indicated her intention of immediately proceeding to that land. She made long detours and spirals with her forefinger, ending in remote distance, and then stopped, pointed to herself, threw her head far back and opened her mouth wide—and joined in the general merriment which her pantomime provoked. Again and again she pointed to herself and nodded her emphatic grey head. No more jigging through the ice for tomcod at 30° below zero for her breakfast; no more trudging weary

miles through the snow to set rabbit and ptarmigan snares. She was bound

> "Where the feathery palm trees rise
> And the date grows ripe under sunny skies."

They joked about it for a long time. Yet I remember Mr. Dooley described these happy-island folks as starving to death for lack of stepladders when the fruit did not fall fast enough, and I am not sure that our Eskimos would be improved by such translation, or that their lot would be more enviable because more sedentary. I *am* sure that the world would be the poorer for the loss of its bold and active Arctic population.

After all, can a country justly be described as unfit for human habitation that has maintained human communities for untold generations? Naked I have called it, and naked it is, to an eye from lower latitudes; cursed with constant bitter winds I found it, newly come from the forested interior. But these terms are only relative. It is not naked nor is its weather severe in comparison with the Antarctic continent, where nothing grows at all, and where fierce gales blow at 70° below zero. The daring thought of Master Richard Thorne, in his oft-quoted letter to the Archbishop of York in the time of Henry VIII, "I judge there to be no land inhabitable * or sea innavigable," is surely a more fitting, not to say a nobler, judgment about the earth, however we be forced to qualify it in some particulars. Certain it is, on the one hand, from the indisputable evidence of the remains of habitations, that the Arctic regions were at one time much more numerously occupied than they are today, and, on the other, that the pressure of accumulating peoples in the temperate and attractive climates was never before so great. Had I to make such choice myself I had far

* It is easy to see how "habitable" became "inhabitable" and thus needed a new negative prefix to express its opposite; it is more curious that "ebriety" and "inebriety" have come to mean the same thing, as they do in the dictionaries today.

rather be a free Arctic Eskimo, hunting the whale and the walrus in the stormy waters, following the caribou far inland to the foothills, than a Chinese peasant, tied down for life to the cultivation of a tenth of an acre of patrimonial soil, selling his children into slavery to eke out a minimum subsistence. There are worse lots than the Eskimo's!

It is hard for soft and sheltered people to believe that the Eskimo can be devotedly attached to his native land; hard to see what charm can hold him to barren rocks and savage wilderness of snow. They can understand the attraction of "my native vale" that Samuel Rogers wrote sentimentally about in a song that used to be loved of fat mezzo-sopranos when I was young:

> "The shepherd's horn at break of day,
> The ballet danced in twilight glade,
> The canzonet and roundelay
> That echo in the greenwood shade—
> These simple joys that never fail
> Shall bind me to my native vale."

(I quote from memory.) But they can see no joys, no possibility of sentiment, in a land where life is one long fight against a severity of nature of which they can only shudderingly conceive. Yet it is so; as Goldsmith expressed in four unforgettable lines better than all my pleadings can put it. But if a man will *not* read four lines of poetry, he must e'en be content to read four pages of prose.

So we will not depopulate the Arctic regions. Rather would I see Banks Land and Victoria Island and Ellesmere Land reoccupied with kindly, hospitable nomads; and I am disposed to hope that Mr. Stefánsson's plan for the domestication of the polar or musk ox, which is no wilder than was Sheldon Jackson's plan for domestication of the reindeer, may ultimately bring about some such result.

Meanwhile I would not do one thing to render the

Eskimo less dependent upon his environment, less capable of continuing to conquer that environment by continuing to adapt himself to it; would not teach him one need that could not with reasonable certainty be supplied. I would take to him the blessings of Christianity, of its religion and morality; I would illuminate the dread darkness of his spirit world with the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection; I would protect him against the white man seeking whom he may devour; I would provide medical relief from the diseases which, in large measure, the predatory white man has introduced; and then I would let the Eskimo civilization develop itself, as it would develop itself, narrowly confined and circumscribed of necessity, along natural Arctic lines, in accord with the natural bent of the race. They gave no inconsiderable sums for the Red Cross last year; they contributed to the relief of the destitute Armenians; when I was at Point Barrow they were taking a collection for missions to China.

Without any desire to be sententious, there seems to me, long dwelling upon the Eskimos and their habitat, some suggestion of a relation between their economic condition and this dead level coast. The only complete communists that I know of are the Eskimos, the only completely equal people, with none that are richer, none that are more respected than the others, none that emerge in any degree above the others. The Alaskan Indians, who approach nearest to them, have chiefs with more or less authority according to their character, but there are no chiefs amongst the Eskimos. The rhetorical boast that one used to hear in Fourth of July orations, that every American is a king, is literally true of these oldest Americans;—a king without a subject.

Our Eskimos and Indians alike are practical communists, the only difference between them the one above noted. Game does not belong to the hunter but to the community. No one ever goes hungry if there be anything to eat in the village. One man may have a larger

house than another, but if so it is either because he has a larger family or because he designs it for public gatherings. When a man dies his belongings are scattered amongst all the relations and friends, even to the complete stripping of the widow and her children. There is nothing private in an Eskimo or Indian village; in the primitive state there is not even any privacy.

The communal system has its advantages and attractions, and for my part, amongst those with whom I dwell or have influence, I am loath to take measures towards breaking it up. I am not sufficiently sure about the superiority for them of the system of individual property that must be substituted. Life becomes much simpler, and in a certain way much more effective, when all one's convictions are cut and dried, when the path of duty is always seen straight ahead, but I have observed that sometimes such confidence is in inverse ration to intelligence. I labour under the disadvantage of wanting to be sure whither I am going before I go ahead.

At Wainwright I saw an Eskimo who was disliked because he was "rich" and would not share his riches, and he was encouraged by the school-teacher to continue his accumulating habit as an example to the others of the thrift that brings prosperity. I do not know that he had worked harder than others, though that may be; he was probably shrewder than others; but the main difference evidently was that he had held while others had distributed. I have little doubt that by and by the pressure will become too great for him and that his "riches" will be scattered in lavish feasting, to the restoration of his popularity and the general equality. Beyond any question, hard work and shrewdness and thrift would be encouraged were the desire of owning in severalty systematically implanted and fostered;—and there would follow, would there not? selfishness and cupidity, the noxious roots of "man's inhumanity to man"? It could hardly be otherwise. Already, at Wainwright, our Dives was charged with indifference to the wants of others;

already there was envy of his stores of grub and clothing, of guns and blankets.

I tread warily because I do not see clearly. I will not stretch my hand to destroy until I am sure about the rebuilding. So I have resisted the frequent exhortations to denounce the "potlach" system, by which all accumulations are disposed of at a stroke, and in preparation for which alone any accumulation takes place.

If it be the destiny of the Alaskan Indians to be absorbed in the white race, as many think, and of which there are certainly some signs, the change will come of itself, and even though, as I think probable, separate racial existence subsist for a long time yet, the influence of the white man's ideas and of the white man's competitive system will gradually assert itself, as it has long since begun to do on the Yukon, and the substitution will automatically take place. I do not feel that it is my duty to hasten it.

But of one thing I feel reasonably sure: that the plane of civilization reached by the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska is almost the highest plane that can be maintained under a completely communistic system. Where, quite apart from the system, there are insuperable natural obstacles to the attainment of a much higher plane, as is probably the case with the Indians and almost certainly with the Eskimos, it seems not worth while to disturb it. As I have said, it has advantages and attractions. There is almost entire absence of envy and covetousness.

> "Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
> He sees his little lot the lot of all;
> Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
> To shame the meanness of his humble shed,
> No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
> To make him loathe his (I can find no word to substitute for *vegetable*) meal."

Content is the normal condition of the Eskimo, the basis of his characteristic lightheartedness. If happiness

were the true goal of human life, there would be much to be said in general for the Eskimo system, yet

> "Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
> Nor quenched by want nor fanned by strong desire." *

No man who admires the triumphs of human genius, no man who cherishes the riches of the human intellect, can be content to see life lie permanently at that level. It affords only the very narrowest scope for literature, art and science. It offers no opportunity for those aspiring, flaming conceptions, those strenuous, persistent efforts, which separate man by such a great gulf from the animal kingdom; for the manifesting of those divine, creative qualities which are indeed his chief claim to a divine origin.

And that brings me back to the reflection with which this passage was opened, that there is some suggestion of a relation between the economic condition of the Eskimos and the dead-level coastal plain which they occupy in northwest America. It is easy to travel over; it presents no rough irregularities of surface; it has no distinctive individual parts, or only such as the encroaching waters have eaten into its border. It produces an abundance of lowly grass, of brief, bright flowers, nipped almost as they are blown, of shrubs that creep over the surface rather than rise from it. With its surrounding waters it affords a subsistence.

But how dreary and monotonous it is to an eye familiar with other scenes!—how empty and uninteresting! With what delight does one welcome a broken diversified

* I know no way of escape from Goldsmith in a discussion of this sort, except by deliberately ignoring the best that has been said; and I take some comfort from a charge of excessive admiration for one who has been described as "a second-rate poet and an obsolete philosopher" in the reflection that his bi-centenary is not far off, and that I may yet see *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Good-natured Man* running simultaneously in New York, new and handsome editions of his works (including even the *Animated Nature* that used to delight my youth) at the bookshops and a fairer estimate of him generally arrived at. *The Atlantic Monthly* will give him a laúdatory article, I am sure, and he may even receive a pat on the head from the *Nation*.

prospect again! How jubilantly the mountains soar, how they "skip like rams, and the little hills like young sheep" when one returns to them after long sojourn amidst these plains!—how smilingly the valleys nestle against them, how bravely the sturdy trees wave their banners as they march up the slopes!

So I think does human society of a civilized kind present itself to the eye that has long contemplated the sterile communism of the Eskimos. It is not necessary to visit cities to feel the contrast; a book from the scantiest Arctic library, a reproduction of a fine picture, a graphophone record of good music, a clever letter from an interesting correspondent (there are yet such, though they grow very rare), will bring it vividly to one's mind. Here on the log wall is a cheap coloured reproduction of one of Moran's pictures of Venice. I have never inhabited palaces and never expect to, have not even the slightest desire to, yet I am glad that there are such dwellings in the world; I have no craving for state and splendour, yet I am glad that there is sumptuousness in the world, glad that all living is not sordid and meagre, or even commonplace; without aspiring to be distinguished I am yet glad that there is distinction. I rejoice that there are great cathedrals and castles that I may gaze upon and wander through, and for my uses, for the gratification of my love of beauty and dignity, the "temples and palaces" are as much mine as they are their owners'. I rejoice that some of the grace and power of past generations has been stored up in these structures for my delectation, as water is impounded by dams, instead of wholly wasting itself without memorial in the currents of contemporary living. I think that a civilization which has produced these splendid inequalities, to deal with material things only, is more desirable than the dead Eskimo level which seems to be the ideal of many today, an ideal for which they would be content to destroy every vestige of the other. Its attendant evils I am not blind to and would strain every nerve to miti-

gate, but with all its evils it seems to me preferable. And if it be that, save in an Eskimo condition,

> "Just experience tells, in every soil,
> That those who think must govern those who toil."

I have no particular quarrel with that either. And so a farewell to "poor Noll," which is difficult for me without a farewell to the subject, and to our travels again.

VII

POINT BARROW TO FLAXMAN ISLAND

VII

POINT BARROW TO FLAXMAN ISLAND

On the morning of the 15th March, when we had eaten breakfast and packed up and Walter and George were dickering for more dog-feed with an old woman who sought to make the best market for her walrus meat, I walked out again the five or six hundred yards to the end of the spit, accompanied by my little troop of yesterday. In the sunshine the precise most northerly point seemed more indeterminate than on the previous evening; ice-covered land and ice-covered water more difficult to distinguish; and even the sunshine made the scene scarcely less desolate and dreary.

At 8.45 we were started upon our adventure of the north coast, and all day pursued our journey upon sand-spits or on the snow of the lagoon (with which George had never heard Elson's name connected). There had been a good trail until recently, but a storm had overspread it with soft snow and the going was rather heavy. After four hours we reached an inhabited igloo and had lunch, another four hours brought us to a deserted igloo, and there we camped for the night, without much comfort. This lagoon of Elson's, opening presently into the Dease Inlet, is bordered all along its ocean side by a chain of sandbars and broken islands, upon which, in the main, we travelled. Into Dease Inlet a number of rivers empty, the two most important of which have received names, one, the Chipp, for the lieutenant of that name who perished with De Long (so named by Stoney after Howard's return, overlaying its Eskimo name of Ik-pik-puk, as he vainly tried to overlay "Kobuk" with "Putnam"), and the other the Meade, named by Ray of the circumpolar station, presumably for an admiral of the U. S. navy

who was engaged at one time in survey work in southwest Alaska, and is there also commemorated. Locally the names are not used by white men or natives; they are map-names.

The next morning snow was falling when we started, with a wind from the southwest. For awhile the sun struggled through the snow, but was gradually obscured to complete disappearance, and we were enshrouded in mist, and from that time forward we saw literally nothing all day. From George's statement and from the chart it seemed that we were at Tangent Point, on the other side of the inlet, and here we dug out the entrance to an old igloo and camped.

In the utter monotony of this travel I took some amusement from George and his team just ahead of me. His dogs' harness was based upon gunny sacking, strips of which, covered with strips from a flour sack, made the traces. The strips from the flour sacks had been cut so that the advertising legend of the sack ran right along the trace; a black dog bore the label "unbleached," and a dirty yellow dog announced himself as of "the rich cream colour that nature intended." Evidently the main native consumption at Point Barrow is of a second-rate flour which thus makes a virtue of being off-colour. But the rich-cream-colour-that-nature-intended dog happened to match his placard ludicrously and seemed to acknowledge the compliment. "Unbleached" I thought bore his with more defiant air, a black dog who cared not who knew it.

George himself was of interest. As I have said, he was an "elder" in the local church, yet he permitted himself a freedom of speech not at all in keeping with that character. Judging that the young man had picked up certain common white man's phrases without thinking about their meaning, or indeed without recognizing their meaning, for his English was halting and meagre, I spoke to him kindly about it and told him that words like "hell" and "damn" did not come fittingly from his lips. He

seemed really obliged to me, and I am sure that it was as I had judged, for he made every effort to cast them off. But it is not easy to drop habits of speech all at once, and for a day or two he was like St. Augustine after his conversion, continually thrusting his fist in his mouth. Sometimes his efforts to check himself were funny. I had told him that instead of cursing his dogs and condemning them to eternal punishment, it would do just as well to praise them, and on the next day when he had occasion for objurgation he broke out with "Damn" and changed suddenly to "Good dogs!" I thought of Ingoldsby's Prince-Bishop, who

> ". . . muttered a curse and a prayer,
> Which his double capacity hit to a nicety;
> His princely or lay part induced him to swear,
> His episcopal moiety said 'Benedicite.'"

(with the long i of the English ecclesiastical usage in the last word as befits the authorship of a canon of St. Paul's); and I was glad that the "elder" was, in speech at least, "breaking even" with the dog-musher, and might presently hope to supersede him altogether.

The particular occasion of this incident remains indelibly in my memory. A poor beast of a dog, frozen to death by what mischance I know not, but his gaunt condition indicating that under-nourishment was a contributing cause, had been picked up and set on its feet in the snow by the side of the trail—a grim Eskimo joke—and there remained, and every dog of the three teams had to stop and sniff at the body.

Once again I had impressed upon me the paramouncy of the dog's sense of smell amongst all his senses. Every dog saw this poor frozen carcass grotesquely standing up in the snow, and could tell just as surely as I could—and I could tell it as far as I could see it—that the dog was dead. Yet every dog went up with the greatest eagerness and excitement, straining at the harness, and

not until he had stopped and sniffed did his interest disappear. And yet there are those who confidently maintain that dogs reason, and grow very knowing and superior when one talks about instinct. Much of my interest in Fabre's delightful insect books arises from his clear and demonstrative differentiation between these faculties, and all my experience as a life-long animal lover leads me to hold that they are not merely different in degree but different in kind.

Once I had occasion to read everything that I could lay my hand on with regard to the sense of smell, and I found that there is virtually nothing known about it. I do not believe that there is any hypothesis as to its *modus operandi* that is tenable, and the prevailing belief that the olfactory nerves are excited by minute particles flying off from odoriferous substances is to my mind absurd. That a grain of musk should give off such particles from the days of Marie Antoinette until now, and lose no weight thereby, is utterly incredible to me. What infinite minuteness of subdivision it involves! What astonishing potency in the particle! What ceaseless rapidity of ejaculation! Nothing but the emanations of radium seem to be in the same class with it, and I should not be surprised if it turned out by and by that a whole series of activities, as unknown to science today as the activities of radium were unknown fifty years ago, are involved. Let him who is disposed to smile at this excursus into science read all there is to read (it is not much) about the sense of smell.

I should like to pursue it: I should like to discuss the peculiar effect of cold upon smell, whereby most odours are killed to the human nostrils though not even, it would seem, weakened to the canine nostril. Kérawak *smelled* that star fish under the snow at Point Hope, though, frozen as it was, to my nose it had no perceptible odour whatever. I stopped and smelled the dead dog on the trail and it had no odour at all, in the cold and the wind: yet to the dogs it smelled decisively, I suppose; though

of course it may have been the absence of smell that was decisive: but I think not.

But this book grows too long already and we must go on.

A willing, good-natured and sufficiently capable fellow we found George, his white blood appearing more evidently in his looks than in aught else, and I was sorry that the son of a white father had not had better chance of education and intellectual development. Walter soon had him saying "please" and "thank you," and in his quiet, laughing way effected improvements in his deportment which I do not know that he would have bothered about but for the tie of the mixed blood between them.

We reached Cape Simpson, named for the famous governor of the rejuvenated Hudson's Bay Company, a cousin of our exploring Simpson, about three in the afternoon, and having dug up from the snow a sufficient supply of driftwood to cook dog-food, and loaded it upon the sled (our walrus meat done), we started across Smith Bay, named by the same men for a chief factor of the same company. Cape Simpson is interesting as the "boat extreme" of the Hudson's Bay party. It was here that Simpson left Dease and half the crew and advanced on foot with six men, one of whom had been with Sir John Franklin in 1826 and two with Sir George Back on the Great Fish river in 1834.

Brilliant sunshine had again given place to a snowstorm, and when that ceased and the sky cleared the thermometer dropped to 30° below zero. We made no more than six or seven miles on the sea-ice, which was very rough, and then stopped for the night; our first night without an habitation for shelter. Walter had made a tiny tent at Point Barrow and demurred at the time it would take to build a snow-house, so we pitched it and walled it round with snow blocks and camped therein. We were miserably crowded; only one man could do anything at a time, so that it was as well the two of them were outdoors cooking dog-feed while I pre-

pared our supper. And it was cold. We had been advised to rely upon our two primus stoves, but had been better advised had we brought a small woodstove, for excellent as the primus is for cooking it is a poor dependence for warmth. It was so cold after supper that the ink froze as it issued from my fountain pen and the day's record remained unfinished till the morrow.

The next day brought the bitter northeast wind that we were to endure nearly all the rest of the time on this coast. I was never colder in my life all day long than I was that day when we finished the crossing of Smith Bay and reached an empty igloo west of Pitt Point—named for the statesman, one supposes, though Simpson does not say. My little new sled was a most convenient vehicle, and as far as easy travelling went it was beyond comparison better than the common run of travel in the interior. I had but to step upon the runners and ride whenever I was so minded. But the keen wind at from 20° to 30° below zero all day took all pleasure from it; one's nose was continually frozen, or if a scarf were employed it was soon a solidly frozen mass from the condensation of the breath.

From the cabin west of Pitt Point we reached, as we supposed, Cape Halkett the next day, after an exceedingly long, cold run. The chart, I was sure, was in error, making Smith Bay too broad and misplacing Pitt Point, if our igloo to the west of it had indeed been near it at all—and we discovered later that it was so. I am sure our run of the 19th March was upwards of forty miles, and should be disposed to call it forty-five. I had increased my clothing and my body was warmer, but the wind, with a temperature steadily growing lower, was bitter in the extreme.

We were exceedingly fortunate in finding a large, occupied igloo at Cape Halkett (Halkett was another Hudson's Bay Company director), and never was sight of smoke more welcome to weary, half-frozen travellers.

STOP FOR LUNCH—NORTH COAST.

George and Walter (the dog Ké-ra-wak to the left).

Billy came out and insisted on my going immediately within, himself taking my place in the unhitching and unloading, and when I still lingered to assist he said, "You stay outside, me go in"—and I was really nothing loath to yield to his insistence. Now here was the grand scamp of all the Kobuk Eskimos, an old acquaintance of mine, who knew that I knew all about him, knew that I had recently put a spoke in the wheel of a nefarious attempt of his at bigamy, by telling the commissioner at Point Barrow that he already had a wife on the Koyukuk river. I had not been in time to prevent Mr. Brower from being victimized by him. Pretending to have money on deposit in a Fairbanks bank, he had bought several hundred dollars' worth of goods and had paid for them with a draft that Mr. Brower was hoping would be honoured. However, I never waste much sympathy with a trader who allows himself to be imposed on in any such way. Some little doubt I had had, when I found my provision of cash running short, not so much whether Mr. Brower would accept a draft in payment for supplies, as whether I had any right to ask him to, coming without commercial introduction, but here was Billy, unable to get a dollar's worth of credit on the Kobuk or Koyukuk rivers, coming up here and just "on his face," as they say, getting three or four hundred dollars' worth at a stroke; a regular Eskimo chevalier of industry. He had lived the winter upon this resource and had gotten him much honour amongst the Eskimos as a rich man who entertained generously.

Long ago I had been enabled to do Billy a service. When first it was decided to extend the reindeer enterprise to the interior country (from which it was very shortly withdrawn again) a herd had been taken across country from Unalaklik on Norton Sound to the upper Koyukuk river, and Billy had spent the winter as guide for the migration. By some neglect he had not been paid, and when a year or two later he succeeded in getting someone to make application for payment, there were no

funds available and the matter seemed to have been entirely forgotten in the bureau at Washington. I took it up and had some correspondence about it and at last succeeded in getting him paid in reindeer, since there was no money that could be used. This must have been ten or twelve years ago. But Billy had gone from bad to worse; whenever there was liquor to be had he was drunk; whenever he could find another native with money he would gamble; he had taken his wife to the mining camp and left her there, and there I had seen her a year before; a thoroughly demoralized, plausible, good-humoured scamp of an Eskimo with no more conscience than a cat—the worst sort of "wised-up" native, whose association with miners on the Koyukuk, and especially with those amongst them who seek the intimacy of the natives, had ruined a character that one supposes was not very difficult to ruin.

Saint or sinner, however, the duties of hospitality are sacred in the Arctic, and are acknowledged and discharged when all other obligations have long since been repudiated, and Billy was most cordial and helpful, and we were very thankful of the relief which his kindness afforded.

Towards the spring, at the close of the trapping season, the Colville river people gather at a little village some thirty or forty miles above the mouth, and the trader at Point Barrow sends a load of grub and ammunition to barter for their furs. Billy was thus employed, Mr. Brower perhaps hoping partly to recoup himself for a debt of which he was already grown doubtful before we came, and it was his trail that we had been following, the second human being we had met since leaving Núwuk—the other an Eskimo gathering up his traps. I took opportunity to "deal" with Billy, as I had dealt with him often before. He denied the attempted bigamy in a half-hearted sort of way, and stoutly maintained that he had money at Fairbanks, though I knew that the one was fact and vehemently suspected that

the other was fiction. I told Billy that when a man began forging drafts he was already within sight of a long term of imprisonment, and tried to make him understand the gravity of the offence in the eyes of the law. And I pleaded with him to live a straight life instead of a crooked one, invoking his accountability, not only to the law but to God. Billy was moved by what I said, entirely submissive and very penitent; but not penitent enough to tell the truth about the draft, so that I began to think that I was possibly mistaken and that the rambling and incoherent explanation he attempted of some windfall in connection with a mining operation might have foundation. Strange things happen in placer mining, and were there not at that time in Point Barrow two young Eskimos who had cleared a thousand dollars or so apiece by working a claim on shares in the Chandelar country? If I had not known Billy so well I might have taken his word for it, even as Mr. Brower.

I tried hard to get the truth out of him. I made him the offer (which I had really no right to make) that if he would go back to Mr. Brower and tell him all about it, and confess that he had obtained the credit fraudulently and do his best to make it good, and would then return to the Koyukuk and take Kitty away from the mining camp and try to live decently with her, I would stand between him and any trouble and would assume what remained of his indebtedness. I told him I would give him a letter to Mr. Brower undertaking to do so. But Billy was obdurate, and so it was left; and the next summer Mr. Brower wrote to me that Billy had gone back to the Kobuk on a supply ship—and that the draft had been dishonoured. I have just heard that he has since spent three months in gaol for a theft of skins and I should not be surprised to hear of him drifting to the eastward, to the Coronation Gulf country, now that nothing remains in Alaska where he is unknown. That seems the present goal of those who have worn out their character and credit everywhere else. And I fancy that the Northwest Mounted Police

will by and by make short work with Billy, when he has done sufficient harm.

Meanwhile we greatly appreciated his hospitality and made our day of rest at Cape Halkett; the thermometer dropping the first night to —47°, and the second to —51°; much the coldest weather we had had on the Arctic coast. Before us lay the expanse of Harrison Bay, some fifty miles across, with the necessity of camping on the ice, and of carefully directing our course to make a proper passage to Beechey Point, neither veering too much to the left to the Arctic Ocean, nor too much to the right to the delta of the Colville. The passage of this bay we had been taught to regard as the most ticklish piece of the whole north coast journey, the natives usually skirting around the coast line instead of striking across.

Harrison Bay was named by Dease and Simpson for Benjamin Harrison, the deputy-governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, "whose attention had been so long sedulously directed to the moral and religious improvement of the natives of the Indian country," an honourable distinction among trading officials of any sort, which makes one glad that his name is thus remembered. I have vainly searched the two histories of the Great Company that I possess for any trace of Harrison save that he was deputy-governor of the company from 1835 to 1839.

Ellice Point, which it turned out next day we were much nearer to than Cape Halkett, is named for "the Right Honourable Edward Ellice," of whom I find that he was a member of Parliament (presumably a privy councillor from his "right honourable"), that it was largely due to his mediatory efforts that the long, disastrous rivalry between the Hudson's Bay and the North West Companies was brought to an end by the amalgamation in 1821, and that later in life, when he was deputy-governor of the company (from 1858 to 1863), he was known as "the old bear." Of Halkett, I can find nothing but that he was one of the company's directors,

THE THIRTEEN DOGS—CAPE HALKETT.

and that there was a post named for him on the Liard river.

The expeditions of Dease and Simpson carried out by the direction and at the expense of the Hudson's Bay Company, while they constitute one of the most brilliant chapters of American exploration and have not, I think, had the fame and recognition they deserve, do not really redound so much to the credit of the company as might at first appear. One of the obligations of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay" in the original charter of Charles II is that of exploration. "The discovery of a new passage into the South Sea" is set down as the first purpose of the company, and it is because they "have already made such discoveries as to encourage them to proceed further in pursuance of their said design" that "the sole trade and commerce of all those seas, straits, bays, lakes, rivers," etc., is granted to them. Dissatisfaction had often found expression in England with the supineness of the company in this direction, and now that it was contemplating an application to parliament for an extension or confirmation of its privileges, it desired to fortify itself by some "further pursuance" of the "said design," which, after two or three abortive attempts, it had entirely forgotten and neglected for a century.

One of the things much needed today is a full, critical history of the Hudson's Bay Company. Dr. George Bryce* has done valuable condensed work, following Beckles Wilson† of a decade earlier (though both of them have furnished their books with indexes that are a mere exasperation), but the great mass of material enshrouded in the company's archives is scarcely touched, and now that there can be no valid reason for keeping it secret, should afford a rich mine for research. I have hoped that Miss Agnes Laut would develop a sufficiently scholarly temper to undertake it, having already dipped

* *Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*, New York, 1910.
† *The Great Company*, New York, 1899.

into the records, but she remains wedded to her shocks and thrills, and the deep damnation of the word "popular" still affixes itself to the titles of her books in descriptive catalogues. My hope now, if not for the history itself, for the materials thereof, lies chiefly with the Champlain Society, and perhaps no history is possible until the records have been independently edited and published. If fifteen years of constant travel had been spent in Rupert's Land, if there were prospect of five years' free, undisturbed digging at the Hudson's Bay House and the British Museum, the attempt at the compilation of such an history would not be without its attractions for the leisurely evening of life, as it would certainly be worth while.

The whole distribution of the land on this northerly coast was very erroneously indicated by the chart we were following. Measured on its scale, the distance from Pitt Point to Cape Halkett was about twenty-five miles; we had travelled at least forty, and yet next day discovered, as I have said, that the igloo at which we stayed with Billy was some distance west of the cape. It took us three more hours to reach the unmistakable headland with its pole beacon, which marks the western boundary of Harrison Bay. For an hour we stayed here, digging up driftwood from the snow and piling our sleds high with it. "Many woods here last summer, now all lost," said George, as we went prodding about through the hard snow to discover our fuel, in the bright sunshine with little wind; one of the few pleasant recollections I have of this coast. Some names carved on the beacon recording a passage of the previous year from the Koyukuk by way of the Colville had aroused my interest; a brass plate on a stump, evidence of recent surveys of which more later, had increased it. Cape Halkett is a real cape, rising twelve or fifteen feet above the surrounding country, and any such eminence is conspicuous and even comforting amidst the awful flatness and sameness of this coast.

Then, having taken a compass direction and carefully

noticed, according to our instructions, the trend of the snow-furrows and the angle at which we should cross them to keep our course, we launched upon the ice of Harrison Bay, intending a straight line of fifty miles to Beechey Point, and for three hours pursued it, making perhaps fourteen miles. That night we built our first snow-house. While Walter busied himself with cooking the dog-feed, George and I cut slabs of hard snow along a rectangle that he divided into suitable squares, and set them up, leaning inwards, one row upon another. We did not shape the thing with a dome, for George confessed little skill in snow-house building, although he told me that if his wife had been along to help him he could have done much better. I did not resent this aspersion upon my assistance, for in truth I found it almost impossible to extract the snow blocks when they were cut, or to move them when they were extracted, without breaking them. George had a knack of twisting them along on their edges, of easing and humouring them into place, that I tried faithfully but unsuccessfully to imitate. They squeaked and squealed, those blocks of snow, as he swung them, now on one corner, now on another, and sometimes the sound they made was piercing, but he got them into place. When the walls were sufficiently raised and the opening they enclosed sufficiently diminished by the inclination given the slabs, the little tent was thrown over all and held in place by further blocks, and then we filled every crack and cranny with loose snow. By and by, when the hole was cut and we inside, George took the lighted primus stove and sealed any remaining interstices by the simple method of melting together the edges of the blocks.

In this house we were far more comfortable than in the tent. It was large enough in the middle to stand upright in and to give room for moving about on our necessary occasions, and although the thermometer went down to 48° below zero that night, we were fairly warm inside. Moreover the condensation of the moisture of our breath

and our cooking did not annoy us as it had done in the tent.

The art of building the beehive snow-house—a really skilful and beautiful art—has passed from these western Eskimos. Mr. Stefánsson describes it and illustrates it as still practised by the people of Coronation Gulf and Bathurst Inlet, in that interesting and valuable book, *My Life with the Eskimo,* and it is easy to see that it can be made entirely cosy and comfortable with only a seal-oil lamp burning, when one saw how greatly our own clumsy and imperfect structure improved upon a tent.

The next day, with a temperature that never went above —25°, we had the bitter northeast wind again for eight long-suffering hours and the building of the snow-house took nearly two hours more. The cold and the loose snow together began to give the dogs sore feet, and putting on and taking off a number of pairs of moccasins added to our daily dog work. The poor brutes were doing ill upon their rice and blubber; it went through them almost unchanged. As I realized now, they should have been put upon that diet for some time before we left Point Barrow, to accustom their stomachs and bowels to it. Lying at such low temperatures with no possible shelter was also taking toll of their strength. To tether the dogs at night was no small job. They were tied in pairs; two dogs that got along with one another had a stick passed through the snaps at the ends of their chains, the stick carrying the two chains was buried in a hole dug in the hard snow with the axe, and the hole was filled and tamped. The cooked rice and blubber was served out to them upon the snow. That night, our driftwood being exhausted, it was necessary to cook the dog-feed over the primus stoves, and that took an unconscionable long time and consumed a great deal of oil.

The next day was just such another; the minimum temperature —48°, the maximum —30°, and the bitter northeast wind still stronger. I had not worn my reindeer breeches since leaving Point Barrow, deeming them

TENT WITHIN WALLS OF SNOW—HARRISON BAY.

unnecessary in March, and had substituted the leather moosehide breeches which I wear the winter through in the interior, but I was glad to put the fur on again now, finding much inconvenience, however, in the absence of pockets. I had to keep pipe and handkerchief in the hind-sack of the sled, where they promptly froze up. Complete furs alone enable one to stand this wind at low temperatures. In an hour and a half's travel we made land, and we were buoyed up with the hope that we were close upon Beechey Point; but it was not so. Despite our efforts to keep a straight course, we were from time to time conscious that the dogs deviated from it and we "hawed" them back, but that constant tendency to incline away from the course mounts up and tells. Even we ourselves were glad to turn our faces from the miserable biting wind, and so had gradually edged in towards the shore. The land must have been the delta-outpost of the Colville river, which we should have given a wide berth. So we turned out and pursued our way, constantly expecting to make land again and find driftwood, but by five we were still far from land and had not seen a piece of wood, and had to camp again on the ice and cook dog-feed with the oil stoves.

Our snow-houses began to go up a little quicker now, but the business of cooking rice for twenty dogs on two little primus stoves was exasperatingly long, and our coal oil diminished alarmingly. I began to be uneasy at the prospect; much more than half the oil was gone and we yet a long way from having completed the half of our journey.

An author may pretty safely assume that when he finds the arraying of his material tedious, the reader is likely to find it so also; happy would he be if he could as safely assume that when he is himself interested he is interesting. I have been dividing mud-banks amongst directors and chief factors without much exaltation of spirit; now I am come to a river that stirs me.

The Colville is the chief river of northern Alaska, and

one of the considerable rivers of the whole richly-rivered territory. Its headwaters interlock with the sources of the Noatak, the Kobuk, and the Koyukuk, and it has been for ages the means of intercourse between the natives of Kotzebue Sound and the whole northern coast. It was a pre-historic trade route by which the natives of the Siberian coast exchanged their goods with natives far to the eastward of Herschel Island, passing from tribe to tribe, back and forth. But it has interest more stimulating than this. Discovering and naming this river in 1837, Simpson made a report to his superiors that was soon the common property of all the "Hudson's Bay Company's servants," and when Alexander Hunter Murray, the intelligent and accomplished trader who built Fort Yukon in 1847,* reached the middle Yukon, he felt sure that it was the same river, the mouth of which Simpson had discovered ten years before. Indeed, twenty years later, that is to say, thirty years after the discovery, W. H. Dall and his companions, arriving at St. Michael to begin that great exploration for the Western Union Telegraph Company to which the world owed nearly all its early information about the interior of Alaska, were discussing and disputing whether the Yukon and the Colville were the same river, or the Yukon and the Kwikpak, upon which last they were about entering, and as which the Russians knew the lower Yukon. But I have described the piecemeal discovery of the Yukon elsewhere.

Again, Simpson named this river for Andrew Colville, who was governor of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1852 to 1856, and Andrew Colville was brother-in-law to Thomas, fifth earl of Selkirk, whose name shines like a star amidst the murk of commercial greed and unscrupulous rivalry of the fur companies; of all the Douglas clan the one with fairest claim to be called "tender and

* Sir John Richardson was largely indebted to him for information, and the spirited coloured sketches of natives with which that explorer's *Arctic Searching Expedition* is illustrated are by Murray's hand.

true." There is, I think, no biography of Lord Selkirk, yet few men have ever lived with more valid claim to commemoration. Touched and distressed by the wretched condition of the Highland crofters, when

> "Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
> Led stern depopulation in her train,"

and revolving schemes for their relief by emigration, he expended an ample patrimony in buying up the shares of the Hudson's Bay Company, that he might convert the most attractive part of its immense domain into a settlement for these evicted peasants, and in conducting their emigration to the Red river. With wonderful resourcefulness and energy he established his settlement in the heart of the fertile wilderness, and when his settlers had been driven out and massacred, marched with authority as a magistrate and a company of soldiers to its re-establishment and the punishment of the brigands who had destroyed it. But the lawless predatory forces arrayed against him proved too strong; the profits of the fur trade too great. Denied the support of the Canadian authorities and himself the victim of its venal courts, his constitution undermined by exertions and hardships, Lord Selkirk died in 1820, broken-hearted, not knowing that his settlement had at last entered upon a period of prosperity and that he had laid the foundations of a great commonwealth.

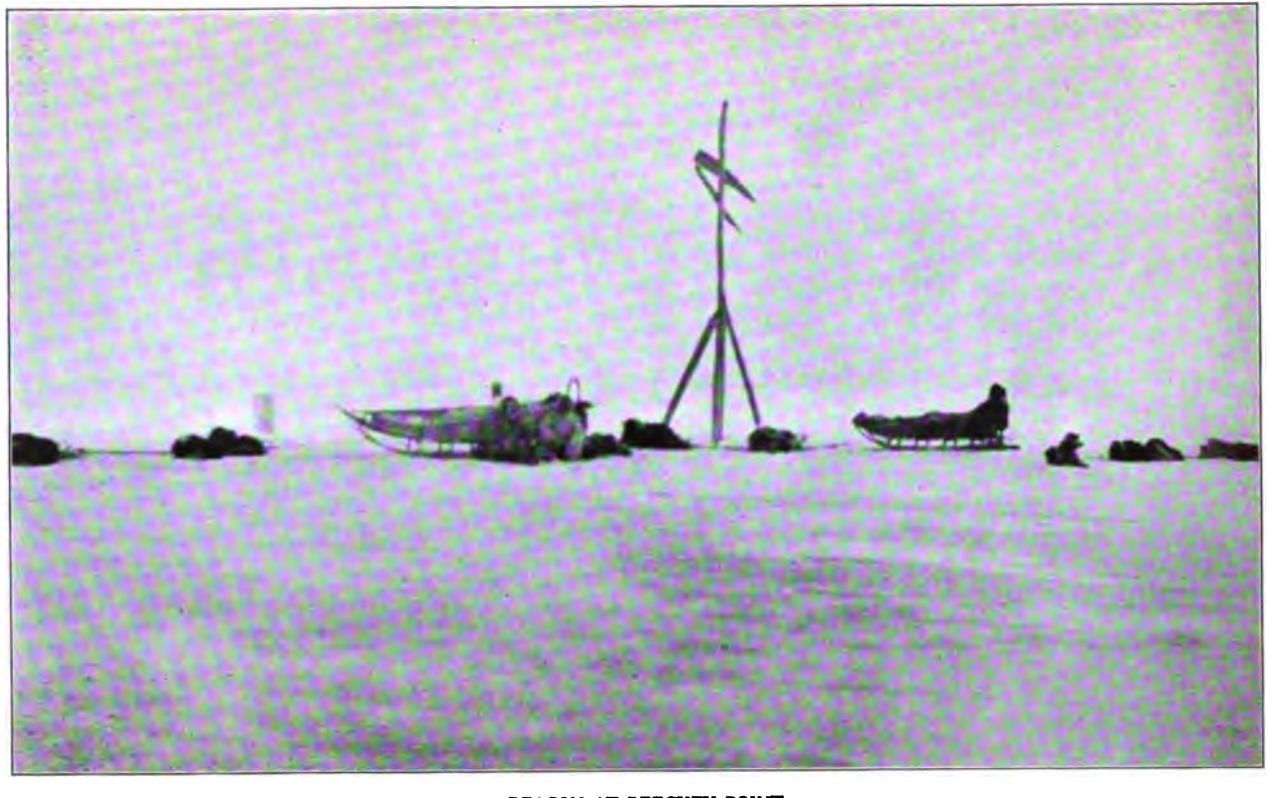
The name philanthropist has been shorn of much of its meaning by common bestowal upon millionaire tradesmen who fling the gold of their superfluous wealth into the treasury of charity; Lord Selkirk spent not only his possessions—he spent himself, his health and strength, his courage, his foresight, his splendid resolution, his high-minded singleness of purpose. I will write him one who loved his fellow men and gave himself for them; such an one, it is pleasant to imagine, as that young ruler might have become whom our Lord looked upon

and loved, had he obeyed the command, "sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and come, take up the cross and follow me."

I am not sure if the name of Andrew Colville be peg substantial enough to hang this reference upon, for I know not what part he played in the Red river enterprise beyond that he was a supporter as well as a brother-in-law of Lord Selkirk. It was his good judgment that picked out young George (afterwards Sir George) Simpson, for nearly forty years the "governor-in-chief of Rupert's Land," the most energetic and capable ruler these vast territories ever had, who gathered up the broken reins of authority and united in his own person the hostile loyalties of rival partisans, so that the fur monopoly, with its good and evil features, became more powerful than ever before.

Whether the point of land we had seen the previous day were Berens Point of Simpson, named for another Hudson's Bay governor, or Point Oliktok of the Eskimos, or if the two be identical, or indeed where it lies at all, I am quite unable to say. The chart we were following is hopelessly muddled in this locality. But I recall that the next day, still travelling in low temperature against the biting wind, we had our first glimpse of the Franklin mountains away in the distance to the south of east, and were greatly cheered and elated thereby. It was fitting that one of the noblest characters in the whole history of exploration, who now enters upon the scene, should be thus heralded to us, and the naming was a graceful tribute of Simpson to his distinguished predecessor.

For Beechey Point, which we actually reached at noon on the 24th, and where we saw the beacon and the station mark of recent surveys, and a nameless grave, was the farthest point within Sir John Franklin's vision when he was compelled to turn back to the Mackenzie from the reef known as Return Reef. He named it on the 17th August, 1826, for his friend Captain Beechey. Two days before Beechey had named the farthest point of



BEACON AT BEECHEY POINT.

One of the rare landmarks of the North Coast.

land visible from the *Blossom* when his advance was stopped by the ice, Franklin Point, after his friend Captain Franklin. The map of the U. S. Geological Survey, the best map of Alaska in existence, wrongly calls the point "Beecher"; the generally admirable *Geographic Dictionary* of Alaska wrongly identifies it with Simpson's Point Berens; and these are only typical examples of the confusion and inaccuracy by which the whole geography of this coast is marked.

We were already experiencing that worst annoyance of Arctic travellers, the accumulation of frozen moisture upon our clothing. The low temperature and the keen wind cover everything with congealed breath; even the mittens and gloves gradually become stiff with it, and little by little the bedding absorbs vapour from the body. The cooking in the snow-huts fills the air with steam, which is presently condensed into moisture and frost and settles upon everything. Shortness of oil, due to the unanticipated use of it for cooking dog-feed, made it necessary to extinguish the stove as soon as supper was ready, so that we had not even this inadequate instrument for drying our stuff, and our garments must be put on each morning encrusted with such of the ice of yesterday as could not be beaten off.

At Beechey Point we loaded up with wood and went on for four or five hours of very rough travel across open ice to another distant point; though whether we crossed Gwydyr Bay of Franklin, or were merely traversing a lagoon between islands and the mainland, the haze which overspread the scene prevented us from knowing. Wood piled high on already loaded sleds is a nuisance in any sort of rough travel and calls for continual readjustment and resecuring, but we could take no chance of lighting upon a supply when the approach of night brought the time for camping. The dogs continued to do ill on their ration of rice and blubber, their bodies assimilating only a part, though an increasing part, of the nutriment it contained, and when we were compelled to

cook with coal oil it was not possible to prepare a full ration for twenty dogs, even such as it was. They were always hungry; hungrier than dogs of mine ever were before; and it was distressing to see their distress with no means of relieving it. We were now two weeks on our journey, with only one day's rest, and to push on with all possible speed was still our only course.

The next day's travel must have taken us past Return Reef and Foggy Island, and so have brought us well into the field of Franklin's explorations. It was his detention of eight days at this island, during which the fog lifted two or three times just enough to enable him to embark, only to descend again and compel him to return, which prevented the complete success of the joint efforts of himself and Beechey to determine the northwest limits of the American continent at a stroke. I have already said that had this undertaking been completely successful I think it would stand out as the most brilliant of all exploring enterprises that ever were set on foot. Nothing that funds and foresight could provide was lacking; never were more capable commanders. Beechey did his part to the full, and beyond the full; only this eight days' dense fog prevented Franklin from accomplishing his. Franklin began to retrace his steps on the 18th August. Elson with Beechey's barge reached Point Barrow on the 23rd, five days later. Had Franklin been able to push uninterruptedly on after the 18th he could not possibly have made the 160 miles in a straight line that lay between them in those five days, judging by any previous rate of travel; and Elson was unable to wait at all; was, indeed, just barely able to extricate the barge from the ice and make good his retreat. At one time when she was driven ashore by the ice he had made all arrangements to sink her in a lagoon that she might not become the prey of the natives, and to endeavour to take his party back on foot to Kotzebue Sound. Franklin could not have met Elson. Yet he says that could he have known that Beechey had penetrated so far to the north,

ROUGH ICE NEAR RETURN REEF OF FRANKLIN.

The snow hut, dismantled, to the left.

nothing should have stopped him pressing forward. He knew that Cook had been unable to proceed beyond Icy Cape, and fully expected that it would be necessary for his own party to go on to the general rendezvous at Kotzebue Sound.

As a schoolboy with a highly inflammable imagination I think the two great regrets of my life were that Prince Charles Edward turned back from Derby and that Franklin turned back from Foggy Island; though the one was doubtless as inevitable as the other. Yet one speculates and wonders. Beechey cruised about in Kotzebue Sound until the 27th October; if Franklin had been able to reach Point Barrow at all, even if compelled to walk around, and by the aid of his faithful Eskimo interpreter Augustus had been able to procure a couple of native oomiaks, he might possibly have reached the rendezvous before Beechey's final departure;—or the melancholy Search which stirred the world might have been anticipated by twenty years. One remains sorry, however, that such an excellently well-laid plan, so amply provided, and so resolutely put to the execution, should have failed of entire success.

On the 26th we must have passed Franklin's Prudhoe Bay and Yarborough Inlet and camped somewhere near his Anxiety Point. The wind had swung behind us and the temperature rose so that our progress was not so painful, but by night the one was back in its old quarter, and the other fallen to —25°. Whenever the haze lifted George was standing on top of his sled with his telescope at his eye. But we really saw nothing; all day we had not even a glimpse of the Franklin mountains that we should now be fully abreast of. When I told Walter that night that we must be in the close neighbourhood of Franklin's Anxiety Point, he said, "I don't think he was half as anxious as I am, for he didn't have a bunch of hungry dogs to feed and next to nothing to give them." George did not bother much about his team; I suppose the Eskimos are too much used to it to worry greatly over

half-starved dogs, but Walter took the condition of his charges very much to heart.

One interesting item is noted in my diary; we saw human footprints and bear tracks that must have been seven months old. They were made in half-melted snow of the fall, George said, not later than September, and perhaps the last part of August; the superincumbent snow of the winter had been swept off, leaving the plain impress as it was made. Walter and I were reminded of the footprints of Professor Parker and Mr. Brown that we found at about 16,000 feet and again about 17,000 feet on Denali, made a year before; the slight compression of the snow by the foot having served to retain them, and we discussed whether anything yet remained of the miles of steps we cut all up the narrow, broken Karstens Ridge. Then we fell to wondering whether the very slow movement of the upper glacier had yet overwhelmed the cache of grub and fuel oil covered with a heavy wolf robe and surrounded by blocks of snow, that we left at our last camp at 18,000 feet, and Walter said, "My! I wish we could climb Denali's Wife before I go outside again!" His heart had always been set on that companion peak. But I said, "You will have to save that for a vacation when you are in charge of the hospital at Tanana"—and we laughed it off.

It may be supposed that our reading lapsed under the stress of this north coast journey, and it did. There was no leisure and no comfort for it. I managed to read aloud for a little every night, but Walter was too tired after the labour of dog-cooking to listen much, and when we had said our prayers in our sleeping-bags, both the boys were soon asleep. Not needing so much sleep as they, I managed to cover a few pages of Gibbon nearly every night while the tiny acetylene lamp held out, but reading in heavy fur mitts, longing all the time for the comfort of complete immersion within the deer skins, is unsatisfactory. We kept our diaries faithfully, however, though page after page of mine is blurred by the ink freezing

as it flowed. Walter used a pencil, but in all my winter travelling I have not yet been reduced to leadpencil. All sorts of abominable ink pellets and powders I have used, but very rarely indeed a pencil. Sometimes Walter would ask for the recitation of poetry and I would put him to sleep with *Ivry* or *The Armada* or something from *Marmion* or *The Lady of the Lake,* from *Henry V* or *King John* or the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard, The Traveller* or *The Deserted Village*—the schoolboy lines that have stayed in my memory all my life; sometimes we would join our voices in hymns or songs that we knew by heart. We were not at all unhappy and never for a moment lost interest in our journey—only we were never really comfortable, save when, in complete furs from head to foot, we buried ourselves in our sleeping-bags—and even then there was not enough to put under us to make us very comfortable. Moreover I am never very comfortable when I am wearing the same clothes day and night, week after week, and cannot wash myself at all—of which weakness I know very well our modern live-as-the-Eskimo Arctic explorers will be sufficiently contemptuous. We always changed our footgear when we came into camp, and when a pair of socks showed holes we threw them away and put on a fresh pair, but that was the extent of our change. I knew that the faces of my companions were sad sights from grime and frost-blisters, and they knew that mine was; it was just as well that we had lost our little mirror and could tell nothing about our own.

I pass over another long, wretched day of cold and wind, so similar to its predecessors that it presents nothing of note, and differing from them only in that it added the disappointment of not reaching Flaxman Island as we had confidently expected, and come to the 28th March, which was the worst day of the whole journey. The temperature when we left our snow-house was —37°, and the wind in the prevailing northeast quarter was stronger than ever. For three hours we struggled against it, ris-

ing now to a height that swept the loose snow before it. Thirty-seven below zero is not a bad temperature for travelling if it be calm, but travelling against a high wind at that temperature hour after hour, is exceedingly painful and trying. I have read that some of Captain Scott's men were out in a wind at 70 below zero. I do not question it, but, like the devils, I "believe and tremble."

Then George, who for some reason had fallen behind with his team, though I usually insisted he should be in the lead, since it was "up to him" to find the way, came running up and said he thought we were trending too far south, and that, in such weather, we were in danger of missing Flaxman Island altogether. Walter accordingly turned out, and a little later at a repetition of George's request, turned out again. We had gone on thus for perhaps half an hour when, through the driving snow, Walter and George saw something shadowy and dim to the left and called out simultaneously. We turned at right angles at once and made for it and very shortly had the satisfaction of seeing a considerable building and the masts of a small sloop lying before it. By this time the wind had increased to a gale and it seemed like a direct interposition of Providence that we reached Flaxman Island when we did, and that we had not missed it altogether. If we had not turned out when we did, we should certainly have passed it by. George told us that although he could see nothing, and had seen virtually nothing all day, he had all at once an uneasy feeling that the island was close at hand and we in danger of missing it. The wind gradually increased to a storm, and the storm to a blizzard, and for sixty hours there was no cessation. Unless we had reached Flaxman Island just when we did, we should have been in very evil case indeed.

VIII

FLAXMAN ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO HERSCHEL ISLAND

VIII

FLAXMAN ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO HERSCHEL ISLAND

Is it evidence of Franklin's interest in life beyond the bounds of his calling that he named this island for the sculptor, John Flaxman, the "pure and blameless spirit" who died in the year in which he was thus honoured, or was it not entirely disconnected with professional pride? It may have been the monument to Nelson in St. Paul's cathedral that prompted it, for Franklin served in the battle of Trafalgar, or it may have been the ambitious design for a figure of Britannia 200 feet high with which Flaxman proposed to crown Greenwich Hill as a monument to the naval victories of England in the great war. I notice with much interest that this design has been revived as a project to commemorate the part played by the "grand fleet" in our greater war, so that, even as I write, there comes a copy of the London *Spectator* with a reproduction of the drawing, more arresting, I thought, because no man ever before saw picture amidst the sedate letterpress of that journal than because of any intrinsic excellence.

I am content to answer my own question by saying that Franklin's interest in artistic matters has other evidence than this island; he named a bay near the mouth of the Mackenzie for his friend Mr. Phillips, professor of painting at the Royal Academy.

Most people with any smattering of artistic knowledge will probably remember Flaxman best as the designer of the exquisite little cameos that stand out so charmingly in dead white upon the dead blue background of Wedgwood pottery;—the pottery that brought to multitudes their first acquaintance with the grace of Greek

art. But Flaxman's name chiefly recalls to me the noble line drawings which he made to illustrate Homer's *Iliad,* and I can still in memory turn the pages of that book and recapture something of boyhood delight, as I can still see the airy, flowing draperies of the procession of gods and heroes that moved with such lightness yet such dignity around a prized family teapot and cream pitcher that appeared on special occasions.

There is an accidental yet deep congruity in the association of Flaxman's name with this Arctic island. The marble of his statues was not purer than its snows; the lines of his drawings scarcely less severe and unadorned than its contour as it rose above the ice; and when we left it and from a distance looked back upon it, its dead whiteness stood out against a sky that was blue once more.

The substantial dwelling which we found on the island and in which we sojourned during the two and a half days of the storm, was erected by Mr. Ernest de Koven Leffingwell, in part from the wreck of the *Duchess of Bedford,* and was his headquarters for several years during his surveys of this north coast, to which several references have been made. We were singularly fortunate in having this house for our stay. There was a great sheet-iron stove still in place, and the outhouses, though they had been much drawn upon by previous sojourners, furnished abundant fuel. The house had been left almost as it stood by Mr. Leffingwell six or seven years before, several pieces of rude furniture still in the living-room and several hundred books still on the shelves. But the condition of those books reminded me in a small way of what the gentle Boers did to Livingstone's library at Kolobeng in 1852 as a punishment for daring to "teach the niggers," when they raided his mission in his absence and carried off his school children into slavery after slaughtering their parents. Handfuls of leaves had been torn from book after book, and used, I suppose for kindling fires. All the books on the shelves in the vicinity of

the stove had been thus treated; only those on the remoter shelves were unharmed. Several large volumes of Rollin's *Ancient History* had been gutted, Plutarch and Dickens alike had been most despitefully used, a number of French and German books had suffered. It seemed a great pity that there was no one on the coast who cared enough for these books to rescue them. I suppose the natives were the depredators; a quick fire is highly desirable under some circumstances, and books mean no more to Eskimos than to Boers. Coming out of that intolerable wind I can conceive that I might almost have been brought to the sacrifice of Rollin myself!

It was an immense relief to be able to tie our dogs in the lee of the ruined outhouses, to hang up all our accumulation of ice-stiffened gear around the stove, to turn our sleeping-bags inside out and spread them along the rafters. Soon the whole neighbourhood of the stove was festooned with fur boots, scarves, mitts, artigis, dog-mocassins, felt insoles, and bunches of stockings and socks. What a blessed thing mere shelter is when one has been buffeted for hours by a merciless icy blast! How we did revel in the unaccustomed warmth of a real stove and the commodiousness of a real house again! Double rations for the dogs were soon cooking, and a special meal for ourselves that varied our perpetual stew and beans.

This house goes back to the vaguely-ambitious "Anglo-American Polar Expedition" of 1906, when Messrs. Mikkelsen and Leffingwell brought a 65-foot yacht, the *Duchess of Bedford,* to this place, having had hopes of taking her to Banks Land. But here she froze in, and from a point to the westward a winter dog-sled journey was made northward over the ice, just reaching the 72nd parallel at about the 149th meridian. They could and would have gone further but that the deep soundings they found seemed to indicate that they had crossed the continental shelf and that there was no land to be found beyond. This enterprise finished, the sinking of the ship

through the pulling out of her caulking by the ice in the spring, put a finish to the expedition as such. Mikkelsen made a sled journey back to civilization—to which I referred at Cape Lisburne—and entered upon his later, and, I think, more important explorations in Greenland; while Leffingwell remained at Flaxman Island and prosecuted for three years the careful triangulation of the coast for which he must always be remembered in the annals of geography.

Although nearly seventy years had elapsed since the line of this coast was completely traced, I think I am right in saying that no instrumental survey of any part of it had ever been attempted. Stockton in the *Thetis* in 1889 had made several astronomical determinations of positions which showed that much of the coast was set down about four miles too far north; the chart we used had a note to that effect. But the map remained just as the rough field notes and compass bearings of the Franklin and Simpson boat expeditions had left it. When one remembers the fog and foul weather that was encountered it is no matter for wonder that the resulting map was very inaccurate. I am told that when Mr. Leffingwell's work was done and he was gone home with his mass of figures to work up, there arose some question about the measurement of the base line upon which the whole system of triangulation depended; whereupon he made another voyage to Flaxman Island to remeasure that line and remove any possibility of error.

There is something very admirable in the devotion of years of one's life to unselfish, public-spirited labours such as this. We have been more accustomed to associate work of this sort, all over the world, with leisured Englishmen than perhaps with men of any other nationality; it should be matter for congratulation that young Americans of the same class are turning to such useful and laudable diversion. By the kindness of the United States Geological Survey I have just received a proof of Mr. Leffingwell's maps, the publication of which

has been delayed by the war, with the assurance that the whole report will shortly be issued. I have no acquaintance with Mr. Leffingwell, save the slight yet not negligible acquaintance that rummaging amongst the remains of the books that he deemed worthy of transportation to the Arctic regions can give, but I venture to call the attention of the geographical societies of the world to the work he has done on the north coast of Alaska, as perhaps not unworthy the recognition of their major awards.

I lit upon a volume of Sir James Stephens' *Lectures on French History,* and tore out the heart of its comparison between the constitutional development of England and France; I found a curious book on *Left-Handedness* by the Scotch-Canadian archæologist and educator, Daniel Wilson, and I picked up and brought away as a souvenir a little reprint of a translation of Schiller's *Revolt of the Netherlands,* while Walter carried off as his prize a primer of French literature.

The day after our arrival was Good Friday, and amidst the unabated howling of the storm outside I read to the boys the narrative of the tremendous events of that day and we joined in its moving devotions. I recalled the crowded, fasting, three-hour congregations of many Good Fridays, and I doubted if there were amongst them any deeper feeling than that which we shared in this desolate spot; great churches and funereal draperies and solemn music are not essential to the emotions of that anniversary.

Towards evening there came a lull in the force of the wind, and George, who was busied with the dogs, came in and said that a sled was approaching. We knew who it must be; the sloop lying in the ice had at once been recognized by George.

It may be recalled that I spoke of a trader who had given trouble to the schoolmaster at Wainwright and had removed to Point Barrow. He gave greater trouble there. Late in the fall, when the precarious navigation of

these waters was definitely closing, he had abducted a girl, a daughter of Mr. Brower's wife by her former Eskimo husband, a few months married to an Eskimo boy. To what, if any, degree the girl was consenting, I could not discover—it seemed a case of "Once on board the lugger and the girl is mine!"—but I learned with indignation that a warrant for the man's arrest, issued by the United States commissioner and entrusted to a specially deputized native constable to serve, while the sloop still lay at the edge of the ice waiting for a fair wind, had been insolently defied, and the man had sailed off intending much further voyage to the eastward with his trading goods, but brought up here by the closing in of the ice. Now I have no personal courage to boast about, and the habit of my calling of many years makes me shrink from the thought of anything like personal violence, but had I been that United States commissioner I think that a high resentment at the contemptuous disregard of my lawful authority would have overborne all other considerations and nerved me to summon such armed posse as the place afforded, native or white, and to go in person and *take that man*. It is but one more illustration of the futility of our system of primary justice, which forces the unpaid magistrate's office upon those who, by character or calling, are not fitted to it, and provides no proper means for the exercise of its authority; one more illustration of the need of an Alaskan constabulary modelled somewhat upon the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, to which need the present governor of Alaska draws attention in his 1918 report, just to my hand; another raven sent out of the ark, I fear.

So here were the man—and the girl, as a fresh word from George brought—on their way to visit us. The affair was none of ours; we were merely travellers through the Arctic solitude glad to see any other human beings, eager to learn anything we could about the remainder of our route, and to replenish our supplies from a trader's stock, if possible.

What we learned was very encouraging. With good weather we should be able to reach Barter Island in two long runs, and at Barter Island was the base camp of Mr. Stefánsson's exploring expedition, with a number of people, white and native. Mr. Stefánsson, he told us, had been sick most part of the winter at Herschel Island, and still lay there, but a party under Storker Storkerson, his lieutenant, had a week or two before set out northward over the ice from Cross Island, which lies seven or eight miles off Franklin's Anxiety Point, and thus had been passed by us unknowing. Cross Island was named by Stockton of the *Thetis* for a grave marked by a cross. Storkerson's enterprise was organized under Peary's system of supporting parties returning when a certain distance was covered, and had nine sleds and sixty-eight dogs, and altogether thirteen men, of whom five were the advance detachment and the remainder the supports. Its purpose was, of course, to reach northern land, if any such were reachable, or at any rate to push still further back the region of the unknown. As to plans beyond this there seemed nothing definite; some said he would work to the eastward to Banks Land, where a schooner was to search for him; some that he would seek to drift westward on the ice with the intent of reaching the Siberian coast.

Storkerson had joined the *Duchess of Bedford* when she cleared from Victoria in 1906 as a sailor, but had been quickly promoted to mate when the position fell vacant. He accompanied Messrs. Mikkelsen and Leffingwell on their ice journey of 1907, had remained on the Arctic coast and married there, and had been associated with Mr. Stefánsson in his later explorations, who taught him the use of instruments. At this writing the party is long since returned safely, having reached a latitude of 73° 58′, and thus made the farthest northing ever made on the Pacific side of the American continent, some 35′ beyond Collinson's record of 1850. Without any disparagement to Mr. Storkerson, who was himself sick during

much of this journey, we may feel that if the driving force and confidence of Mr. Stefánsson's personality had not been so unfortunately withdrawn, much more might reasonably have been expected of this large and well-provided party. They went neither east nor west but returned the next November to the point at which they left.

Our roving trader, who "fears not the monarch and heeds not the law," was willing to sell us some coal oil, sugar and dried potatoes, and that was a welcome recruiting of our stores, especially the coal oil, but he had nothing in the way of dog-feed to dispose of—indeed was about to start over the ice to look for open water and seals that he might feed his own dogs. It is sometimes twenty miles to open water from Flaxman's Island, and I know not how he fared. Once, when he had gone outside to a cache of supplies made when the boat froze-in, the girl, who was squatted on the floor with a wistful look in her eyes, began timidly to speak to me, but had no more than asked me whether I had heard about her from her step-father, when the man returned and she was immediately silent. I felt myself under obligation to ask her, in his presence, since I had no opportunity to speak in his absence, if she were with him voluntarily, and she said that she was—with no great alacrity, however; and he presently withdrew with her and we saw them no more.

They were living, we learned, in a hut on the mainland, at the mouth of the Canning river of Franklin, having moved away from this house because driftwood was plentiful on the other side of the channel and very scarce here. We felt grateful that they had not remained until all the outhouse-material had been burned up. There was nothing whatever that we could do in this matter, but I felt sorry for the girl, a rather pretty, well-formed girl, with good English, whether the willing or unwilling victim of the man. I told the police inspector at Herschel Island of the case, and I understand he was refused per-

mission to pass into British waters and trade in British territory. He will have to return to Point Barrow when the revenue cutter is not in its vicinity or he will be dealt with summarily; and I am anxious to see the time come when immunity from penalties for the violation of the criminal law, so long boasted by those who use these narrow waters of the north, will be as obsolete as piracy on the high seas.

Canning, of the Canning river, was of course George Canning, the dominant force in British and even, perhaps, in European politics at that time; he who "called the new world into existence to redress the balance of the old," as he said when he recognized the South American revolutionary governments, and is supposed to have suggested to James Monroe his famous "Doctrine."

We woke on Saturday morning to wind that had not diminished, and although Walter grew impatient and wanted to be moving, George said "No!" So I did not take Walter's wishes into consideration. When one employs a guide there is no other sensible course than to depend upon his guidance unless he prove himself incapable, and I had all along put upon George the responsibility of such decisions. So we settled down to another day of rest and refreshment and I browsed amongst the books. In the afternoon Walter and I resumed our Shakespeare and spent a couple of hours with the *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

If it were noticed some pages back that I passed over several of Franklin's names without comment, it may be as well to say that it was because I can find nothing to tell about them. Gwydyr Bay, Prudhoe Bay, Yarborough Inlet, Franklin merely mentions as the names of indentations of the coast without any word as to those whom he designed to honour. The only one that I can make any conjecture about is the last, and since it disappears altogether from Mr. Leffingwell's map, it is not worth speculating as to whether it were named for Charles Anderson-Pelham, earl of Yarborough, or not,

though I think it likely, since he was commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron at that time.

Doubtless Mr. Leffingwell was justified in obliterating Yarborough Inlet; it is in the close vicinity of Foggy Island and Franklin could do no more than guess at the real features of this region; but he erred in retaining the misspelled Heald Point, since Franklin plainly prints it "Herald"—a similar case to Peard and Pearl. And what shall we say to the multitudes of new names with which he has covered his chart?—remembering W. H. Dall's rather petulant complaint in his *Alaska and Its Resources* of the names with which the British explorers have so "plentifully bespattered" the north coast? Every whaling captain that ever visited these waters, every trader, every squaw-man on this coast, has his island or his point. One can fancy the Marquess Camden and Sir Francis Beaufort uneasy at some of their company, the earl of Yarborough quite willing to make his bow and withdraw, but maps make as strange bedfellows as poverty itself. There are indeed so many little islands and sandbanks amongst the shallows of this coast that when Mr. Leffingwell's local names were exhausted he had to resort to numbers to designate the rest.

Sometimes I wonder if there can be many who share my desire to know the origin of place-names. I think not: I think if the desire were common there would arise some more extensive attempt to satisfy it than exists today. The gazetteers and encyclopædias care little or nothing about it; they give latitude and longitude, population and resources, but are not interested in the meaning or origin of names. Yet to me they are full of interest, and often carry locked up in themselves the beginning of the history of a place. Long ago when passing through the panhandle of Texas, my curiosity was aroused as to the origin of the name of the Canadian river. What was a Canadian river doing flowing through New Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma? I tried to find out.

I could of course guess that it arose from an early settlement of Canadians upon its banks, or from early visits of traders from the north; but, if so, there should be some record, some tradition, that could be cited. Having exhausted local sources of information I applied to the national authorities; I wrote to the Bureau of Geographical Names, and I was informed that the name probably arose from the corruption of "cañonita" or little canyon, the river's course being marked by such features. But, as I pointed out, if that were only a guess, why was not a guess about early Canadian settlers just as good? and I asked for some evidence that the name was a corruption of a Spanish word; some citation of an old map on which it bore that name. As a matter of fact, on the old maps that I have seen the name is Colorado or Red—one of the many Colorados in the southwest. My second letter received no answer: government bureaus are still not anxious to encourage people who "want to know you know"; and I have never to this day had any light on the origin of that river's name.

There are few more exasperating things than to want to know something that it is entirely legitimate and even, as I look at it, laudable to want to know—and to have no earthly means of finding it out; and it is one of my strongest "intimations of immortality" that there *must* be another life in which all the things we were so anxious and so unable to know will be learnable—as the old Scotch lady felt about the Gowrie conspiracy.

There is Manning Point sticking out from this north coast, further to the eastward. For some map-maker's reason it is selected to appear on maps of the whole continent, and I have even seen it on maps of the world. Yet I can discover nothing about it; Franklin simply names it and passes on. And this north coast has many such names. I wonder if there be anyone in the world who knows why Franklin named Manning Point, or, besides myself, cares?

Meanwhile I am grateful to the Alaskan Division of

the United States Geological Survey and particularly to Marcus Baker, for the admirable *Geographic Dictionary of Alaska*, which has done so much to discover and preserve the origin and meaning of our place-names. The Geological Survey is the one government agency in Alaska that is beyond all adverse criticism; a model of disinterested and scholarly scientific work.

At 4.30 on the morning of the last day of March I roused George and bade him go out and report on the weather. When he returned and declared it "all the same" I settled myself to spend a quiet Easter at Flaxman Island. We rose two or three hours later and had finished a leisurely breakfast when there seemed indication of a lull in the wind. Presently an occasional gleam of sun appeared, and, as it was soon evident that the storm was over, when we had said the service of the day I gave the word to make preparation for our departure, for there was no question that on the score of dog-feed alone we must move as soon as moving was safe. By 9 o'clock we were all packed up and ready, save for hitching the dogs, but when George and I had hitched our team they had to stand a solid hour while all hands worked at the recovery of Walter's harness. George and I had brought our harness indoors; Walter had thoughtlessly left his lying where it was taken off. Some obstruction or other caused an eddy in the wind, and a notion may be formed of the violence of the storm when I say that the harness was buried three or four feet deep in snow that was almost as hard as plaster of Paris. We had to cut out great blocks of snow with the saw and the axes, to lay bare all the neighbourhood of the front of the sled, and it had to be done very carefully lest the harness itself be chopped up in the process. Once more we realized how exceedingly fortunate we had been in reaching Flaxman Island when the storm began.

So late a start made us very doubtful of reaching Collinson Point, but the storm had done us one great service: it had swept all loose snow entirely away, had gathered

it into drifts and there hardened it to marble, and for the first time since we left Point Barrow we had an entirely solid surface to travel upon. Here and there, also, appeared traces of the tracks of the sleds carrying supplies from the base camp of the exploring expedition to its outpost at Cross Island, but it was not possible to follow them, so much of them was overspread with hardened snow. We knew that we were crossing Camden Bay and that Collinson Point is near the bottom of it, but the bay is a good deal deeper than our chart showed it.

Franklin named Camden Bay for the marquess of that name, the son of that Chief Justice Pratt who rendered the famous decision against the legality of "general warrants" in the contest of the Crown with John Wilkes. Raised to the peerage as Earl Camden when he became lord chancellor, it was his familiarity with this "little lawyer" that Garrick boasted about to Boswell. "Well, sir, he *was* a little lawyer to be so intimate with a player," said Dr. Johnson. His son, honoured here by Franklin, was successively a lord of the admiralty, a lord of the treasury and lord lieutenant of Ireland in the ministry of William Pitt, and afterwards lord president of the council, chancellor of the University of Cambridge and a knight of the garter. And now, Ned Arey, with your Eskimo wife and bunch of half-breed children, what have you to say for yourself that on Mr. Leffingwell's map your island intrudes into my lord's bay? I may best answer for him as I found him, "The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that."

Collinson spent his third Arctic winter (1853-54) in the *Enterprise* in this bay, after his wonderful voyage along the winding channels of the mainland coast of America up to the very waters in which Franklin's ships were sunk—though he found no trace of the expedition—just too late in getting back here to Camden Bay to make his way to Point Barrow and home. The gate was closed again. He had to wait a year to get in; he had to wait

a year to get out; such are the fortunes of this northern passage. Perhaps with modern motive power it might be possible with extreme good luck as to the season, and skill in making the most of good luck, to accomplish the voyage from ocean to ocean in one season, along the known and charted waterways; but even today, with every advantage, the chances would be very much against it. The Northwest Passage teems with historical and geographical interest; there is little likelihood that it will ever have any other.

We did not reach Collinson Point that night—nor any other point, although we travelled till 8 o'clock and had to make another camp without wood for cooking dog-feed. It was midnight when the boys had finished cooking over the primus stoves, and when the food was cooled and served out, for a moment there was no sound but the happy gobbling of many mouths. Then Kérawak, who was tethered nearby, lifted up his voice in a mixture of yelp and howl that said plainly enough, "Great Scott! is that all? Is that all we get for supper?"—for the ration was very scant. It was a poor Easter for man and beast.

I am sorry that the Romanzoff mountains of Franklin, which we were now abreast of, tend to disappear from American maps and would make a plea that the name be retained. They are sufficiently separated from the Franklin mountains to the westward by the valley of the Hula-Hula river to justify a separate name and they commemorate a "distinguished patron and promoter of discovery and science," Count Nicholas Romanzoff, chancellor of the Russian empire, who bore the cost of Kotzebue's famous voyage and of the expeditions that surveyed and mapped the New Siberian Islands. I think he is entitled to his mountains, and I am glad to see that Mr. Leffingwell restores them to him.

By noon today we reached the first occupied habitation that we had seen since we left Cape Halkett, where two white men, an elderly one named Sam McIntyre and

NORTH COAST—COOKING DOG FEED.

a pleasant quiet youth named Paul Steen, were wintering. We were glad to spend an hour with them, to deliver the mail we had brought for them, impart our news, and to accept insistent hospitality that would not even allow us to withdraw a cork from a thermos bottle. McIntyre's account of himself interested me very much. He told me he was the son of the chaplain of the 77th Cameronian Highlanders in the Crimean War, who was severely wounded by a shell at the battle of Inkerman when he and a Roman Catholic chaplain together were carrying a wounded man off the field; the Roman chaplain being killed on the spot. He knew the names of the Crimean commanders and spoke of Col. Baker, later Baker pasha, as a constant visitor at his home quarters and playmate of the children. I recalled the scandal in connection with this officer, which brought about his dismissal from the British army and his transfer to the Turkish. McIntyre expressed himself as greatly in want of a Bible, and because that is a want that does not seem to be keenly felt amongst the white men of the Arctic coast, and we had a little New Testament and the Prayer Book with its copious extracts from the Scriptures, I gave him my Bible.

He told me a story of Bishop Rowe that is so characteristic that it is worth setting down. He said that he and some companions were stormbound and short of grub somewhere in the Seward peninsula when the Bishop and his dog-team "blew in" and decided also to await better weather; that the Bishop opened up his grub box and bade the boys help themselves, but that they told him he had better keep his own grub since they were all short. The Bishop however insisted upon sharing and sharing alike, saying, "As long as it lasts we'll eat it, and when it's done we'll all go on the bum together." Again and again McIntyre repeated this saying with great relish. I knew that Bishop Rowe had never travelled in the Seward peninsula in winter, and that it must be an echo of some occurrence elsewhere, but it is just what the

Bishop would have done, whether or not just what he would have said. I was a little disconcerted when my reference to McIntyre's interesting extraction provoked smiles from the white men who knew him, and to learn that he had a reputation for romance.

Ten miles more brought us to Barter Island and to the extensive building, half underground in sensible vernacular fashion, of Mr. Stefánsson's base camp, and here we were hospitably received by Capt. Hadley,* who was in charge, with two other white men and several Eskimo women and children and a great deal of stuff. The schooner *Polar Bear,* belonging to the expedition, lay in the ice. Hadley I found a most interesting man and we sat up till midnight, talking, although I had had little sleep the previous night—and then I went reluctantly to bed. He had been on the *Karluk* when she was lost, full of scientists and all sorts of expensive and elaborate equipment, and bore no small part in bringing the survivors to Wrangell Island, there lying many months until rescued by the *King and Wing.* Having just read the *Last Voyage of the Karluk* it was illuminating in many ways to hear Capt. Hadley's account.

But what interested me most keenly was his statement that while on Wrangell Island, again and again, on clear days, he had seen land with mountain tops far to the northeast. Now those read in Arctic voyages will recall that Kellet in the *Herald* in 1850, after discovering the island that bears his ship's name and landing upon it, reported further extensive lofty land in about 72° north 175° west, and that five years later Rodgers in the U. S. S. *Vincennes* anchored on that spot and reported no land in sight for thirty miles in any direction. Moreover the *Jeannette,* in her long, slow drift in the ice, saw "not one speck of land north of Herald Island" until she was 30° further to the west, and again Berry in the *Rodgers,* searching for the *Jeannette's* people in 1881, reached

* I learn with great regret that Capt. Hadley died of the influenza in San Francisco the following year.

73° 44′ in about 170° west with soundings of 380 fathoms, and saw no land.

I plied Hadley with questions: There could be no possibility that it was cloud banks he saw, or mirage? How could it be when it lay always in the same place and bore always the same shape? Could he make any estimate of the distance? It was very far off, perhaps an hundred miles, perhaps more; it was impossible to say, but it had bold rugged mountain peaks covered with snow in places and in places bare. I reminded him of the *Jeannette* drift, of the *Vincennes* voyage, of Berry in the *Rodgers*. Yes, he knew of the two former though he seemed to think there was some doubt about the last, but it did not matter how many said there was no land there, he had seen it again and again, and had no more doubt about it than about the island we were on now. How many times altogether could he say that he had distinctly seen it? Well, he had made no count; every thoroughly clear day; and he said that though clear days were rare, when they were clear they were wonderfully clear. Had he seen the land twenty times? Yes, fully twenty and probably more.

So there it stands: Rodgers did not see Wrangell Land* for fog, though but a few miles off his course; there may have been other land he did not see; the *Jeannette* drifted steadily northwest away from Herald Island and in this land is reported northeast. And Hadley's testimony agrees remarkably with Kellett's description: "There was a fine clear atmosphere (such a one as can only be seen in this climate), except in the direction of this extended land, where the clouds rose in numerous extended masses, occasionally leaving the very lofty peaks uncapped, where could be distinctly seen columns, pillars and very broken peaks, characteristic of the higher headlands in this sea, East Cape and Cape Lisburne, for example. As far as a man can be certain who has 130

* I have not been able to find any account of Rodgers' voyage and think that none was published. I quote from Greely's *Handbook of Polar Discoveries*.

pair of eyes to assist him, and all agreeing, I am certain we have discovered an extensive land." *

It was the belief of Dr. Petermann, "the great German geographer," in this land and its extension to the north, that lured De Long into deciding upon the Bering Straits route. Dr. Petermann is the classic example of the "armchair geographer." He was certain that the pole could never be reached by the Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound route; certain that it could never be reached by sledges; believed that it could be reached by the Bering Sea route in one summer with a suitable vessel and a commander experienced in ice navigation. It was his armchair theories that were responsible for the tragedy of the *Jeannette*. The species is not yet extinct.

There it stands and there we must leave it; and the question will probably never be solved save by some such undertaking on the ice with dogs and sleds as Stefánsson had planned and Storkerson was at this time attempting to execute. To gain a northing of 75° or 76° and then drift westward upon one of the enormous old ice-floes of these waters, or continue the sled journey in that direction should the drift be otherwise, depending upon seals and bears for subsistence, offers, it would seem, the only likelihood of exploring this region, and Mr. Stefánsson has demonstrated the practicability of the procedure. It may be, however, that the aeroplane will fulfil the confident expectations that are entertained of it and render dogs and sleds obsolete for polar explorations; I have my doubts.

Storkenson's journey has had one result: it has erased from the map the "Keenan Land" reported by a whaling captain of that name on the ship *Stamboul* of New Bedford in the eighties. A more extended journey of the same kind might put Kellett's "Plover Land" back on the map, or finally erase it also.

* I quote from Osborn's *McClure's Discovery of the Northwest Passage*, where part of Kellett's dispatch to the British admiralty is transcribed, p. 49.

ROUGH ICE OFF BARTER ISLAND.

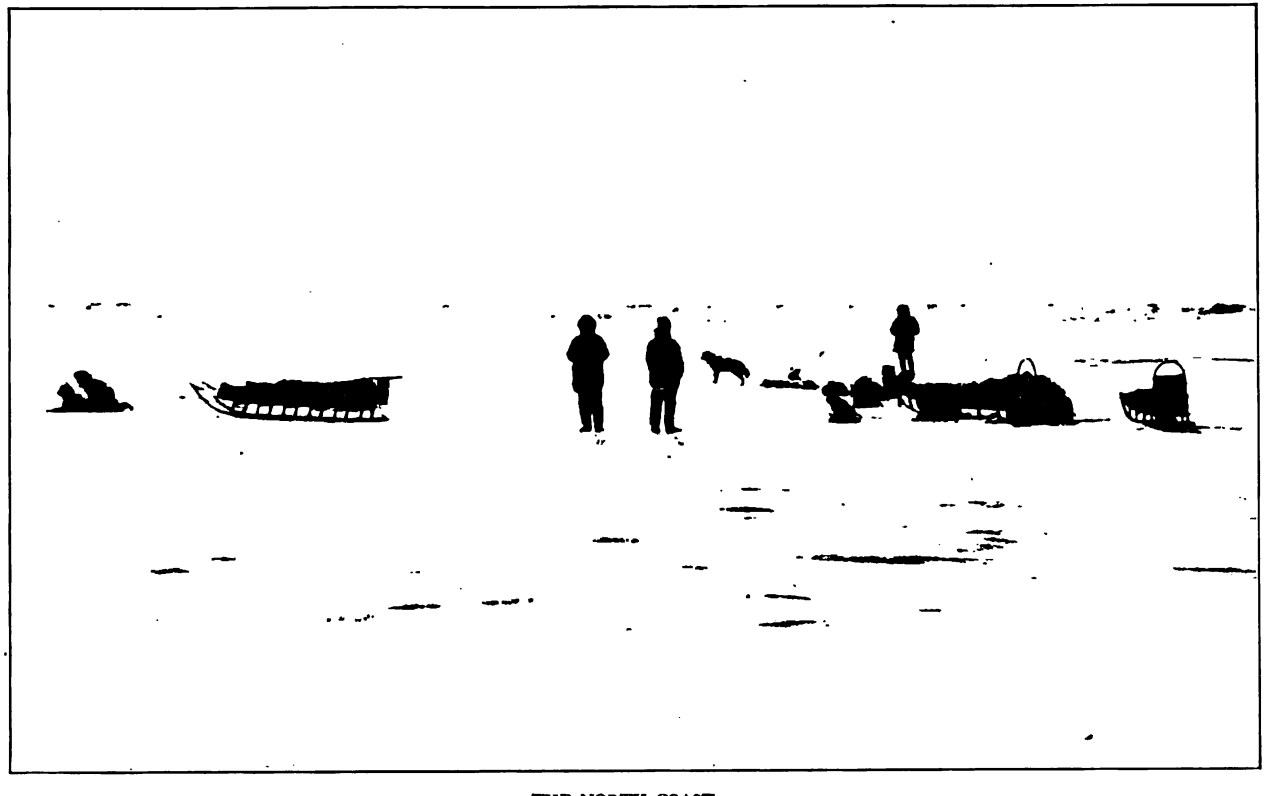
The two other white men were also interesting. Before they joined the expedition they had been on Victoria Island trapping for a certain degenerate Russian Jew, now languishing in the gaol at Herschel Island for defrauding the Canadian customs, and the stories they told me of this man's treatment of the natives, of his abuse of little girls, of his outrages upon common decency, besides his rapacity and greed, aroused my highest indignation. The white fox threatens to be as fatal to those remote isolated folks as the sea-otter was to the Aleutian Islanders. What a responsibility rests directly upon the woman who started the silly fashion of summer furs!; but she is probably of the kind that "could never know why, and never could understand."

I left Barter Island with much regret that I could not spend a day there, there were so many other things I wanted to talk to Capt. Hadley about. They gave us a great breakfast of oatmeal and hot cakes, and were able to let us have some dog-feed, and all hands speeded the parting guests. Our destination for the night was a native village 35 miles away named Angun, with an intermediate village named Oroktéllik, and a white man's cabin on the day's run also. We were come to the populated part of the north coast. But to avoid sandbars we turned too much out to sea, and were presently amongst the heaviest, roughest ice of the winter, getting ourselves into a blind lane amidst great bergs and pinnacles which gave no egress, so that we had to retrace our path. Here was a sample of the ice for which these seas are noted. In an effort to force a passage we came near breaking one of our sleds and it is certain that vehicles for travel amongst such ice must be immensely heavy and strong. It was 1.30 before we had extricated ourselves from this labyrinth, and in another half hour we reached the native village referred to. After a brief stop to shake hands, we went on a couple of miles to the cabin of an old trapper named Rasmussen for our lunch, not attracted by the interior of the igloo we entered; but

George, who recognized some relatives, stayed behind to eat seal-meat, for which he had become very hungry. After an hour at the trapper's cabin, where George rejoined us, we pushed on for three hours or so more, and came to the igloos of Angun, our night's stop.

Here were none but two old women and some children (the men had gone to Demarcation Point to traffic with the trader there), and they were most kind and helpful. They pulled off our fur boots for us, turned them inside out and hung them up to dry (an attention that is part of the hospitality at every genuine Eskimo dwelling, and almost corresponds to the water for washing the feet of the East); they helped to cook dog-feed and insisted on washing our dishes after supper. Then they sought our gear over to find if any mending were needed, and their needles and sinew thread were soon busy. Nothing could be more solicitous and motherly than the conduct of these two old women, and when I gave them each a little tin box of one hundred compressed tea tablets, having first proved to them that one tablet would really make a good cup of tea, they were so pleased that they danced about the floor.

Point Manning, Point Sir Henry Martin, Point Griffin and Point Humphreys of Franklin that we passed this day, I can tell nothing about since Franklin tells nothing, but his Beaufort Bay, which he named on the 3rd August, 1826, for Captain (afterwards Sir Francis) Beaufort, six days before Beechey honoured the same gentleman on the west coast, has had a singular fortune, for it has been expanded into the name that is applied to all the waters north of Alaska. At any rate I know no other origin for the term "Beaufort Sea" which is now commonly so employed, and has found its way into the more modern maps. Some convenient term was needed to distinguish this part of the Arctic Ocean, and I conjecture that from "the seas north of Beaufort Bay" came the simplified "Beaufort Sea." The exploration of the Beaufort Sea is likely to engage attention for a long



THE NORTH COAST.

On the greater part of the four hundred miles from Point Barrow to Herschel Island there are no landmarks of any kind.

time and to keep the memory of the great British hydrographer green.

On the other side of Beaufort Bay, close to the reef that Franklin found so heavily packed with blocks of ice twenty to thirty feet high that is known as Icy Reef (though I cannot find that he names it), we came to Ned Arey's cabin for lunch. A big pan of tender caribou meat was immediately set cooking in the oven and the table was soon spread with a fine meal to which we did full justice. After many years' whaling, Arey began prospecting for placer gold on the mountains behind this coast, and for ten years pursued his search from the Colville river to Barter Island without finding anything that he thought worth while. He now occupies himself with trapping and has a grown married son who is a mighty caribou hunter and trapper, besides a number of younger children, so that the establishment has something of a patriarchal air. We were told that this son's—Gallegher Arey's—catch of foxes was the largest of the whole coast, going well above one hundred.

I found Arey a very modest, intelligent man, full of information of the country and of recent explorations. He was the first who gave me any definite information of the extent of Mr. Stefánsson's discoveries, though indeed I was too much preoccupied with other matters during our brief stay at Barter Island to make enquiries of Capt. Hadley. One interesting thing that he told me was that on one of his whaling cruises he had been 90 miles northwest of Prince Alfred Point in Banks Land; if that were correct he had passed well within the borders of the great white patch of unknown expanse. Like the prospectors of the interior country whose unrecorded travels preceded any explorations of surveyors, it may well be that in the flourishing days of whaling, vessels again and again invaded this unknown region; a consideration which, if it have any weight, would reduce the likelihood of finding land, since had they seen land they would have reported it. I left Ned Arey with the feeling

that he was entitled to his island, and glad that Mr. Leffingwell had given it to him.

Almost opposite Arey's place on Icy Reef is the mouth of a river which Franklin passed unnoticed. It was named much later the Turner river by General Funston when he was serving in Alaska, in honour of John Henry Turner of the coast survey, said to have been the first white man who ever passed from the valley of the Porcupine to Herschel Island. I think Mr. Turner has more Alaskan place-names to his credit than any other person; I count up a glacier, an island, a lake, a mountain and a river. I daresay they are all deserved.

That night, the 3rd April, we reached Tom Gordon's trading station near Demarcation Point, four or five miles within Alaskan territory. This new station is an outpost of the same San Francisco fur house that Mr. Brower represents at Point Barrow, and they have yet another east of Herschel Island. Mr. Gordon was for a number of years resident and trading at Point Barrow, and this was his first season here. A warehouse and a combined store and dwelling, still unfinished, rose stark from the sandspit, in the style that commerce knows not how to vary from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean.

The place was swarming with natives, come hither from the inland rivers and mountains for the spring trading, and since there was nowhere else to stay they stayed at the store. Gordon seemed to keep open house for them, there was cooking and eating going on all the time. Which was his own family, I never really distinguished amongst the numbers of women and children who all seemed equally at home. Several of the women wore no garments save fur trousers and a woollen shirt with two large holes cut in it for their naked breasts, that their children might apply themselves thereunto with the greater facility.

Tom Gordon I found a man of the extreme good nature and hospitable generosity that this state of things would imply. I had difficulty in doing business with him at all.

DEMARCATION POINT—WELCOME BY THE NATIVES.

I desired to make some arrangements for George's return to Point Barrow that he might pick up here his necessary supplies and not have to haul them all the way from Herschel Island, for four hundred odd miles is a long way to carry everything one needs. I had cached a little stuff at Flaxman Island for him, procured from the fugitive trader; I wished to purchase here the best part of what he would still need, and leave it. But it was hard to make Mr. Gordon take payment for anything. I had brought a sack of mail for him; the first he had had in seven months, and he was so overjoyed at getting it, at hearing news of the world and of his long-time home at Point Barrow, that he wanted to give me everything I tried to buy, and it was only when I made him understand that I would buy what I wanted at Herschel Island if he would not sell it to me, that he yielded.

Crowded beyond all comfort as the place was, it rejoiced me that the people were here, for they were, mostly, of the roving, inland Eskimo bands of the Turner, the Barter, the Hula-Hula and the Canning rivers, that are very hard to visit and that we should otherwise not have seen at all—as we did not see any of the Colville, Kupówra or Sawanúkto people. The north coast, in the main, affords no winter subsistence comparable with that of the west coast; the ice commonly holds fast too far off shore for sealing; and the inhabitants resort to the mountainous inland country still frequented by herds of caribou.

When I had vainly waited a long time to see if the relay cooking and eating would come to a natural term, Mr. Gordon advised me to "pitch right in and talk," and with George as the best interpreter available I spoke to them; his English being more ample along religious lines owing to his constant attendance at church than one would gather from its general meagreness, and, as I had already discovered, his knowledge and understanding of the fundamentals of Christianity, fairly good. So I spoke as simply and as cheerfully as I could of the

Resurrection, this being still Easter week; of the meaning of the cross and the empty tomb. They stopped their cooking and eating and washing dishes and listened with the keenest attention, and when I was done some of them asked questions that set me going over the whole ground again, so that I suppose I was talking to them for nearly two hours.

Amongst the motley throng in ragged, greasy furs were one or two hard-faced young women whose tawdry velvet cloaks and stained silk shirtwaists spoke of the proximity of white men with money to waste, and I reflected that the degradation of woman bears the same unmistakable marks on the Arctic coast as on Broadway, and that perhaps whaling expeditions are not the only ones that tend to the demoralization of the Eskimos. Their soiled incongruous finery was much more indecent than the naked breasts of the teeming mothers.

When our service was done, and George and I had sung a hymn from the Point Barrow book, in which many tried their best to join, the cooking and eating and washing dishes were resumed and it was long after midnight when the company settled down to rest, the whole floor of store and dwelling being covered with sleeping forms, so that when I had occasion of some dog disturbance to arise in the night, it was with the utmost difficulty that I was able to make my way to the outer door.

Even in Franklin's day the neighbourhood of Demarcation Point was much resorted to by the Eskimos, and since the establishment of the trading-post will undoubtedly stimulate resort and in all probability a village will be built, this would be a favourable spot for a mission if it were not for the complication which the international boundary and the proximity to Herschel Island introduce. Any work set on foot here by the Bishop of Alaska would inevitably aid the trader at this place at the expense of the Hudson's Bay Company at the other, already hard pressed by competition east and west; that is to say, by drawing people hither would put more business in the

hands of the San Francisco furriers. More cogently, though the influence upon commerce cannot wisely be ignored, it would inevitably impair the work of the Herschel Island mission from the same cause. The most feasible arrangement would be to set up at this spot a branch of the Herschel Island mission, although even that would doubtless arouse commercial jealousy and ill-will. The intrusion into the missionary jurisdiction of Alaska would, I am sure, be not only allowed but welcomed by Bishop Rowe, since some bands of Alaskan natives would be served that there is no present possibility of reaching from the Alaskan side. Having little patience with such artificial restraints as international boundaries in matters of this sort, I would advocate a moderate subsidy from the American Board of Missions to the Bishop of the Yukon territory, to cover the cost of maintenance of the branch. That bishop could visit Demarcation Point on the journey that he is compelled to make to Herschel Island, while it would be quite impossible for the Bishop of Alaska to visit it at all. Then a second man at Herschel Island, with a roving commission, could follow the migrations of the inland folk, with a sub-base at this place. I call to mind the noble disregard of political boundaries with which the missionaries of the Church of England evangelized the Yukon country long ago. What have political boundaries to do with the spread of Christianity?

We did not leave until 10 the next morning, and in an hour we passed within sight of the monument erected by the international survey a few years ago, and into British territory. In passing the boundary we passed the mouth of a river—one of many small streams that debouch upon this coast—which "being the most westerly river in the British dominions on this coast, I named it the 'Clarence' in honour of His Royal Highness the Lord High Admiral," writes Franklin. The duke of Clarence four years later became king of England as William IV.

Another hour or so brought us to a tiny native settlement named Ky-nyér-o-vik, and here we stopped for lunch. Four hours more brought us to Laughing Joe's home, with many people in one igloo (including two more silk-and-velvet-clad, cigarette-smoking girls), and here we lay for the night. It was disconcerting to find our manifest-prostitute girls, who were daughters of the house, in no way regarded askance by the others, to find them joining fervently in the devotions; but the introduction of religion into the life, the securing of the response in conduct as well as the response in emotion, has always been the difficult slow task of the missionary. It is but a very few years ago that the first convert was baptized on this coast. The whalers, grafting the sordidness of gain upon the native looseness of sexual life, made prostitutes long before the missionaries made Christians.

Since we left Barter Island the weather had been much more pleasant, the wind either behind us or in the south. The days were now so long that there was no need to hurry; the surface was without loose snow and fairly smooth, and there began to be some pleasure in travel after the pain and discomfort of the earlier stages. Moreover to have a comfortable place to stay at night is in itself an immense gain.

But on the last day of our eastern travel, the long day that took us from Laughing Joe's to Herschel Island, the wind had swung back into its old quarter again, though rather more dead ahead than usual, with the thermometer at 40° below zero when we started. The minimum of the night had been 51° below, which is "some cold for the fifth of April" as Walter said. I recalled that I had read almost with incredulity in Bartlett's book that on his journey down the Siberian coast, when he had left Wrangell Island to seek rescue for the *Karluk* survivors, he had experienced a temperature of —65° at the same time of year; but since it is known that the Asiatic coast is a good deal colder than the American, it may even have been so, though the temperature must

have been a minimum reading at night, since the sun begins to have a good deal of power in these latitudes in April. At noon, in the direct sun, the thermometer stood at —15°, which means that his rays raised the temperature 36° above the night minimum; but it was still bitterly cold since the wind was inevasible. For the first time during the whole winter we did not stop to eat; we had neither bite nor sup from morning till night; I had on my complete furs with my drill parkee over the heavy fur artigi and a scarf wrapped again and again round my face, yet I froze the bridge of my nose and the space tween my eyes.

At length we crossed from the mainland to the island, crossed a sandspit and were on the homestretch; but it was a wretchedly tedious home stretch, for the island is a long one and the town near its eastern extremity. Mile after mile, mile after mile, we passed along the bluffs of the mountainous island, until I thought in the prolonged misery of that wind that the town was a myth.

By about four o'clock, our time, but six o'clock by the time kept at the place, on the 4th April we reached the Eskimo village, and mission station, and Northwest Mounted Police post, at Herschel Island, and were most kindly welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Fry and his wife, who had been expecting us for some time. So safely ended, thank God, the longest and most cheerless stretch of our winter journey. In the prospective itinerary that I had drawn up before leaving Fort Yukon, I had set the 5th April as the earliest, and the 15th as the latest, date for arriving here, so we were well within our schedule and might congratulate ourselves on having made a very good journey from Point Barrow.

NOTE: The name of the Hula-Hula river, which I mentioned near Ned Arey's place, was not elucidated because for long I could find no explanation of it. I have now learned that it was named from a great dance held there one winter, arranged by some sailors from Honolulu wintering at Herschel Island, to which women were gathered from all around It seems to have been a notorious occasion of drunkenness and profligacy.

IX

HERSCHEL ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO FORT YUKON

IX

HERSCHEL ISLAND AND THE JOURNEY TO FORT YUKON

THERE is, I think, no question that the Herschel for whom Sir John Franklin named this island was Sir John Frederick William of that name, the scarcely less famous son of the famous astronomer-royal to George III. Until I looked up the dates and facts of these two lives I had supposed it was the father who was thus distinguished, but the elder Herschel died in 1822 and it is Franklin's habit to say "the late" when he confers a posthumous honour. I am sure if Franklin had thought of the trouble and vexation that would attend the efforts of a humble tracer of his footsteps, nearly a century later, to attribute his compliments to their rightful recipients, he would have been more precise. I am convinced that the younger Herschel is intended because the name of his close friend and associate, Charles Babbage, of calculating machine fame, is given to a river a little farther to the east. These two young men, with a third, George Peacock, afterwards Dean of Ely, made a compact while undergraduates at Cambridge, to strive for the advancement of mathematical science, and to "do their best to leave the world wiser than they found it." They lived to execute it in notable degree, all three making very valuable contributions to the science of numbers. Sir John Herschel was a scientist of the noblest and most attractive type. Not only was he one of the greatest astronomers (for he and his father together mapped the whole heavens) and a distinguished chemist—but he was a man of letters as well, who would have been, like Dr. Johnson, "respected for his literature" had he possessed no other claims to respect. He amused the leisure of his

declining years by translating Homer's *Iliad* into English verse—that favourite diversion of scholarly Englishmen—and he made English translations from Schiller. The menace to all that is sweet and gracious in life of the narrow, dogmatic scientist who knows nothing but "science" had not arisen in Herschel's day. But perhaps the greatest popular interest that attaches to Herschel's name, now that we are all amateur photographers, is his discovery that hyposulphite of soda will dissolve the salts of silver that have not been affected by light—a discovery that rendered modern photography possible; and it was he who first applied the terms "positive" and "negative" to the natural and reverse photographic images respectively: so that every picture-maker who talks about his "negatives" is quoting Sir John Herschel. It is matter of gratification to me that Franklin gave the illustrious names of Flaxman the sculptor and draughtsman, and Herschel the astronomer and chemist, to the two chief islands of the Arctic coast within the compass of his journey.

The settlement of Herschel Island today is small and sedate, and little beside some abandoned store buildings remain to speak of the days when it was "the world's last jumping-off place" as I heard it described, where no law existed and no writs ran, a paradise of those who reject all restraint upon appetite and all responsibility for conduct; when a dozen ships and five or six hundred men of their crews wintered here, and scoured the coasts for Eskimo women. I do not think it extravagant to say that the scenes of riotous drunkenness and lust which this island has witnessed have probably rarely been surpassed. Though not much in the way of hearing such stories, I have heard enough to think that this statement is justified.

Amundsen is always very discreet, and in 1906 the "boom" was already passing. Moreover he was the guest of the whalers, but one may read his opinion of the "motley crowd of mulattoes, negroes, yellow and white

men" between the lines when it is not openly expressed. "I prefer not to mention the many and queer tales I heard during my sojourn here," he says. He commiserates with Archdeacon Whittaker, who was then in residence with his wife and children, upon his difficult task.

In April, 1918, it had a police post, a mission and a store, with their meagre staffs, and I think no more than two or three other white residents, while the Eskimos were much scattered at their trapping and hunting, so that only two score or so were at home.

Two days before our arrival, Mr. Stefánsson, who had been lying sick here most of the winter, had started across country for our hospital at Fort Yukon, between three and four hundred miles away, with several sleds and teams, four natives, the only constable at the post besides the inspector, and the Rev. Mr. Fry; having sent an express across to our physician, Dr. Burke, asking him to meet him at the Rampart House, following a previous one that asked the doctor to come on here. Mr. Fry, finding that he was only in the way with so many attendants, begged off at the end of the first day and was just returned. I had made up my mind that I would do my utmost to persuade Mr. Stefánsson to that course, and had thought to take him over with us! It seems to have been typhoid fever from which he had suffered, Constable Lamont dying of the same complaint early in the new year, and the convalescence from typhoid fever is often attended by complications and tedious digestive derangements. Now, how came that disease to Herschel Island, selecting just two cases as it had done the previous September at Fort Yukon?

We lay four days at Herschel Island, four days of sweet rest and refreshment, and of high appreciation of a white woman's hospitable housekeeping. There is no stint, there is almost no limit, in Arctic hospitality; go amongst whom one will, all that they have is yours. But there is a charm about the amenities of civilized and cultivated domestic life that is the richer for its rarity in

these parts. And there is deep satisfaction in sojourning with those whose hearts are wholly congruous with one's own in aims and purposes. We called on the police inspector and the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, and I tried to buy some little distinctive Hudson's Bay wares, as the gay, tightly woven woollen scarves so much prized by the Yukon Indians, for gifts when I was returned. But, whether owing to the war or not I cannot say, there was lack of all such stuff; there was nothing of the admirable woollen weaves for which the company is noted. The Hudson's Bay method of business is primitive beyond what would be tolerated anywhere in Alaska. The shop or store is wholly unwarmed—for fear of fire; such canned goods as would spoil by freezing are kept in the dwelling and there is no stove or any means of heating the store. This, I was informed, is the custom at every Hudson's Bay post. No trader who had a competitor could afford to treat his customers in such a way. It was not particularly cold weather while we were at Herschel Island; indeed, the first touch of spring was in the air; but the inside of the store was like a frozen vault. Yet whatever the temperature, he who would trade at the store must stand and make his purchases unwarmed.

Later, when we were buying supplies for our further journey, everything was put up in just such paper bags as one would find in a shop "outside," instead of in the cotton sacks that are universal throughout Alaska. Now, paper bags are simply impossible receptacles for sugar and rice and such things in a sled. The prices were as high in proportion as the Alaskan prices—in either case "all that the trade will stand"; and one missed the little open-handed mitigations of the extravagant cost of everything to which one is accustomed in Alaska. I wondered what the Eskimos did for dishcloths; the cotton sacks of the interior trader being the steady resource of the Indians for that purpose,—and of most white men too.

The principal commodity of these parts, just as at

Point Barrow, is furs, and of them lynx and white fox the chief, with the latter largely preponderating. It seems that it is only when the lynx is disappearing from the interior that it is found on the coast, and this was the case just now. But the white fox is an Arctic coast animal, is, indeed, as I was told by trapper after trapper, really an ice animal, just as the polar bear; and subsists mainly by playing jackal to the polar bear's lion, following in his tracks and cleaning up after his kill. The men who made the largest catch of white foxes around Point Barrow killed seals, left them lying on the ice, and set their traps around.

The last reports from the fur market received at Point Barrow quoted white foxes at thirty dollars and lynx at twenty-five. Mr. Brower was paying twenty for foxes; at Demarcation Point Mr. Gordon was paying fifteen, and here at Herschel Island the Hudson's Bay agent was paying twelve, and about the same for lynx—all of these prices "in trade" of course, so that there was the large profit on goods sold as well as the profit on the furs. There is no more lucrative business than fur trading upon a rising market, and when the market rises by leaps and bounds as it has done for the last three years, it becomes an occupation that might commend itself even to "Get-Rich-Quick" people like J. Rufus Wallingford. Walter was using a lynx robe sewn together as a sleeping-bag, holding it warmer than any caribou or reindeer bag could be, as I daresay it was, and at any rate it saved the buying of another bag. Now the fifteen good skins of which that bag was made were bought in 1915 or 1916 at five or six dollars a skin, and, with the tanning of the skins, the blanket lining and the making, the robe cost me between ninety and a hundred dollars, which was the standard price in the interior for any good, large, warm, robe. Had I bought the skins one year before I did, I could have had them at $3.50 apiece, and the robe would have cost no more than $55 or $60. But when I am writing, the price of lynx skins has risen so enormously that

the stores here at Fort Yukon are actually paying forty dollars apiece for them, so that if I were to have such a robe made now the skins alone would cost six hundred dollars! The robe has been in use on the trail for three winters, but it is not much the worse for it, and I have a feeling of resentment that the vagaries of fashion should place me in the position of using such preposterously expensive bedding. It almost goes without saying that this startling increase in price has proceeded side by side with a steady dwindling in the number of skins taken, or else every native community would be rolling in wealth, and now that the high-water mark of extravagance has been reached, there are no more skins at all. Instead of the six or seven thousand skins that would be bought by the traders at Fort Yukon in an ordinary year, this year they have bought less than three hundred.* The same thing is true of the white fox, reports from the coast at this time (April, 1919) indicating that there has been virtually no catch at all the past winter. Like all wild creatures, the lynx and the fox come and go, gradually increasing and then suddenly diminishing almost to disappearance, but I am of opinion that the intensive trapping stimulated by the unheard-of prices of the last two seasons has swept the country so clean that it is doubtful if enough remain for propagation.

When it is remembered that the Hudson's Bay post at Herschel Island is flanked on the west at Demarcation Point and again on the east at Shingle Point by a station of a San Francisco fur house, and that independent fur buyers from the interior make visits every winter to the coast, it will be seen that the Great Company's monopoly is altogether of the past, and it may be expected that it will be compelled to meet competition in prices, and perhaps adopt a more accommodating attitude towards its customers; the "take it or leave it" days

* It must be remembered that the furs from many thousand square miles find their way to Fort Yukon: it is the chief fur market of interior Alaska.

are done. I hope, on the one hand, that the pressure will not be so great as to tempt it to undermine the mainstay of its present strength, its reputation for handling nothing but "good goods," and on the other, that it may be great enough to cause it to install stoves in its stores, and perhaps even lay in a stock of cotton bags. From the agent, Mr. Harding, we had every kindness and consideration, and I found him the proud possessor of the first edition of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's *Voyages Through the Continent of North America*—a very valuable book nowadays—in which the famous journey to the mouth of the great river that bears his name is described. My own edition was a wretched cheap reprint, and I enjoyed re-reading the book, which he kindly lent me, in the dignity of the original quarto. Cheap reprints with their poor type and their absence of plates and maps are *not* the same thing as the original edition. Another book that I found here, and read through with the greatest interest, was David Hanbury's *Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada,* a very valuable account of adventurous travel through the Barren Lands to the Coronation Gulf. Cowie's *The Company of Adventurers* (another Hudson's Bay book), I also found here and devoured; and was particularly glad to have lit upon Hanbury.

It was pleasant to me to find both the Hudson's Bay agent, and the missionary, the Rev. Mr. Fry, intelligently interested in the geography and exploration of the country, for it is surprising how little such interest is manifested all around this coast. The walls of the mission house were spread with the excellent Arctic charts of the British Admiralty, issued after the last of the Franklin search expedition of the fifties, which there has been very little occasion to add to or alter, save for Amundsen's mapping of the east coast of Victoria Island, until this present time; and I found Mr. Stefánsson's three new islands of the Parry archipelago carefully inserted in their places. Naturally, Mr. Stefánsson's presence had

stimulated enquiry, but Mr. Fry brought those charts with him when he came to Herschel Island. I wish that every missionary would show as much interest in the country to which he is sent; there is valuable work yet to be done in many lines in many quarters of the globe that a properly equipped missionary may very well do without any interference with his main occupation, indeed with distinct furtherance thereof: and I am jealous for the tradition of missionary contribution to the world's knowledge of the world. In some respects a missionary of general education is better fitted for such work than a scientific specialist who is all at sea outside his specialty.

On the Sunday that we spent at Herschel Island I was given the opportunity of speaking twice to the natives, through a fairly good interpreter, and of addressing the whites who assembled in the afternoon. I was glad to see that the whole native service was in the vernacular tongue, mainly the work of Archdeacon Whittaker, who was here for a number of years, who also translated many selections of Scripture, and of noticing the hearty and intelligent participation of the Eskimos therein. Man after man stood up and read aloud from the Scripture selections. At the white service the one prisoner at the police station, the Russian Jew to whose enormities I have already referred, was present by special permission, and at its conclusion he came forward and unctuously thanked me. I know not when I have been more repulsively impressed.

But what engaged my keenest interest at Herschel Island was Mr. Fry's account of the activities of the two men far to the eastward, Messrs. Hester and Gerling, who have been engaged for some years past in the evangelization of the "Copper Eskimos" the so-called "Blond Eskimos" of the sensational newspapers a few years ago, ranging about the Dolphin and Union Straits and Coronation Gulf. Here are two missionaries that I can find it in my heart to envy. Set down amongst

an entirely primitive people, only now making acquaintance with the white men, with the task and the opportunity of at once enlightening and protecting them, what an immensely important position they fill, what consequences to the future of these folk hang upon the execution of their duties! And who that heard the vile stories of the doings of this special malefactor here present, not to mention any others, amongst these very people, can question the imperative need of sending men of Christian character and courage to them? A fugitive from justice, with a reward offered for his apprehension by the Russian authorities, while yet there were Russian authorities, for shooting a Cossack coast guard in some liquor-smuggling affray, he was brought to book here in a very mild way because he had defrauded the Canadian revenue by a false declaration; but for his crimes against the natives was like to go scot-free owing to the difficulty of procuring testimony from so far off.

I began to have a great longing to go on to the eastward and visit Messrs. Hester and Gerling and see for myself the work they are doing and the people amongst whom they are doing it; and in the perverse way of one who wants to do what he knows must not be done, I dwelt upon the admirable sledding from this time forward even well into the month of June that the Arctic coast afforded. It would be but another stretch of five or six hundred miles and the pleasant season of travel yet to come. There was a Hudson's Bay post in the Bailie Islands off Cape Bathurst and all the way certainly more human habitation than we had from Point Barrow to Flaxman Island. My money was all gone, but that did not matter. The Hudson's Bay would give me credit for anything I wanted. One of the advantages of long residence and wide acquaintance in the north is that one can travel all the winter without money if necessary. Walter would go with me, I knew, if I put it up to him—although I had already divined that he had new and important interests at Fort Yukon and was eager to return—and we could

get a native guide from place to place. And the getting back?—well, of course, there was the getting back. It would be impossible to get back over the snow, we were pushing that to the limit already. It would be along in the summer at the earliest, and perhaps not till the next winter; but we would get back sooner or later, please God.

I have often wished that I had a spice of recklessness in my composition and were not of so ingrained and docile a conscientiousness; if I had I think I should have gone on to see Messrs. Hester and Gerling. Once before I had turned back when the Arctic coast lay temptingly before me, twelve years ago at Kotzebue Sound: but then I had reasonable expectation of another opportunity, of which expectation this present journey was the fulfilment: this time I knew that in all probability there would never be another chance.

But—(and, as Abraham Cowley says, "but" is "the rust that spoils the good metal it grows upon") a hospital that is always in need of funds—and where is the hospital that is not?—is a great clog upon one's freedom of movement. I was weary with more than five months' travel, yet I think I would have given my ears to have been free to go on to the Copper Eskimos and the men whose work for them I admire so greatly. Well, there was naught for it save the same author's remedy in the same essay—which I like to read over occasionally. "If a man cannot attain unto the length of his wishes, he has his remedy in cutting them shorter," and I turned from that tempting goal in the east and addressed myself to the preparations for the journey to the south.

Before leaving Fort Yukon I had arranged with the trader at the Rampart House to send across a native as a guide for us from Herschel Island to the Porcupine. He was to be here on the 5th and was to await us until the 15th. But he was not come: as I learned later the man who had undertaken the job fell sick, and another could not then be procured.

There were two routes that we might follow: one by

the Old Crow river and the Rampart House—by which Mr. Stefánsson's party had just gone: the other by the Herschel Island or Firth river and the Colleen, of which the latter would bring us to the Porcupine river nearly an hundred miles below the Rampart House. I had no business at the Rampart House, especially as I learned that there was neither grub nor dog-feed there, and I decided we would attempt the other.

Our plan, therefore, was to go up the Herschel Island river to its head, where we were well assured we should find a little band of Eskimos; procure one of them to conduct us over the divide to the headwaters of the Colleen, pursue that stream to its confluence with the Porcupine, and then that river to its confluence with the Yukon, at which point Fort Yukon is situated. "Simple as falling off a log": as one of our Herschel Island advisers remarked. But falling off a log may be painful too.

Several seals purchased to cut up for dog-feed, and a supply of rolled oats and blubber to cook together for them when the fresh meat was done, our grub box replenished, and all preparations made, we were fortunate enough to find an old Eskimo who went by the name of Billy Bump from a wen on his forehead, and his daughter, who were returning to the head of the Herschel Island river. We carried a great many letters and telegrams to despatch from Fort Yukon, for this place has only two regular mails in the year, one in the winter by police patrol from Dawson, and one in the summer by the supply ship; and we had a number of commissions to execute upon the Yukon.

We started out on Wednesday, the 10th April, quite a little company, Walter and I and Billy Bump and his daughter, George returning to Point Barrow and one of Mr. Stefánsson's men going with George as far as Barter Island; and our path lay together for about six miles, until it came time for us to strike south at the west end of the island.

It gave me pleasure to be able to send a letter to Mr.

Brower, telling him that George had been entirely satisfactory, and to realize that, if he hastened, he would yet be back in time for the whaling and so would have missed nothing by accompanying us. Both Walter and I had grown attached to him; he was always cheerful, always willing, always helpful. We bade him a cordial good-bye, and I told him that when next he had to build snow-houses I hoped he would have his wife along to help him; to which he replied with a twinkle, "I hope so too." We gave him everything of our equipment that we could spare, and I saw to it that he was amply provided for his return.

A calm, bright, warm day attended our departure for the South: as though the Arctic coast were taking the last opportunity of informing us that its weather *could* be pleasant. The previous night's minimum temperature had been —5°; today's maximum was 20°. There was a long flat to cross before we reached the mouth of the river and our course was slow, for the old man's sled was heavily loaded and he was continually stopping to smoke and rest, but almost as soon as we came to the hollow scooped out in the sand which marked the river's bed and had dropped into it and pursued it a turn or two, we came to willows, the first growth of any kind that we had seen for four months.

This river, known locally as the Herschel Island river, and on the maps as the Firth river (from an old Hudson's Bay trader still in charge at Fort Macpherson), was named by Franklin the Mountain Indian river, because it was by this river, as the Eskimos told him, that the Indians came down to the coast from the interior to trade. Franklin did not see any of these Indians, though his retreat to the Mackenzie mouth was hastened by Eskimo rumours of their approach, but the Eskimos described them as "tall, stout men, clothed in deerskins, speaking a language very dissimilar to their own."

Now these Indians and their intercourse with the Eskimos have great interest for me because they are, so to

ENTERING THE FIRTH OR HERSCHEL ISLAND RIVER—THE FIRST WILLOWS.

speak, my own people; the Gens de large, or, as it is spoken today, Chandalars; and I have found, or think I have found, lingering traditions amongst them of this very visit of Franklin. They are still, many of them, "tall, stout men" notably superior in stature and physique to the Yukon river people and they roam the country north of the Yukon in small bands following the caribou, rarely gathered in any fixed habitations, though of late they build log houses and have two or three small villages. The most interesting and puzzling thing about this, their earliest appearance in history, is that they were provided with iron implements and firearms which did not come from Hudson's Bay posts. Franklin examined knives, etc., which the Eskimos had obtained from them, and found them not of English manufacture and very different from the articles brought into the country by the English. He concludes that they came from the Russian settlements, and, indeed, there is nowhere else that they could have come from. Yet at that time the only Russian establishment north of the Alaska peninsula and the Aleutian Islands was at Nushagak on Bristol Bay, and I think a glance at the map will make it seem much more probable that these articles came by barter from the Siberian coast than that they crossed the immense stretches of inland country from the southern to the northern shores of Alaska.

Yet I am puzzled to trace the trade route by which such articles came into the hands of the Gens de large at that early date. Had the Indians received them from the Eskimos, it would be much more easily explicable, and I am even disposed to think that such was the case: that bands of this or another Indian tribe visiting the coast near the mouth of the Colville, or at Kotzebue Sound, traded with the western Eskimos for these European manufactures and afterwards traded them to the Eskimos further to the east. I think it most probable that by some successive intermediations, these goods came from Kotzebue Sound, by the immemorial trade route therefrom.

Frequent opportunities of questioning the oldest Indians of the middle Yukon have satisfied me that prior to the establishment of the Hudson's Bay post at Fort Yukon, firearms, though not unknown, were exceedingly rare, but that iron implements such as axes and knives were already in fairly general use, and that they came from two main directions, from the east, in trade with those who procured them at the Canadian posts: and from the south in trade with those who procured them from the Chilkat Indians of the Pacific coast around the Lynn canal. They also speak of goods that came in smaller quantity from the west; and Murray at Fort Yukon in 1847 is burdened with the constant thought of the close presence of the Russians, though they were not within 500 miles of him at Nulato, or within 800 on the southeastern coast. "Guns and beads, beads and guns, is all the cry in our country," he writes, and "the Indians all prefer our guns to those of the Russians."

It is amusing to note, in connection with Murray's conviction of the proximity of the Russians to Fort Yukon, that Kotzebue in 1815 is equally convinced of the proximity of the English to the western coast: "They possess colonies in the interior of the country *at a very short distance from the newly-discovered sound*" (i.e., Kotzebue Sound), he writes at a time when the nearest English posts were on the Mackenzie river. The mutual commercial dread of these rival trading peoples is not much elevated above the mutual dread of Indians and Eskimos; it credited almost any native fable. Murray believed that the Russians were bringing a cannon against him, at a time when the latter could have no knowledge of the existence of his post: and Murray was an unusually intelligent trader, as his very valuable *Journal of the Yukon* * proves. I wish that the subsequent diaries of traders at this post, until its abandonment in 1869, might be published.

The Gens de large, or Mountain river Indians, or

* Publications of the Canadian Archives No. 4, Ottawa, 1910.

Cariboo Indians, or Cariboo Mountain Indians, as they are variously termed by the early writers, still maintain trade relations with the Eskimos, but, instead of proceeding to the coast, nowadays they await the Eskimos at a great lake in the Chandalar country at which the trading takes place; and polar bear and white fox skins until recently reached the Fort Yukon traders by this means.

With the Mountain Indian river cutting through the Buckland mountains we leave Sir John Franklin, and I am not willing to leave him without again expressing my admiration of his character and his achievements. A great gentleman as well as a great explorer, he carried his standards of conduct with him unchanged wherever he went. He left no native mistresses, no half-breed children behind him; no smart of high-handed oppression, or resentment of trickery or fraud. He was just, gentle and patient; the knight "sans peur et sans reproche" of Arctic exploration. Says John Richardson, "Having served under Captain Franklin for nearly seven years in two successive voyages of discovery, I trust I may be allowed to say that however high his brother officers may rate his courage and talents either in the ordinary line of his professional duty, or in the field of discovery, the hold he acquires upon the affections of those under his command, by a continued series of the most conciliating attentions to their feelings, and uniform and unremitting regard to their best interests, is not less conspicuous. Gratitude and attachment to our late commanding officer, will animate our breasts to the latest period of our lives." There are few in the history of exploration who have accomplished so much; fewer still, who have accomplished so much so gently. He measured no heads, I think, and I am sure he brought back no boiled skulls: he made no contribution to a knowledge of Eskimo psychology—indeed, it was in those happy, pre-psychological days when, as Bret Harte says, "No effort of will could beat four of a kind; When the thing that you held in your hand, pards, Was worth more

than the thing in your mind." Maps were his quest and maps he brought back. Taking him all in all, there have been few Arctic explorers since worthy to unloose the latchet of his shoe, and it is mere evidence of littleness to seek to belittle him, as some have done.

Billy Bump and his daughter stopped early to camp, but we went on for an hour or so further and pitched our tent amongst some willows. The next day was a really warm day. Parkees and mitts and sweaters and fur boots were cast off, and we went bare-handed most of the day. While yet our tent was standing, the laborious old man and his daughter passed us, having made an early start that more than compensated for their early stop. The river bed was now narrowly hemmed in by rocks, a sort of shattering shale which weathers down upon the ice and interferes with the passage of the sleds, and about eleven in the morning we saw our first spruce, a dwarf tree, little more than a shrub, crowning one of the points of rock, but an unmistakable spruce; and presently there were more. It was a joy to see even such stunted growth, and we hailed these most northerly outposts of the vast spruce forests of the interior. When we stopped to eat at noon a camp robber (Canada jay) appeared, and then his mate, and our hearts were glad of them and we fed them full. That noon stop will always linger in my memory. While we ate, and fed the birds, a mass of dazzling white cloud, such as we had not seen all the winter, veritable summer cloud, gathered itself in the blue sky, and slowly divided and draped itself into a most graceful and almost perfect Prince-of-Wales feathers, and for awhile hung thus over the tree-crowned rocky bluff; one of the most singular and beautiful sights I have ever seen in the sky.

Then we saw crows, a hawk, some snowbirds, tracks of ptarmigan, and then pussy willows! successive delightful indications that we were returning to the land of life after the blank sterility of the winter coast. By night when we had made perhaps twenty-five miles on the river

THE FIRTH OR HERSCHEL ISLAND RIVER—THE FIRST SPRUCE.

bed, sometimes in loose snow but more often beside ice that had sunk and collapsed, with a void below, as the advance of winter had staunched the flow of the stream, so that there was difficulty in creeping along the edge that remained, we were amongst timber, and found plenty of dry wood for the little tin can stove with which we had provided ourselves. The river began to assume a romantic character, jagged rock rising in lofty bluffs, dotted here and there with graceful trees.

Our difficulties with the surface culminated next day at the "Blow Hole," a place of which we had been told on the coast. All the morning we were on glare ice, swept and polished by the wind, and growing more and more uneven; heaped up into mounds the sides of which gave no footing to man or beast. The Blow Hole is a wild gorge with precipitous rocks rising more than a thousand feet that shatter down in a way that is not only alarming but dangerous. There is a deep pool immediately below a sharp drop in the river bed, and the ice, smooth as glass, was all caved in and smashed up, and a really hazardous passage had to be painfully made around the narrow, uneven edge and then the sleds hoisted up the terraced ice.

Here again Billy Bump and his daughter overtook us; although we travelled much faster than they, we never shook them off, and Walter said, "We've got to hand it to that old chap for a steady goer." Had it been a straightaway course we should have left them long before, but we were really mountain climbing at times as well as travelling and our progress was slow, and while the old man and his girl had five dogs to attend to at night, we had thirteen.

We had now traced the river back through the first range of the coast mountains, the Buckland mountains of Franklin. It is, I think, no inconsiderable tribute to the professor of geology at Oxford that Beechey and Franklin should independently have named natural features after him, the one, the river that flows into Esch-

scholtz Bay of Kotzebue Sound, the other this mountain range. Beechey was indeed indebted to him for the description of the fossil bones of extinct elephants which he procured from Kotzebue's famous ice-cliffs, with plates of which he disfigures his book. Anyone would have taken his word for his bones, and there would have been room for the reproduction of more of Smythe's spirited sketches; though it must of course be remembered that at that day evidence of the previous existence of a non-Arctic fauna in the Arctic regions aroused great interest and even excitement in the scientific world.

Dr. William Buckland was a man of varied attainments and of eminence along several lines. I suppose it is impossible today that a man should be at once Dean of Westminster and professor of geology at Oxford as Buckland was, or Dean of Ely and professor of astronomy at Cambridge as Peacock was, but I do not know that science is the better off, now that it has scarcely a bowing acquaintance with letters. To put knowledge into water-tight compartments is to make stagnant pools of it; hence the joy to cultivated minds of a man like Henri Fabre, who lets his letters ripple into his science, making it sweet and palatable thereby, so that all at once entomology becomes surprisingly attractive:—which is a very different thing from desperate but ever futile attempts at the "popularization" of science.

Having passed the first mountain range we found the river spreading itself out into more of a valley, with banks instead of precipitous bluffs, as it issued from the greater elevations of the main range. The glare ice presently gave place to hard snow and that to soft snow, and before the day was done I was on snowshoes for the first time in the whole winter journey save, I think, one day on the Koyukuk. Our three pairs of snowshoes, lashed on the top of the sled, had several times aroused amusement on the coast, but we should never have got home at all without them. Indeed it is my rule never to make any winter journey, however short, without them.

One day spent wallowing through deep, new snow involves greater labour than carrying snowshoes for the whole winter. Of all "extra-corporaneous limbs" as Samuel Butler calls them, the snowshoe is the most indispensable in the Arctic.

I look back upon the few days when we were ascending the Herschel Island river with an especial pleasure, partly no doubt from the contrast their ease and comfort afford in the retrospect to the fatigues that were yet to come; partly from the contrast which their scenery afforded to the flatness and emptiness of the great Arctic littoral along the edge of which we had passed. Not without a certain sober dignity of their own, not without a certain appealing mystery of expanse and indefiniteness, there was nevertheless a sameness, a tedium, about these coastal plains, that engendered a straining longing of the eye for some break, some arresting feature, some variety. The Herschel Island river is a picturesque mountain stream. Every bend brought a new combination of rocks and trees, some fresh shapes of pinnacles, with bristling spruce springing from crannies and ledges. I suppose that to the accustomed eye the middle of April would disclose some sign of approaching spring on the Arctic coast, but to us it showed a still dominant winter that, save for the promise of the climbing sun, might be perpetually dominant. The river already teemed with signs of reviving nature.

The chief pleasure which those days on the little Arctic river held for me, however, was the renewed, unrestricted intercourse with my companion. We had never been alone together since we left Point Barrow, and things had happened in Walter's mind since then. It was not merely that we resumed our readings with fresh ardour, it was that an affectionate intimacy of many years' standing was deepened by confidences touching very closely personal feelings and desires. He began by giving me his little diary to read, and I went through it from the first to the last. It gratified me to find that it was well

written even in the unavoidable haste of its writing; that it was free from grammatical errors; that it had a simple directness and even at times vigour of expression. English was not his mother tongue; at sixteen years of age he knew very little of it; but he had long since mastered its syntax and had a sufficient vocabulary. Indeed, when I had sent him out to school and the complaint was made that he knew no grammar I was able to ask with confidence if what he spoke and wrote were not entirely grammatical? That he could not recite rules mattered very little, as I look at it, if he never broke them. Laws are for law-breakers: rules of grammar are for the ungrammatical; Walter learned the language grammatically from one who continually watched his lips; and he never had faults in English to correct; although he had come back to me sufficiently provided with current slang.

I wish I had that diary now, but I know that she of whom it had much to say treasured it, and doubtless had it with her on that fatal day some eight months later. I had known that there was sentiment between them since she had nursed him through his fever, but not that there was an engagement for marriage. This, and the resolve to offer himself for the war, were the two chief confidences which he gave me. Both of them broke sadly into my plans and ambitions for him, but he assured me that if he came safely through the war he would immediately resume his preparation for medicine, and I know that they did not then contemplate an early marriage. So I swallowed my disappointment and accepted the situation. Indeed, so far as the enlistment was concerned, I was proud that without any urging he saw it as his duty, and as soon as he saw it, resolved upon it. I was proud, too, that he had won the heart of a cultivated gentlewoman. The summer's cruise of visitation to the Yukon missions ended, he would go outside to enter whatever branch of the army would receive him:—the aviation corps by preference. Walter had long ago become

ROCKS ON THE FIRTH RIVER.

almost a son to me, and regarded me almost as a father—the only father he had ever known—and I think the relation was established as closely as it can exist without the actual cement of blood, upon this stage of our journey.

The next day I was ahead of the dogs breaking trail all the morning, and by noon we were at the tent of an Eskimo trapper come down a day's journey from his cabin above, to look at his traps. We stayed and ate, and while eating were again overtaken by that indefatigable Billy Bump and his daughter. This new Eskimo man, Titus, gave us to understand that he could take us, in two days from his house, over the mountains to a tributary of the Colleen or Sucker river, and we started with him up to his place, hoping to reach it that night; counting ourselves fortunate to have fallen in with him. Three or four hours' more travel brought us to a long, narrow lake, in process of overflow, the water invading the snow and covering the ice everywhere. The dogs needed some urging to take to it at first, but after a little we went along mile after mile at a good clip, for nearly ten miles, until we were almost at the home camp of Billy Bump. Here, in deep, saturated snow, the teams stalled. Walter, ahead, seated on his sled—for we had neither of us taken the precaution to stop and put on our waterboots—was able with the leverage of the tent pole to get his team started again and to reach the bank, but having no such implement to my hand I had to get off the sled and push, and my feet were immediately wetted. Billy Bump's wife was kind in removing my wet gear and preparing my long-unused water boots, and we presently proceeded for another hour to Titus's cabin, having been twelve hours on the trail that day.

Here, at Oo-ña-ke-vik, we lay over Sunday, glad of the rest, and much interested in our situation and in our company. Titus's home was a large house of split logs built around growing trees which supported the roof, the walls inclining towards the centre. We were almost on the international boundary, the line passing through

the lakes we crossed the day before, and were near the headwaters and divide of the Yukon and Arctic Ocean streams, at an elevation of something between 1,000 and 1,500 feet, as I judged it. Standing outside the house, Titus pointed out to us the heads of the Old Crow and Colleen rivers, or rather, the mountains on the other side of which these streams arise, and far to the west showed us another mountain from which rises a branch of the Skeenjik or Salmon, a tributary of the Porcupine which joins that stream within fifty miles of Fort Yukon. We felt that we were almost home again; a little prematurely.

The people were full of interest to me also. Here, as I discovered with delight, were some of the Eskimos wont to visit the Big Lake (Vun Gi-ít-ti) and trade with Christian's people (Christian is chief of the Chandalars) and here were actually some who had been baptized by our Fort Yukon native clergyman, William Loola, upon one of his visits to this rendezvous. I had no interpreter and could not even attempt instruction, so Walter and I said Morning and Evening Prayer in English, and we all joined in some Eskimo hymns out of a Herschel Island book we found here. Although Titus had never received instruction at a mission, he had learned from others the rudiments of reading his own tongue, and seemed familiar with the chief teachings of Christianity.

After much bargaining we succeeded in securing the services of Titus as guide for the next two days, and after still more in purchasing from an old woman, the mother of his wife, a small supply of meat for dog-feed. Then it appeared that the old man, her husband, also had a little that he would sell, but wanted tobacco in exchange, and when we were agreed as to quantity, was not satisfied with the quality, but wanted the can of special Hudson's Bay mixture which I had bought for my own smoking. So it was a long time before we got away on Monday morning, the 15th April, once more three sleds and three teams in our party.

Our way lay along the length of another lake, and then across wide flats, still following the Herschel Island river. An old trail of the early winter was very hard to find, but worth finding, for it had bottom. At times we were at fault, off the trail in deep snow, and then the progress was laborious, with many upsets. The day was warm, and in the afternoon even sultry, the sky overcast; and our advance was slow.

At length we drew near to a cleft or saddle in the mountains, which would lead us, Titus said, out of Herschel Island river water into Colleen river water. We made our toilsome way towards it, and camped close to it, amongst the last willows, not quite within the jaws of the pass.

In three hours the next morning we had wound our way up the gradual steep ascent to the summit of the pass, an easy pass compared to many among the mountains of the interior, but disappointing to us who had looked forward to the view it would afford, since rapidly gathering clouds denied any; and after a short rest we plunged into the helter-skelter slide of the descent on the other side, thankful to be in Yukon waters once more, but dismayed already at the depth of loose snow we found. We were no sooner at the bottom than the clouds that had been gathering discharged themselves in a great addition thereto; thick, heavy, wet snow, that saturated our parkees and sled-covers as it fell.

Here Titus demanded to return, and although we were entitled to another half day of his services, yet since we were without doubt in Yukon water and had but to pursue the creek bed to reach the Colleen, I consented and paid him the agreed price and he left. In a couple of hours more, following the windings of the divide, we reached another camp, where an Eskimo named Charley, whom I had seen a year before at the Rampart House, was living, with his family and an aged couple, and a young man. Charley was most cordial, and I had been there but a few minutes when he asked me to marry the young man to

his eldest daughter. Now here was another instance of the folly of an all-inclusive marriage law that takes no account of the situation of many of the Alaskan natives. The nearest United States commissioner was at Fort Yukon, 250 miles away, and it is certain that if this young man made the journey thither so late in the season he could not return until the summer, and doubtful if he could return then; for we were not on navigable water, and only with the utmost difficulty could this place be reached from the Yukon in the summer. But I need not labour the point; it must be evident that those who made this law either did not intend it to apply to the natives, or else forgot all about the natives when they made it. There was only one thing for me to do; and I laid myself liable to another year in goal and another fine of $500 in doing it. They were already married by the native custom which consists simply in the father and mother giving the girl to the boy, and already cohabiting. No Christian minister of any sort would, I think, have passed by and refused the sanction of the Church to the union; certainly not one who had long laboured to implant the institution of Christian marriage and foster respect for it.

Joseph was about seventeen and the girl about sixteen years old. I know that there is strong feeling in some quarters against such early marriages. When I came to the country I shared it; now I do not; now I am in general in favour of the early marriage of the natives, and not at all sure that it would be an ill thing to return in civilized life to a custom more nearly satisfying natural demands. My experience amongst the Indians is that these early marriages are commonly happiest, and I know that the alternative is a period of adolescent promiscuity, wherein all the physiological disadvantages of early marriage are involved, with the addition of the moral degradation of clandestine indulgence.

Joseph had a little rough, beach-combers' English, and he presently dug amongst his belongings and produced a tin box, from which he took a couple of dollars and

offered them to me, saying: "You marry me; me pay you." But I bade the boy put up his money, which he was nothing loath to do, and told him that if he liked he might help us down the creek for the rest of the day, to which he was quite willing.

Then Charley, who had slow, hesitating, but careful English that showed a little mission instruction, asked of me that I baptize the old couple. That, however, was a more difficult thing, for I must be satisfied that the old people knew what was doing and had at least rudimentary instruction. The trouble with these Caribou Eskimos is that they are unable, except in rare instances, to make more than hurried visits to a mission station; their livelihood depends on following the game; and if I refused to baptize this aged couple they might die before another opportunity occurred. So I sent off Walter and Joseph to break out the trail and sat down with Charley's aid to find out what the old folks knew and whether I could instruct them sufficiently to justify my anxious desire to comply with their anxious desire. Over and over again I reiterated the statement of the fundamentals of the Christian religion, and at last, never doubting that the Divine mercy would accept their simple faith and overlook their ignorance, I took water and baptized them, by name Ky-nów-rok and Kup-rún-na, adding the Christian names James and Mary.

Joseph had supper with us that night and returned to his bride, and Joseph was the last human being we saw for a week. For there began the next day the hardest labour of the whole journey, the descent of the Colleen river in the deep, soft, unbroken snow of all the winter. We recalled the disparaging remarks about the interior made by a Herschel Island native, "No seals, no whales, all deep snow." We had suffered exposure to every stress of fierce weather on the coast, but there had been nothing comparable to the exhausting labour and fatigue of this river, for we had always a hard surface to travel upon. Now the weather was mild and warm enough, too

warm most of the time, but from morning to night was one ceaseless, laborious grind. I went ahead on snowshoes and broke out the trail, back and forth, two or three times; Walter, with the little sled trailed behind the big sled and all the dogs in one team, strained at the gee-pole with a rope around his shoulders.

Lifting two or three pounds of moist snow at each step all day long is most exhausting work, and my shoulder began to trouble me that had scarce made itself remembered since that hard day on the Koyukuk at the beginning of the journey. Towards evening, day after day, the sharp, lancinating pains would strike across the back of my neck, followed by a dull ache that kept me from sleep at night, and I wished with all my heart that I had engaged Joseph or Charley to accompany us. Walter had much the harder of the two jobs, however, swinging that heavy sled continually and adding his tractive power to that of the dogs. It was under just such circumstances that Walter shone; circumstances that would have made Mark Tapley "come out strong." He was never irritable or impatient, always cheerful though with not much to say. Stress of any kind added to his customary taciturnity. We were too utterly weary at night for any study and our book work lapsed. Walter would fall asleep the moment he had eaten his supper, and I would go and dish out the dog-feed he had cooked.

The poor beasts suffered also. On the 5th April I was sorry for them that they had to struggle against a wind at 40° below zero; on the 25th April I was sympathizing with their panting protests at a temperature of 40° above. We could throw off our parkees and mitts, fur caps and scarves; they had still to wear their heavy winter coats. The blubber cooked with oatmeal was still more unsuitable than had been the food cooked along the coast, and as it grew warmer they refused it or ate very sparingly, and often after they had eaten their stomachs rejected it again. So with the incessant toil and insufficient food they grew gaunt. One, who had fallen lame, was cut out

and limped along behind. One night we missed him and he did not turn up at all, and we were both too tired to go back and look for him, and saw him no more. I think that when he was rested he probably made his way back to the Eskimo encampment. That is the first dog I have ever "lost" on the trail.

It would be mere tediousness to record that river journey day by day. Again and again we wished we had taken the longer route by the Rampart House, on which we should at least have had a trail. Sometimes we had stretches of miles of "overflow" water, and we went through it with great relief and ease, only to resume our ploughing through the snow when it was done; sometimes we had to drag our sleds over blown sandbars where scarcely enough snow was left for passage; sometimes we had a little glare overflow ice, and that was quickly overpassed; but in the main our way lay through deep soft snow. One habitation only we passed in that week, a white trapper's, but it was unoccupied and carefully padlocked, with what seemed superfluous precaution.

On the 23rd, when we thought we were surely approaching the mouth of the river, but were yet in reality forty miles therefrom, an hour after we had started in the morning we came to a cabin sitting some distance back from the right bank, and heard dogs! How that sound delighted us! So many times in these Alaskan years has that sound brought grateful news of the proximity of mankind, of shelter and warmth and guidance, that I think I shall never hear distant dogs as long as I live without my heart leaping up. It proved to be an Indian named Gabriel, and never was the archangel himself more welcome. He had come across a portage from the Porcupine to gather up his traps and was returning by the same way that day. He told us that in thirty miles the portage would take us to John Herbert's place on the Porcupine river below the lower ramparts, and also that the ice on the Colleen near its mouth was so badly

broken up, with so much open water, that he doubted if we could have passed over it. I knew of this portage, but not of its location, and it has so little mark that but for this Indian track I think we should surely have passed it unnoticed; indeed I had supposed that we had already passed it.

It must have been at this cabin that Captain Amundsen, on his journey from Herschel Island to a telegraph station on the Yukon in 1906 to let the world know that he had accomplished the Northwest Passage, saw his first Indians; and I recall his naïve excitement—he that had been amongst Eskimos for two years—at the approaching realization of his boyhood's dreams. He expected to see copper-coloured fellows with feathers in their hair and tomahawks in their hands, and was much disappointed when people in ordinary clothes came out speaking English. He complains that they might have been common Norwegian peasants. I have always been sorry that I missed Captain Amundsen at Circle, by two or three hours, when he was making this land journey. We had followed his route exactly from Herschel Island, and he also was fortunate enough to find direction for the portage here.

The portage was rough and narrow, the weather very warm and the snow soft and mushy. When we had struggled along till noon we decided to camp and endeavour to cover the rest of it at night—so we tried as best we could to sleep in the sunshine. By five o'clock we were moving again, and a long journey of thirteen hours—the dogs doing much better than in the daytime—brought us out not only to John Herbert's place but to the combined parties of Mr. Stefánsson and Dr. Burke, who had met at the Rampart House and were thus far on their way to Fort Yukon.

It was a very happy reunion for Dr. Burke and myself, and I was greatly pleased to meet Mr. Stefánsson and to find him so much improved. The folks at Herschel Island doubted if he would reach Fort Yukon alive, but I was not

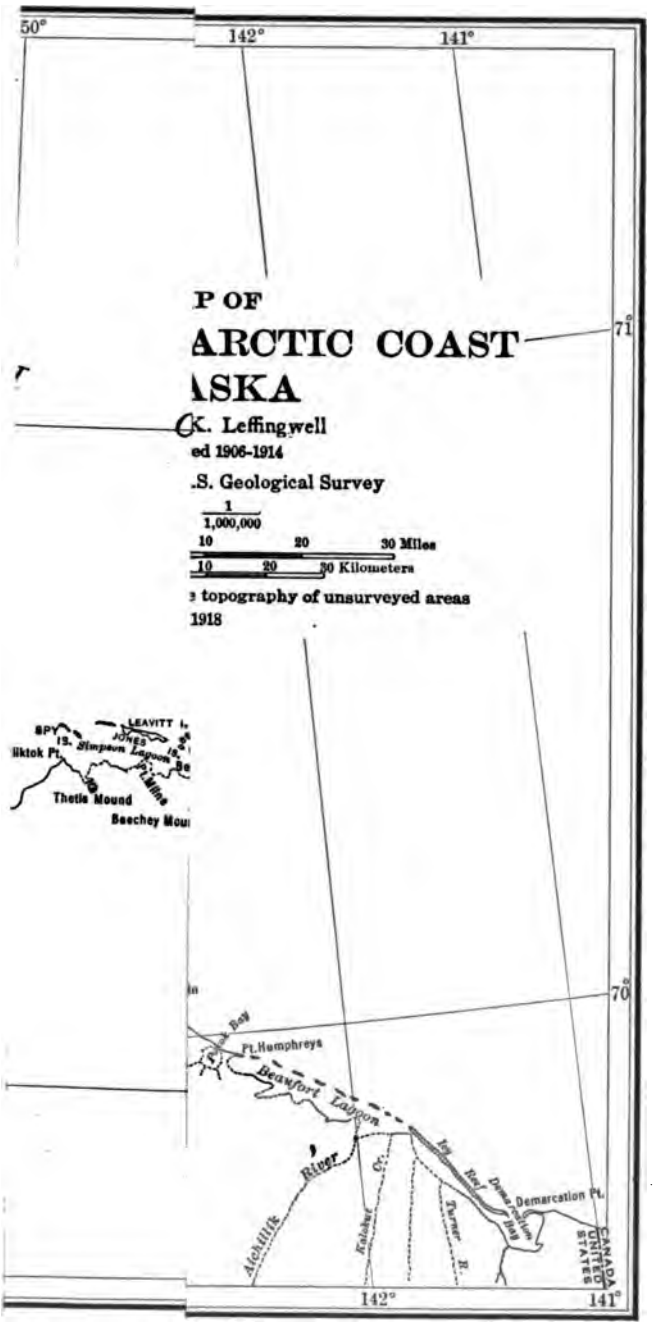
DR. BURKE AND MR. STEFÁNSSON AND HIS ATTENDANTS, AS I MET THEM ON THE PORCUPINE RIVER.

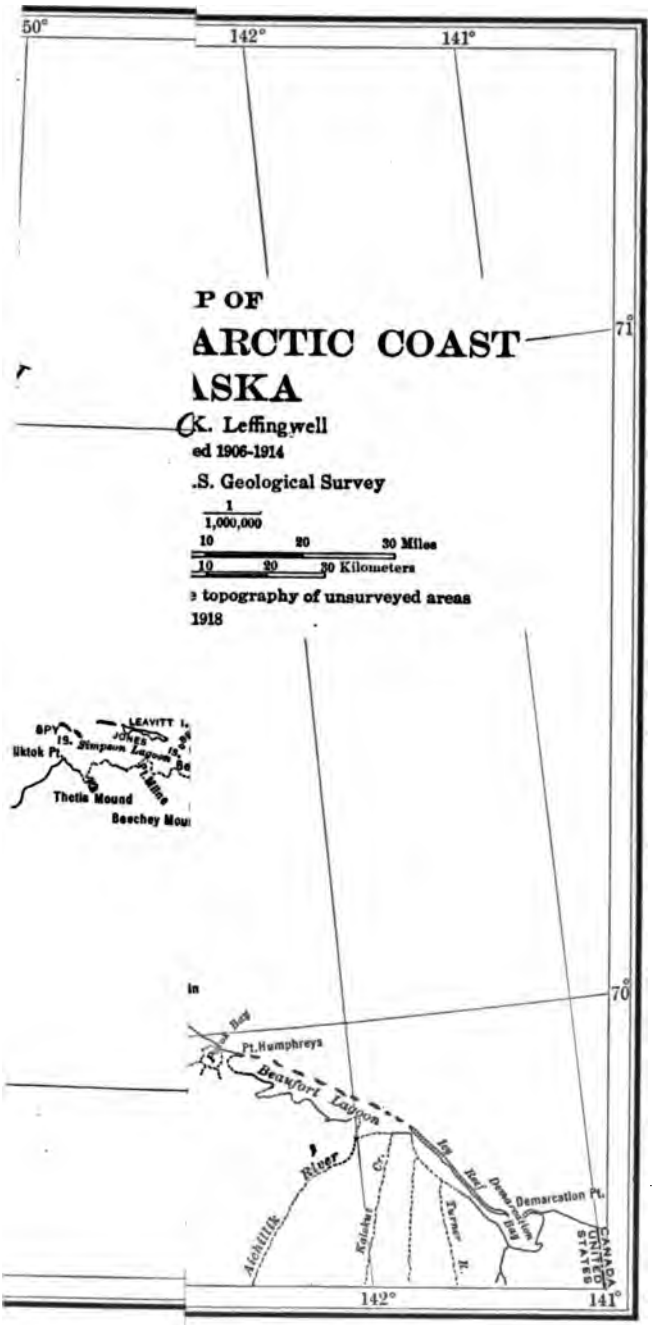
surprised to find him mended. I think that had he stayed in the little cabin where he lay so long sick, with several zealous amateur practitioners doing their rival best for him, he would very likely have died. I brought from Demarcation Point to Herschel Island for him the bulkiest *Book of Household Medicine* I ever saw, and I think that by the time its contents and its remedies had been digested there would have been little left to do for the patient but bury him. Many a time have I known a long sled journey do, not merely no harm, but amazing good to desperately sick people, and that not only in pulmonary affections but in intestinal complaints and profoundly septic conditions, and I have never yet known any harm to result, even when taken in the most severe weather. There is a wonderful tonic, germicidal power in the Arctic air. Moreover Dr. Burke had at once set aside all the rigid restrictions that had been placed upon his diet and had fed him full.

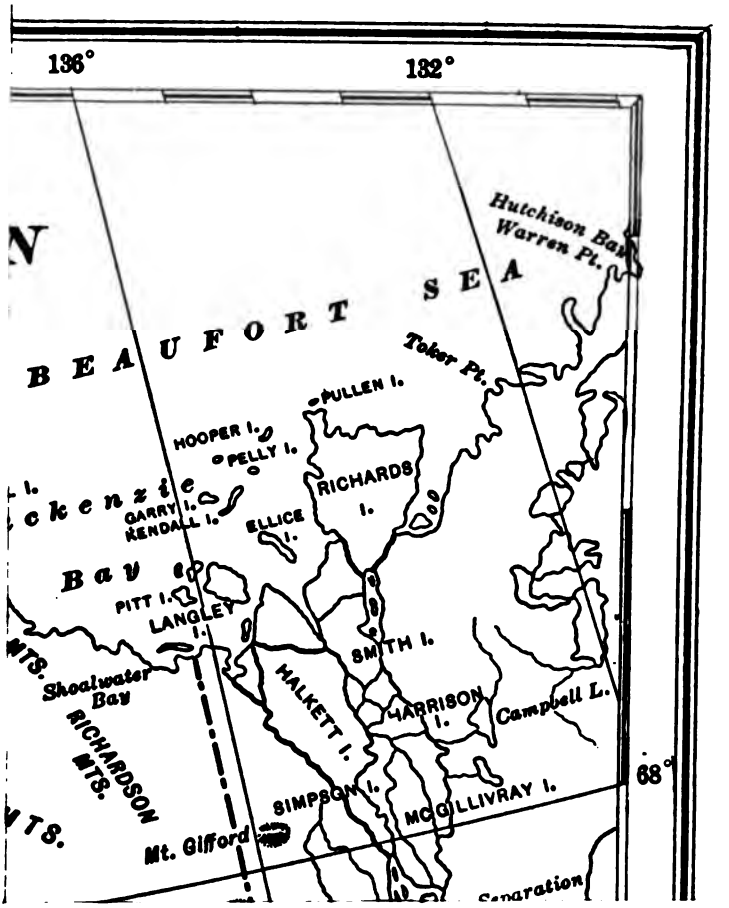
Three days of soft mushy weather—almost as bad at night as in the day—brought us down the Porcupine river to Fort Yukon. We reached that place in the evening of the 27th April, and, word of our approach having gone ahead from our last stop, we had to run the gauntlet of a village most gratifyingly rejoiced at our safe return.

So, three days before the limit of time that I had set when we started, ended this winter journey of six months lacking ten days; and, a year later to a day, ends the writing of this narrative of it.

FINIS


50°
142°
141°
71°
70°
P OF
ARCTIC COAST
ASKA
K. Leffingwell
ed 1906-1914
.S. Geological Survey
1
1,000,000
10 20 30 Miles
10 20 30 Kilometers
topography of unsurveyed areas
1918
SPY
LEAVITT
JONES
Simpson Lagoon
Ikkok Pt.
Thetis Mound
Beechey Mou
Pt. Humphreys
Beaufort Lagoon
Ice Reef
Demarcation Pt.
Colville R.
Fish Creek
Turner R.
CANADA
UNITED STATES
142°
141°


50°
142°
141°
71°
P OF
ARCTIC COAST
ASKA
K. Leffingwell
ed 1906-1914
.S. Geological Survey
1
1,000,000
10 20 30 Miles
10 20 30 Kilometers
topography of unsurveyed areas
1918
SPY
Iiktok Pt
Thetis Mound
Beechey Mou
LEAVITT I.
Jones Is.
Simpson Lagoon
Pt. Miller
Pt. Humphreys
Beaufort Lagoon
Demarcation Pt.
CANADA
UNITED STATES
Colville River
Kogru R.
Turner R.
Ikpikpuk R.
70°
142°
141°


136°
132°
N
BEAUFORT SEA
Hutchison Bay
Warren Pt.
Tuktoyaktuk Pt.
PULLEN I.
HOOPER I.
PELLY I.
RICHARDS I.
GARRY I.
KENDALL I.
ELLICE I.
Bay
PITT I.
LANGLEY I.
SMITH I.
MTS.
Shoalwater Bay
HALKETT I.
HARRISON I.
Campbell L.
RICHARDSON MTS.
SIMPSON I.
MCGLLIVRAY I.
68°
Mt. Gifford
Separation

INDEX

A

Abruzzi, Duke of the, 180
Aeroplane, will it supersede dogs and sleds? 306
Ah-ka-lu-rak River, 156, 158, 164
Ah-ten-ow-rah (Eskimo chief), 129
Alaska and Its Resources, Dall, 298
Alaskan constabulary, need for, 294
Alatna River, 11, 39, 48
Aleutian Islands, 101, 331
Alexander Archipelago, 55, 101
Alexander of Tolovana, 22
Allakaket, the mission:
  arrival at, 34
  departure from, 39
  also 8, 11, 27, 75
Allen, Jim (veteran whaler), 91, 145
Allen, Lieut., 53, 54
A-mahk-too-sook (last) Mountain, 177
Ambler River, 54
Amundsen, Capt. (first to make complete Northern Passage), 243
  also 176, 243, 320, 325, 346
Andy (Eskimo mail carrier), 178
Anglo-American Polar Expedition, 291
Anxiety Point, 283, 295
Architecture (only type for Arctic regions), 110 *et seq.*, 222 *et seq.*
Arctic coast:
  aeroplane, will it supersede sled? 306
  beauty of Arctic nights, 144, 187
  charts inaccurate, 91, 274, 280, 281
  clothing suitable for, 89
  first missions on coast, 105
  germicidal property of air, 347
  health of natives neglected, 218 *et seq.*
  hospitality, 283
  is it unfit for occupation? 251
  lagoons characteristic feature of, 97, 181
  mapped by Leffingwell, 292
  non-Arctic fauna, 336
  paleocrystic ice, 244
  power of the wind, 106, 107, 173 *et seq.*
Arctic coast (*cont.*):
  scenery monotonous, 257
  sledding until June, 327
  threshold of the unknown, 244
  weather dominates travel, 193
Arctic Ocean, arrival at, 478
Arey, Ned (trapper), 301, 309
Argo (dean of dogs), 150, 151
Ar-ki-li-nik (in Greenland legends), 132
Aurora Borealis:
  at Coldfoot, 27
  at Point Lay, 187
  auroral photography, 57 *et seq.*
  is there resultant sound? 60
  notable vivacity of, 41
Athlanuk (Eskimo lad), 47, 48, 50, 52, 65
Augustus (Eskimo interpreter for Sir John Franklin), 283

B

Babbage, Charles, 319
Babbage River, 319
Back, Sir George, 267
Baffin's Bay, 88, 306
Bailie Islands, 327
Baker, Marcus, *Geographic Dictionary of Alaska*, 300
Baldy of Nome (book about dog-racing), 148
Banks Land, 233, 244, 253, 291, 295, 309
Baptism of aged couple, 343
Barge of the *Blossom*, 87, 88, 204, 241, 242
Barren Lands, the, 325
Barrow, Sir John, "father of all modern Arctic enterprise," 242
Barrow (post office), 204
  see Point Barrow
Barter Island:
  arrival at, 304
  base camp of Stefánsson, 295
  departure from, 307
  also 309, 314, 329
Barter River, 311
Bartlett, *Last Voyage of the Karluk*, 225
  also 314
Bathurst Cape, 327
Bathurst Inlet, 276

Bathurst Island, 201
Bays:
  Baffin's, 83, 306
  Beaufort, 308, 309
  Bristol, 331
  Camden, 301
  Disenchantment, 241
  Elson, 243, 263
  Escholtz, 335
  Goodhope, 241
  Gwydyr, 281, 297
  Harrison, 177, 272, 274, 275
  Prudhoe, 283, 297
  St. Lawrence, 53
  Smith, 268
Beadwork, Indian, 44 *et seq.*
Bear, the (revenue cutter), 94
Beaufort, Admiral Sir Francis, hydrographer British Admiralty, 174, 308
Beaufort Bay, 308, 309
Beaufort Cape, 174, 221
Beaufort scale, 174
Beaufort Sea, 244, 308
Beechey, Capt. of *Blossom:*
  arrives at Point Hope, 104, 105, 248
  as a missionary, 186
  discovers coal at Cape Beaufort, 165, 166
  narrative a model, 76, 205
  place-names given by, 75, 87, 190, 242
  also 46, 53, 91, 94, 95, 155, 167, 174, 235, 247
Beechey and Franklin determine the N. W. limits, 282
Beechey Point:
  arrival at, 280
  farthest point reached by Sir John Franklin, 280
  also 272, 275, 277, 281
Belcher Point, 201
Belcher, Sir Edward, 87, 88
  Last of the Arctic Voyages, 88
Berens Point, 280, 281
Bering's Sea, 32
Bering Sea route, 306
Bering Straits:
  passage on foot, 108
  route to North Pole, 306
  also 103, 138
Bering, Vitus, 101
Berry, 304, 305
Bettles, 16, 27 *et seq.*
Big Lake, 149, 340
Billy, Eskimo chevalier of industry, 269 *et seq.*
Bishop of Alaska (Rt. Rev. P. T. Rowe, D.D.), 128, 136, 303, 313
Bishop of Yukon Territory (Rt. Rev. I. O. Stringer, D.D.), 213, 313
"Black Jack"'s Place, 39
"Blond" Eskimos, 102
Bloody Falls, 61, 199
Blossom, Cape, 85
Blossom, the, 186, 190, 241, 242, 281
"Blow Hole" (Firth River), 335
Bob (guide), 200 *et seq.*
Books of Arctic exploration, 86
Boothia Felix, 209, 245
Boulder Creek, 25
Boundary between American and British territory reached, 313
Bristol Bay, 246, 331
British Admiralty, excellent charts, 325
British Hydrographers, 95
British Hydrographical Office, 94
British Museum, 274
Brower, Charles:
  mine of information, 213, 235
  also 205, 210 *et seq.*, 225 *et seq.*, 249, 250, 269 *et seq.*, 310, 330
Brown, Belmore, 284
Bryce, George, *Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company*, 273
Buckland, Dr. William, Dean and scientist, 336
Buckland Mountains, 333, 335, 336
Buckland River, 335
Bump, Billy (guide), 329, 334, 335, 339
Bureau of Education, 65, 68, 70, 105, 132, 197
Bureau of Geographical Names, 299
Burke, Dr. Grafton:
  goes to the relief of Stefánsson, 321
  met on the trail, 346, 347
  also preface, 4, 6

C

Camden Bay, 301
Canada jays, 334
Candle, 65, 136
Canning River, 296, 297, 311
Capes: (and Points)
  Anxiety, 283, 295
  Beaufort, 174, 221
  Beechey, 280
  Belcher, 201
  Berens, 280, 281
  Blossom, 85
  Chelyuskin, 244
  Collie, 194
  Collinson, 300

Capes: (and Points) (*cont.*):
Deception, 241
Demarcation, 308, 310, 312, 347
East, 305
Elizabeth, 241
Ellice, 272
Franklin, 281
Griffin, 308
Halkett, 268, 272, 274, 302
Heald (Herald), 298
Humphreys, 308
Icy, 124, 125, 134, 189, 190, 283
Krusenstern, 85
Lay, 186, 188
Lisburne, 106, 130, 156, 221, 292, 305
Manning, 299, 308
Marsh, 194
Murchison Promontory, 209
Oliktok, 280
Prince Alfred, 309
Prince of Wales, 105, 109, 236, 243
Sabine, 108, 167, 168
Shingle, 324
Simpson, 267
Sir Henry Martin, 308
Smythe, 204, 209
Tangent, 264
Thomson, 82, 84, 86, 105, 134, 146, 156
see also Point Barrow and Point Hope
Cape Smythe Whaling and Trading Company, 205
Capes wrongly marked on map, 91
Cariboo Indians, 331 *et seq.*
Caribou:
increasing, 19
also 311, 331
Caro, lost on the trail, 19 *et seq.*
Champlain Society, 61, 274
Chandalar Country, 333
Chandalar Gap, 19
Chandalar Indians, 331 *et seq.*, 340
Chandalar River: 11
East Fork, 19, 23
Middle Fork, 25
West Fork, 24
overflow, 14
Chandalar Village, 11, 13 *et seq.*
Chandler Lake, 54
Charley (Eskimo), 341
Charley River, 6
Chart of coast unreliable, 274, 280
Chester (Eskimo guide), 93, 96
Chelyuskin, Cape, 244
Chilkat Indians, 332
Chipewyan Indians, 199
Chipp, Lieut., 263
Chipp River, 54, 263
Chorls Peninsula, 75, 88
Christian, Chief of Chandalars, 340
Christian River, 12
Christmas at Point Hope, 112
Circumpolar stations, 236, 263
Clarence River, 313
Cloud formation, beautiful, 334
Coal:
at Cape Beaufort, 211
at Point Hope, 221
at Wainwright, 194, 221
below Salmon River, 66, 67
Corwin mine, 165 *et seq.*
Thetis mine, 167
"Coal Mine" (dog), 165
Coldfoot, 11, 25, 26, 106
Colleen River, 329
hard descent of, 343, 344
Collie, Alexander, surgeon *Blossom*, 88, 194
Collie Point, 194
Collinson (of the *Enterprise*), 88, 103, 242 *et seq.*, 295, 301
Collinson Point, 300 *et seq.*
Colville, Andrew, Governor Hudson's Bay Company, 278, 280
Colville River:
delta of, 272
prehistoric trade route, 277, 278, 331
also 20, 75, 149, 229, 309
Colville River people, 270
Columbia River, 75
Company of Adventurers, Cowie, 325
Congregational missions, 105
Conquering the Arctic Ice, Mikkelson, 157
Cook, Capt. James, 75, 87, 89, 91, 95, 101, 157, 189, 190, 241, 283
Cook's Inlet, 5
Copper (Blond) Eskimos, 326, 328
Copper River, mapped by army officers, 52
Coppermine River, 60, 189, 199
Coronation Gulf, 91, 276, 325
Coronation Gulf Country, 271
Corwin coal mine, 165, 166
Corwin, U. S. revenue cutter, 53, 102, 166
Cowie, *Company of Adventurers*, 325
Crabs, in Arctic Ocean, 121
"Cram," U. S. commissioner at Point Barrow, 179
Cross Island, 295, 301

D

Dall, W. H., 54, 278
Alaska and Its Resources, 298
Dancing, native, 112, 113

Danish government, care of Eskimos, 219
Dease (British hydrographer), 95, 242, 267, 272
Dease and Simpson's Expeditions, 273
Dease Inlet, 242, 263
Deception Cape, 241
Deering (Eskimo village), 68
DeLong, Commander *Jeannette*, 53, 61, 232, 263, 306
Delta of Kobuk River, 74
Demarcation Point:
  advisability of mission, 312
  resort of Eskimos, 312
  also 308, 310, 347
Denali (Mt. McKinley), 151, 284
Denali's wife, 284
Department of Justice, U. S., 136
Disenchantment Bay, 241
"Dives," an Eskimo, 255
Dogs:
  Argo, dean of dogs, 150, 151
  bad treatment by Eskimos, 192
  "Coal Mine," 165
  difficulty in procuring, 147
  exposure to weather, 90
  food supply a problem, 15, 230, 276, 282
  Fox, a leader, 77
  hard to keep on course, 77
  Kerawak, a personality, 120, 149, 150, 266, 302
Malamutes, 147
  Moose, death of, 56
  our teams, 149 *et seq.*
  racing at Nome hurts breed, 148
  sense of smell acute, 265, 266
  "Skookum," 165
  sore feet, 276
  sudden death of one, 165
  suffering from extremes in temperature, 344
  their bark a delight, 345
Dog-racing at Nome, 148
Dolphin Straits, 326
Driggs, Dr. John B., founder of Pt. Hope mission, 105, 108, 128 *et seq.*
Duchess of Bedford, the, 290, 291, 295
"Dynamite Dutchman," the, 28

E

Eagle, 117
East Cape, 305
Easter, a poor, 302
East India Company, 186
Elizabeth, Cape, 241
Ellesmere Land, 253
Ellice, Rt. Hon. Edward, M.P., 272
Ellice Point, 272
Elson Bay, 243, 263
Elson, Thomas (officer *Blossom*), 88, 190, 204, 205, 209, 241 *et seq.*, 263, 282
Endicott Mountains, 27, 106
Enterprise, the, 103, 241, 243, 301
Episcopal missions, 70, 105, 220
Escholtz Bay, 335
Eskimo ice cream, 112
Eskimo, The (Publication of Bureau of Education), 132
Eskimos:
  antiquities, 104
  attachment to their country, 253
  at peace with Indians, 34
  baptism of old couple, 343
  characteristic traits, 248, 256
  Colville River people, 270, 311
  communal system, 254
  content their normal state, 256
  Copper ("Blond") E., 326, 328
  courage and cheerfulness, 246, 247
  dancing, expert, 112
  development along natural lines, 254
  "Dives," an Eskimo, 255
  experiment in concentration, 68
  exposure of the old and infants, 249, 250
  fuel problem pressing, 143
  health conserved in Greenland, 219
  hospitality, 93, 308
  "ice cream," 112
  improvement in morals, 162
  industry and cheerfulness, 163
  Ipanee Eskimos, 104, 184, 250
  Kupówra people, 311
  mastery over adverse conditions, 247
  migrations of, 63
  missions should train in wilderness arts, 38
  no "double standard" of morals, 161
  no self-consciousness, 231
  panics among, 199
  plane of civilization, 256
  policy of concentration, 214
  roving inland bands, 311
  simple piety, 232

F

Fairbanks, 270
First birds, 334
First vegetation, 329, 334

Firth (trader at Ft. Macpherson), 330
Firth River, 329
"Blow Hole," 335
Flaw-whaling:
description of, 234, 235
also 145, 194, 224
Flaxman Island:
arrival at, 286
departure from, 300
Easter at, 300
for whom named, 289, 320
Good Friday at, 293
also 229, 296, 311
Foggy Island, 282, 283
Footprints, lasting, 284
Forrest, Mr. and Mrs., 194, 195, 198 *et seq.*
Fort Cosmos, 54
Fort Yukon:
Amundsen at, 346
change made by mission, 161
chief fur market, 324
hospital at, 321
return to, 347
start from, 6
when built, 278
also 225, 332, 340, 342
Fox (a dog), a leader, 77
Fram, the, 244
Franklin, Sir John:
a knight "sans peur et sans reproche," 333, 334
search for, 103, 241, 325
served at Trafalgar, 289
also 59, 76, 86, 95, 174, 190, 232, 267, 280 *et seq.*, 299, 301, 308, 309, 313, 319, 330
Franklin and Beechey, failure to determine northwest limits, 282, 283
Franklin Mountains, 177, 283, 302
Franklin Point, 281
Franz Josef Land, 57
Fraser River, 75
Frobisher, Martin, 247
Fry, Rev. Mr. and Mrs., 315, 321
Furs:
Fort Yukon chief market, 324
increase in price, 323, 324
in history, 48
necessary for coast travel, 84
postal laws affect market, 187, 196
principal commodity at Herschel Island and Point Barrow, 322, 323
sea-otter fur ruins Aleutian Islanders, 103
"summer furs" threaten existence of natives, 307
Furs (*cont.*):
trading stations, 310, 324
wandering fur buyer, 123
Funston, Gen., 310

G

Gabriel's cabin, 345, 346
Gens de large, 331 *et seq.*
Geographic Dictionary of Alaska, Baker, 300
George (guide), 263, 264, 267, 311, 329, 330
Gerling, missionary among "Blond" Eskimos, 326 *et seq.*
Gjoa, the, first ship to make complete northern passage, 243
Glacier, Muldrow, 151
Goodhope Bay, 241
Goose, Tom (Eskimo), 178
Gordon's station, service at, 311, 312
Gordon, Tom, fur trader, 310
Government reindeer-relief expedition, 236
Governors of Alaska appeal for medical aid for natives, 220
Great Fish River, 267
Greely, Lieut., 108, 305
Greenland: 119, 292
medical aid by government for Eskimos, 219
Griffin Point, 308
Gwydyr Bay, 281, 297

H

Hadley, Capt., 304 *et seq.*
Halkett, Cape:
extreme low temperature, 272
also 268, 274, 302
Halkett, director of Hudson's Bay Company, 272
Hanbury, David, 325
Handbook of Polar Discoveries, Greely, 305
"Happy Jack"'s place, 65
Harding, agent at Herschel Island, 325
Harper, Arthur (pioneer), 29
Harper, Walter:
and the old woman, 182 *et seq.*
birthday celebration, 113
confidences, 337
diary, 338
early recollections, 42
good humour and cheerfulness, 160, 344
marriage and death, *Preface*
preparation for college, 5

Harper, Walter (*cont.*):
proficiency in wilderness arts, 9, 51, 113, 125, 226, 267
resourcefulness, 227, 229
Shakespeare on the trail, 9, 30, 66, 94, 114, 168, 297
typhoid fever and recovery, 26
volunteers for war, *Preface*, 338
also 31, 149, 151, 168 *et seq.*, 187
Harrison Bay, 177, 272, 274, 275
Harrison, Benjamin, Deputy-governor Hudson's Bay Company, 272
Headwaters of Arctic Ocean and Yukon River streams, 340
Heald (Herald) Point, 298
Hearne, Samuel, 60, 189, 199
Henty, educational value of his books, 9 *et seq.*
Herald Island, 53, 304
Herald, the, 243, 304
Herbert, John, 345
Herendean, Capt., 249
Herschel Island:
arrival at, 315
departure from, 329, 330
for whom named, 319, 320
former lawlessness, 320
hospitality at, 321
Hudson's Bay Company post, 322
only two mails a year, 329
services in the vernacular, 326
Stefánsson ill at, 295
also 3, 83, 102, 119, 229, 243, 250, 278, 310, 311, 313, 315, 346, 347
Herschel Island (Firth) River, 329, 337, 341
Herschel, Sir John F. W., scientist and man of letters, 319
Hester, missionary among "Blond" Eskimos, 326 *et seq.*
Hinchinbrook Island, 241
History of Whaling, 103
Hogatzatna River, 49
Holy Cross Mission, 139
Hooper, Capt., 166
Hope, Sir William Johnston, 96
Hopson, Fred, 212
Hotham Inlet:
for whom named, 77
also 53, 75, 89
Howard, Ensign W. L., 243, 263
Hudson's Bay Company: 267
business methods, 322
history needed, 273
original charter, 273
rivalry with N. W. Co., 272
also 242, 268, 312, 322
Hudson's Bay House, 274
Hudson, Henry, 245
Hula-Hula River, 302, 311
Humphrey's Point, 308
Hunt River, 66

I

"Ice cream" (Eskimo), 112
Icy Cape, 124, 125, 134, 189, 190, 283
Icy Reef, 309
Ik-pik-puk (Chipp) River, 263
Indians:
Cariboo Indians, 331 *et seq.*
Chandalar Indians, 331 *et seq.*
Chilkat Indians, 332
Chipewyan Indians, 199
communal system, 254
Gens de large, 331 *et seq.*
helpfulness, 12
Ketchumstocks, 117
panic among, 199
plane of civilization, 256
resourcefulness of women, 16
trade in firearms, 332
Interpreter, limitations of, 201
Investigator, the, rounds Point Barrow, 243
Ipanee Eskimos, 104, 184, 250
Islands:
Aleutian Islands, 101, 331
Barter, 295, 304, 309, 314, 329
Bathurst, 201
Cross, 295, 301
Foggy, 282, 283
Herald (Heald), 53, 304
Hinchinbrook, 241
Loo-Choo Islands, 186
Lyttleton, 108
New Siberian Islands, 302
Sea-horse, 202
St. Lawrence, 102
St. Matthew, 102
Victoria, 233, 253, 307, 325
Wrangell, 304, 314
see also Flaxman Island, Herschel Island
I-yag-ga-tak River, 156, 158, 159, 164

J

Jabbertown, 97, 108
Jackson, Frederick, 57
Jackson, Sheldon, 103, 105, 138, 142, 219, 253
Jarvis, Lieut., 236
Jeannette, the, 53, 304 *et seq.*
John River, 30
John, Robert, 12
Joseph (Eskimo), 342
Journal of the Yukon, Murray, 332
Juneau, 135, 181

K

Kamschatka "promyshleniks," 101, 225
Karluk, Last Voyage of the, Bartlett, 304
Karluk, the:
  survivors of the, 314
  also 234, 243, 304
Keenan Land, 306
Kellett (commander *Herald*), 243, 304, 306
Kerawak (malamute dog), 120, 149, 150, 266, 302
Ketchumstock Indians, 117
King and Wing, the, 304
Kivalina, 91 *et seq.*, 134 *et seq.*, 140, 143, 144, 146, 162
Knights of the Arctic, 87
Kobuk River:
  claimed by Quakers, 70
  delta of, 74
  mapped by naval officers, 52
  mouths of, 75
  section noted for wind, 66
  also 11, 49, 51, 89, 263, 278
Kotzebue:
  arrival at, 77
  departure from, 85
  mail between K. and Pt. Barrow, 125
  Sunday at mission, 83
  also 91, 136, 140, 241, 246, 302
Kotzebue, Otto von, 75
  fear of English, 332
Kotzebue Sound: 331
  immemorial trade route, 332
  also 11, 86, 241, 278, 282, 283, 328, 336
Koyukuk, canon of, 28
Koyukuk River:
  mapped by army officers, 52
  South Fork, 11, 33
  upper river, 269
  also 278
Krusenstern, Cape, 85
Kukpuk River, 155
Ku-pou-ruk River, 182
Kuskokwin River:
  mapped by army officers, 52
  Moravian missions, 70
Kyana (Thank you), 67

L

Labret (lip ornament), 46
Lagoons (characteristic of coast), 97
Lakes:
  Big, 149, 340
  Chandler, 54
Lakes (*cont.*):
  Reindeer, 61
  Selby, 52, 54
  Walker, 54
Lamont, Constable, 321
Lapland, 139
Lapps (herders of reindeer), 139
Last of the Arctic Voyages, Belcher, 88
Last Voyage of the Karluk, Bartlett, 225, 304, 314
Laughing Joe's Place, 314
Laut, Agnes, 273
Lay, George I., 186
Lay, Point, 186, 188
Leavitt, George (guide), 230, 264, 265, 275, 283, 286, 297, 300, 329, 330
Leffingwell, Ernest deKoven:
  report and maps, 292, 293, 297 *et seq.*
  also 290, 291, 295, 302, 310
Legends, Indian and Eskimo, 132
Lemmings:
  migration of, 227
  self-destruction, 228
Lisburne, Cape, 106, 130, 156, 221, 292, 305
"Little Pete" (guide), 84, 92
Loo-Choo Islands, 186
Loola, Rev. William, 340
Lopp, W. T., 105, 142, 236
"Lop-sticks" (to mark a site), 51
Lutheran (Swedish) Mission, 70
Lynn Canal, 332
Lyttleton Island, 108

M

Mackenzie River, 76, 325
Mackenzie, Sir Alexander, 325
Malamute dogs, 147
Malaspina, 241
Manning Point, 299, 308
Maps of coast, inaccuracy of, 281
Maps make strange bedfellows, 298
Marco Polo, 46
Marriage law of Alaska:
  compliance impossible, 135 *et seq.*
  folly of, 342
Marryat Cove (or Inlet), 155, 166
Marsh, Dr., 218
Marsh, George (officer *Blossom*), 88, 194
Marsh Point, 194
Mawson, Sir Douglas, 185
Mayo (pioneer), 29
Meade River, 263
"Meta Incognita," 247
Methodist Missions, 70

Metropolitan Museum of Natural History, 214
McClintock, Sir Leopold, 87, 242, 245
McClure, Sir Robert, 76, 87, 243, 341
McClure's Discovery of the Northwest Passage, Osborn, 306
McGuire, 243
McIntyre, Sam, interesting career, 302
McQueston (pioneer), 29
Michie, Dr. H. C., 218
Midnight sun, 60, 61
Mikkelsen, *Conquering the Arctic Ice*, 157
Missionary, the (his contribution to world's knowledge), 326
Missions:
  Episcopal, 3, 70, 105, 220
    see also Allakaket, Fort Yukon, Point Hope
  Lutheran, 70
  Presbyterian, 70, 105, 218, 221
    see also Point Barrow
  Quaker, 68
  Roman Catholic, 139, 220
Moose (dog), death of, 56
Moravian missionaries in Greenland, 70, 86
Mountains:
  A-mahk-too-sook, 177
  Buckland, 333, 335, 336
  Denali (Mt. McKinley), 151, 284
  Denali's Wife, 284
  Endicott, 27, 106
  Franklin, 177, 283, 302
  Mulgrave Hills, 89
  Mt. St. Elias, 180, 241
Mt. St. Elias, 180, 241
Mountain Indian (Firth) River, 330, 333
Muir, John, 102
Muldrow Glacier, 151
Mulgrave Hills, 89
Murchison Promontory, 209
Murray, Alexander Hunter:
  builder of Ft. Yukon, 278
  fear of Russians, 332

N

Nancy Dawson, the (first ship to round Pt. Barrow), 243
Nansen, 244
Nelson, Horatio, 89
New Siberian Islands, 302
New Year's Day at Pt. Hope, 115
News of the war, 26, 65
Nigalik, the (mission launch), 166
Noatuk (the Inland) River, 75
  mapped by naval officers, 52
  also 278
Nome:
  dog-racing at, 148
  also 72, 132, 139, 148, 149
Noorvik (Quaker mission):
  a daring experiment, 68 *et seq.*
  hospitality at, 72
  departure from, 74
  also 65, 209
Northern Extreme, the, 239
Northern Passage:
  search for, 241
  western gateway of, 240, 241
Northwest Passage, 302, 346
North West Company, rivalry with Hudson's Bay Company, 272
Northwest Mounted Police: 271
  Posts of, 102, 315
Norton Sound, 269
Noses, freezing, 158
Nulato, 72, 221, 332
Nushagak (Russian post), 331
Nûwuk (Eskimo settlement at Point Barrow), 209, 239, 245, 270

O

Ogilvie, 29
Old Crow River, 329
Oliktok Point, 280
Oola (Eskimo lad), 35, 36, 50, 52, 65, 66, 75
Osborn, Admiral Sherrard, 76
  McClure's Discovery of the Northwest Passage, 307
Oxenstiern, 196

P

Paleocrystic ice, 244
Parker, Prof., 284
Parry, Sir Edward, 86, 244, 248
Paul (Indian), 7, 18, 25, 26
Peard (Pearl) Bay, 204, 221
Peard (Pearl) Cape, 298
Peard, George (officer *Blossom*), 88
Peary, Admiral Robert:
  system of supporting parties, 295
  also 108, 245
People of the Polar North, The, Rasmussen, 248
Petermann, Dr., 306
Phillips Bay, 289
Phillips, Prof. R. A., 289
Phipps, Capt. Constantine (Lord Mulgrave), 89
Pim, Capt. Bedford, 52
Pipe Spit, 77
Pitt Point, 268, 274
Placer mining, 271
Plover Land, 306

Plover, the, 243
Point Barrow:
arrival at, 204, 205, 209 *et seq.*
arrival of first white man, 282
departure from, 239, 263
fuel problem pressing, 214, 221
fur industry, 196, 198, 310
interesting history, 235, 236
is there land to the north? 244, 245
mail between P. B. and Kotzebue, 125
named by Beechey, 242
need for hospital, 218
Presbyterian mission, 70, 105
reindeer at, 139
rostral column at, 243
social gathering, a, 224
threshold of the unknown, 244
whaling season, 234
also 3, 20, 152, 233, 283
Point Hope:
a bad night at, 130, 131
arrival at, 112
Christmas at, 112
coal supply inadequate, 115
coal supply, 166, 167
departure from, 155
distance from Kotzebue, 84
Driggs, Dr. John B., at, 105, 109, 128 *et seq.*
improvement in, 160, 161
library at, 121
New Year's Day at, 115
no commissioner at, 136
only Episcopal mission on Arctic coast, 3, 70
our first objective, 11
reason for location, 107
school under difficulties, 116
story of, 104 *et seq.*
village council, 162
whaling season, 234
also 96, 147, 182, 243
Point Sir Henry Martin, 308
Polar Bear, the, 304
Ponting, Herbert, *Preface*
Porcupine River, 3, 4, 310, 328, 329, 340, 345, 347
Portage (between Alatna and Kobuk Rivers), 48 *et seq.*
Post Office Dept., 196 *et seq.*
Presbyterian missions, 70, 105, 218, 221
Primitive peoples prey of dissolute white men, 102
Primus stove, 175
Prince Alfred Point, 309
Prince of Wales Cape, 105, 109, 236, 243
Prince William's Sound, 5, 241
Princess Sophia, S.S., loss of, *Preface*
Prudhoe Bay, 283, 297
Putnam, Charles Flint, 55
Putnam River, 263

Q

Quaker mission (Noorvik), 68

R

Rampart House, 321, 328, 329, 341
Rasmussen (old trapper), 307
Rasmussen, Knud, *The People of the Polar North*, 248
Ray, Lieut., 236, 263
Reading under difficulties, 284
Red River, 279
Red River Enterprise, 280
Reed River, 54
Reese, Mr. and Mrs., 135, 141, 143, 146, 162
Refuge Inlet, 221
Reindeer:
brought from Lapland, 139
communal meat cellar, 200
fairs, 142
government relief expedition, 236
herders, 93
introduction by Sheldon Jackson, 138 *et seq.*
Point Hope herd, 164
Wainwright herd, 194, 195
also 219, 269
Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company, Bryce, 273
Return Reef, 282
Richardson, Sir John:
books by, 86
searching expedition, 278
tribute to Sir John Franklin, 333
Rivers:
Ah-ka-lu-rak, 156, 158, 164
Alatna, 11, 39, 48
Ambler, 54
Babbage, 319
Barter, 311
Buckland, 335
Canning, 296, 297, 311
Chandalar, 11, 14
East Fork, 19, 23
Middle Fork, 25
West Fork, 24
Charley, 6
Chipp (Ik-pik-puk), 54, 263
Christian, 12
Clarence, 313
Colleen, 329, 343, 344
Columbia, 75

Colville, 20, 75, 149, 229, 272, 277, 278, 309, 331
Copper, 52
Coppermine, 60, 189, 199
Firth, 329, 335
Fraser, 75
Great Fish, 267
Herschel Island, 329, 337, 341
Hogatzatna, 49
Hula-Hula, 302, 311
Hunt, 66
Ik-pik-puk (Chipp), 263
I-yag-ga-tak, 156, 158, 159, 164
John, 30
Kobuk, 11, 49, 51, 52, 66, 70, 89, 263, 278
Koyukuk, 52, 269, 278
South Fork, 11, 33
Kukpuk, 155
Ku-pou-ruk, 182
Kuskokwim, 52, 70
Kwikpak, 278
Mackenzie, 76, 325
Meade, 263
Mountain Indian (Firth), 330, 333
Noatak, 52, 75, 278
Porcupine, 3, 4, 310, 328, 329, 340, 345, 347
Putnam, 263
Red, 279
Reed, 54
Salmon (Skeenjik), 66, 340
Selawik, 52, 75
Slate Creek, 25
Sushitna, 52
Tanana, 52
Turner, 311
Yukon, 27, 32, 70, 75, 223, 228, 278
Rodgers, the, U.S.S.., 53, 244, 304, 305
Roman Catholic Missions, 220
Romanzoff, Count Nicholas, 302
Ross, Sir James Clark, 241
Ross, Sir John, 86, 245, 248
Rowe, Rt. Rev. P. T.:
characteristic story of, 303
offers to make test case of marriage law, 136
also 128, 313
Royal Geographical Soc., 219, 242
Rupert's Land, 274
Russian Jew (a degenerate), 307, 326, 327

S

Sabine, Cape:
Greely's camp, 108
also 167, 168
St. Andrew's Day at Sonoko Billy's, 43
St. Lawrence Bay, 53
St. Lawrence Island, 102
St. Matthew Island, 102
St. Michael (tuberculosis at), 218
St. Thomas's Mission, 108
Salmon, necessity for native life, 15
Salmon cannery causes famine, 15, 16
Salmon (Skeenjik) River, 66, 340
Sastrugi (windrows), 185, 186
Sea-horse Islands, 202
Seal, skinning a, 123
Sealing, 107
Seal meat as food, 176
Secrets of Polar Travel, The, Peary, 108
Selawik River:
mapped by naval officers, 52
also 75
Selby Lake, 52, 54
Selkirk, Lord, 278
Sella, Vittoria, *Preface*
Seward Peninsula, 65, 136, 138, 303
Sheddon (first to round Point Barrow), 243
Sheldon Jackson, Life of, 225
Shields, W. H., 141, 142
Shingle Point, 324
Shrimps in Arctic Ocean, 121
Shungnak, 56 *et seq.*
departure from, 65, 69
Siberia, coast of, 139, 166, 278, 314, 331
Sickler, Mr. (superintendent at Shungnak), auroral photographer, 57 *et seq.*
Signal corps, 169
Simpson, Cape, 267
Simpson, Governor Hudson's Bay Company, 267
Simpson, Thomas, *Narrative of the Discovery of the North Coast of America*, 61
also 95, 242, 243, 244, 278
Simpson, Sir George, Governor of Rupert's Land, 280
Skookum (dog), 165
Skull Cliff, 204
Slate Creek, 25
Sled-bells (an illusion), 21
Smith Bay, 268
Smith Sound, 306
Smithsonian Institution, *Preface*, 58, 63
Smythe Cape, 204, 209
Smythe, William (officer *Blossom*), 88, 190, 204, 205

Snow-houses, art of building, 275, 276
Snowshoes indispensable, 336, 337
Society of Friends:
  attitude towards war, 70
  intolerance, 71
Sonoko Billy, 43
South Forks Flats, 25
Spence, Dr., 179, 195, 210, 214 *et seq.*, 231, 233
Spitzbergen, 89, 239, 240
Sport and Travel in the Northwest, Hanbury, 325
Squirrel River, gold on, 67
Stamboul, the, 306
Starfish in Arctic Ocean, 121
Steen, Paul, 303
Stefánsson, V.:
  base camp, 295, 304
  ill with typhoid, 321 *et seq.*
  meeting with, 346, 347
  My Life with the Eskimo, 276
  also 76, 213, 218, 244, 253, 306, 309, 325, 326
Stipendiary magistrates, need for, 137
Stockton, Lieut. Commander, U. S. N., 103, 129, 243, 250, 295
Stoney, Lieut., 52 *et seq.*, 263
Storkerson, Storker, 244, 295, 306
Stringer, Rt. Rev. I. O., D.D., Bishop of Yukon Territory, 213
Strong, Governor, 220
Sun, first appearance, 120
Sunshine, perpetual, 210
Surveys, recent, 274
Sushitna River, mapped by army officers, 52
Swineford, Governor, 220

T

Tanana, 149, 221, 284
Tanana Crossing, 117
Tanana River, mapped by army officers, 52
Tangent Point, 264
Temperature:
  51 below, April 5th! 314, 315
  58 below at Black Jack's Place, 42
  one of the lowest on record, 39
  native thermometer, 39
Thanksgiving Day at Black Jack's Place, 42
Thetis coal mine, 167
Thetis, the:
  at Point Hope, 103
  visits Point Barrow, 249
  also 243
Thomas, Rev. W. A., missionary at Point Hope, 112, 113, 123, 125, 132 *et seq.*, 135, 136, 144, 152, 155, 158, 187
Thomson, Cape:
  dangerous to pass, 92
  force of wind at, 94
  picturesqueness of, 96
  also 84, 105, 134, 146, 156
Thornton, Harrison:
  murder of, 109
  also 105, 129
Tig-a-ra (Point Hope), 105
Titus (Eskimo guide), 339 *et seq.*
Tobacco, prohibition at missions unwise, 216
Toboggan *versus* sled, 24, 28
Trapping:
  cruelty of, 47
  necessity for, 47
  will exterminate animals, 55
  also 224, 225
Turnagain Arm, 241
Turner, J. H., of coast survey, 310
Turner River, 310, 311
Twelve-mile creek, 27
Typhoid fever at Fort Yukon and Herschel Island, 4, 321
Tyrrell, J. B., 61

U

Unalaklik, 269
Unalaska, 139
Union Straits, 326
U. S. Geological Survey, 292, 299, 300
Upernavik, 209
Utkiavik (Eskimo village at Point Barrow), 209

V

Vancouver, 75, 95, 101, 108
Veniaminoff (missionary), 101
Victoria Island, 235, 253, 307, 325
Vincennes, U.S.S., 304, 305
Voyages Through the Continent of North America, Mackenzie, 325

W

Wainwright:
  arrival at, 194
  departure from, 201
  fur industry, 196, 197
  reindeer at, 185, 194
  also 124, 191, 193, 200, 203, 255, 293
Wainwright, John (officer *Blossom*), 88, 194

Wainwright Inlet, 125, 194
Walker Lake, 54
Walrus, 203
Walrus hunting, 194
Western Union Telegraph Company Exploration, 278
Whaling:
  flaw-whaling, 145, 194, 224, 234, 235
  history of whaling, 103
  loss of fleet, 235
  no market for whalebone, 211
  whales wonderful creatures, 235
  whalebone curse of Eskimos, 103
Wilson, Beckles, *The Great Company*, 273
Windows, seal-gut better than glass, 111
"Whiskey Jack," 74
Whittaker, Archdeacon of Yukon Territory, 213, 321, 326
"Woollies," 97
Worst day of the journey, 285, 286
Wrangell Island, 53, 304, 314
Wrangell Land, 305
Wright, W. H., *Misinforming a Nation*, 88

Y

Yarborough Inlet, 283, 287, 298
Yukon Flats, 11, 14
Yukon River:
  closes early, 27
  compared to Danube, 32
  discovered piecemeal, 278
  Episcopal missions on, 70
  migration of lemmings, 228
  also 75, 223

Z

Zane Pass, 54

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
BERKELEY

Return to desk from which borrowed.
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

3Aug'50MB

30Aug'50W?

11Jun'51LU

MAY 1 8 1977

REC. CIR. MAY 17 '77

LD 21-100m-11,'49(B7146s16)476

S83
1920

Stuck, H.
A winter circuit of our
Arctic coast

M534481

F909
S83
1920

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C038932142